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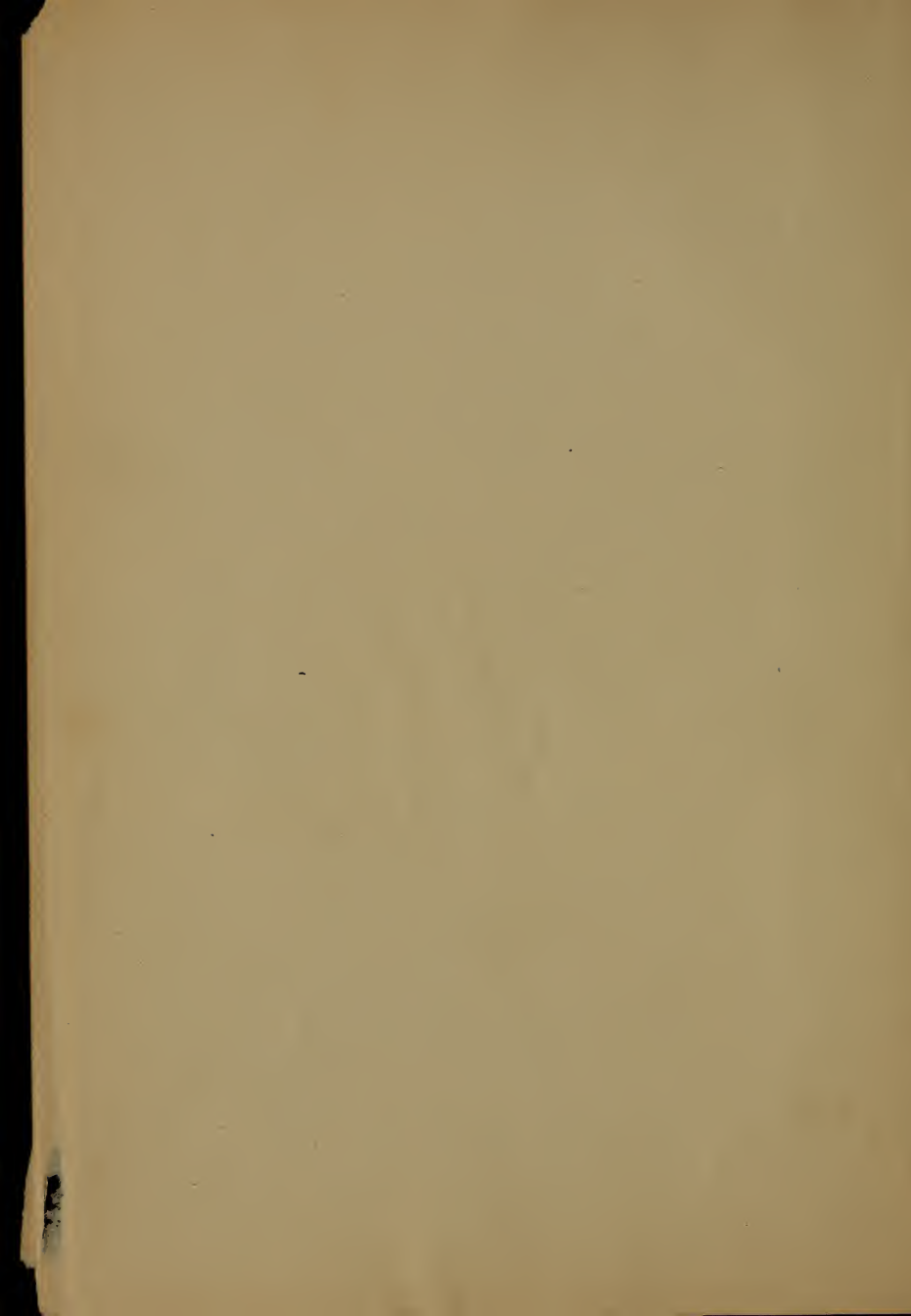
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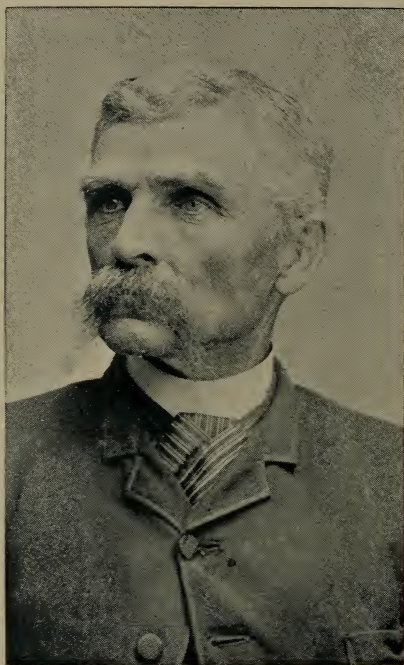
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A. H. Blankman

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THE CURSE OF RUM  
OR  
THE INVINCIBLE CRUSADE

AGAINST INTOXICATING DRINK

BY

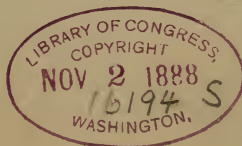
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ARNOLD H. BLANKMAN

An Advocate of Freedom, an Enemy of Crime  
and a Friend to Humanity

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

1888



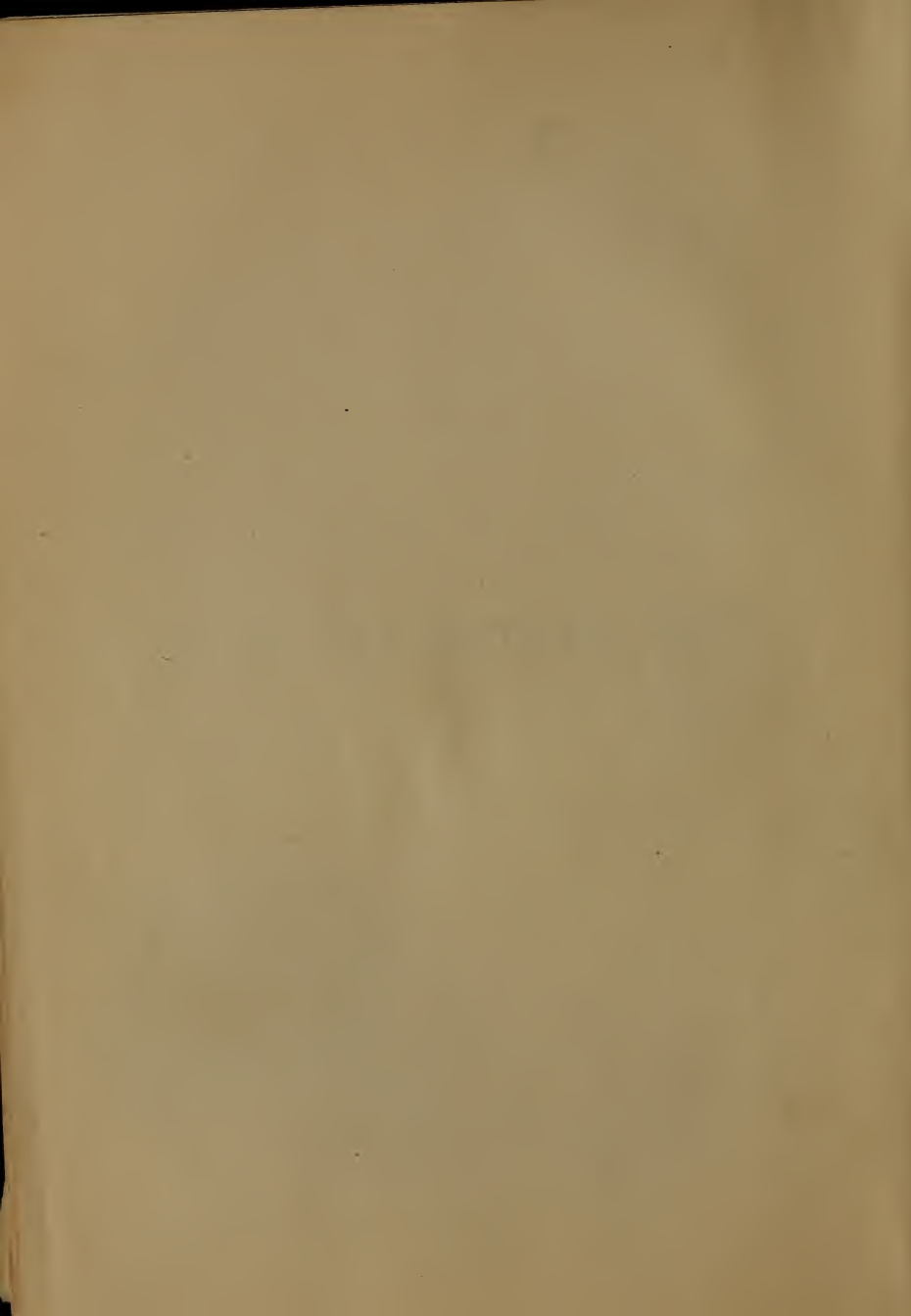
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THE CURSE OF RUM.



The following Work is respectfully dedicated to the  
RUM DRINKERS AND THEIR FAMILIES,  
By the Author.

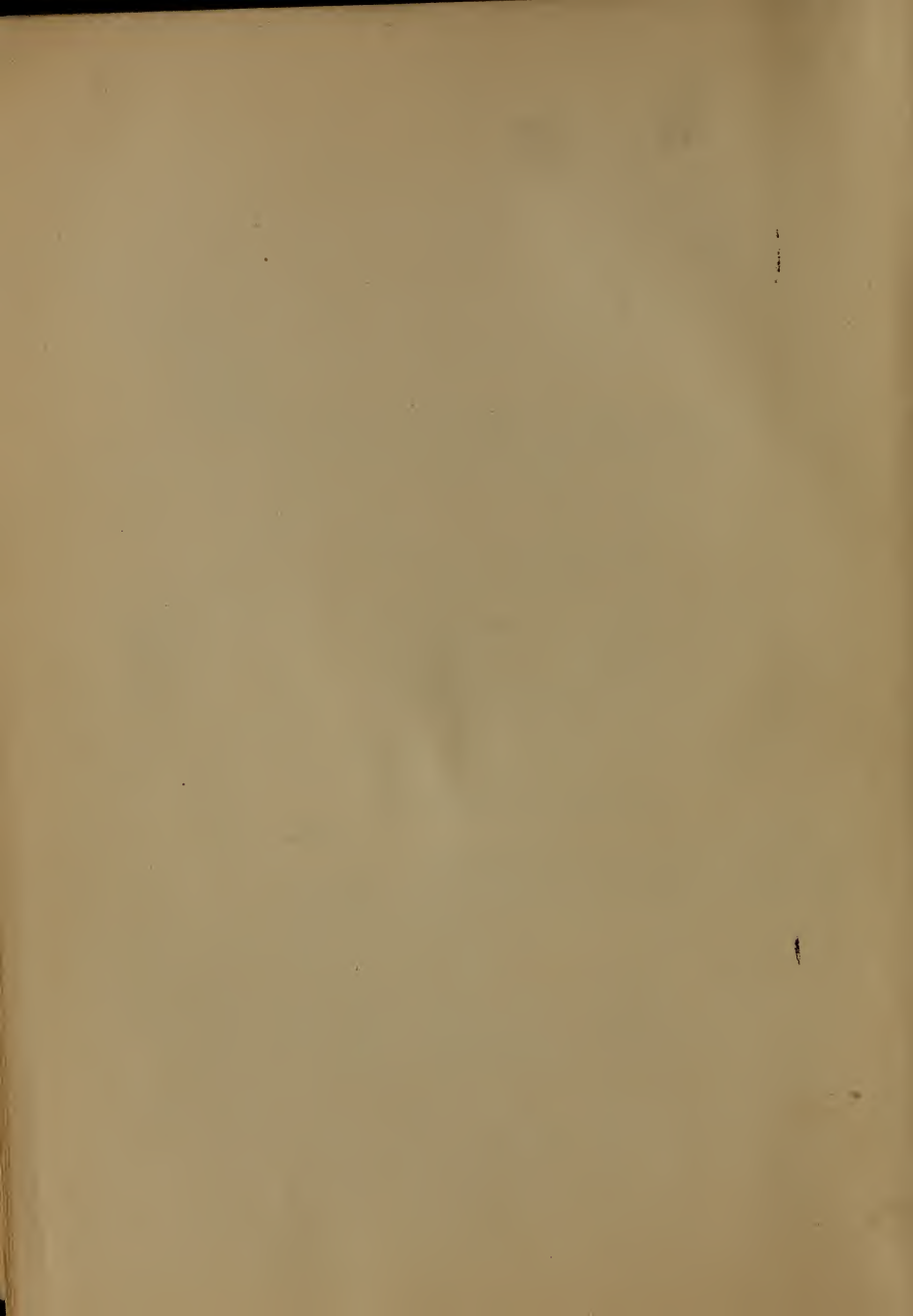
“Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.  
’Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
With havoc have I marked my way.  
And let the fool still have his range,  
And sneer on all who cannot change,  
Partake the jest with boasting boys;  
I envy not his varied joys.  
This bed of death—thou wert, thou art  
The cherished madness of my heart!  
A serpent round my heart has twined  
And stung my every thought to strife.”

—Byron.

The silver tongue, uttering words of golden truth.

If you never take the *first drink* you will never *die a drunkard*.

Once every ten minutes the curse of strong drink ends a human life.





## PREFACE.

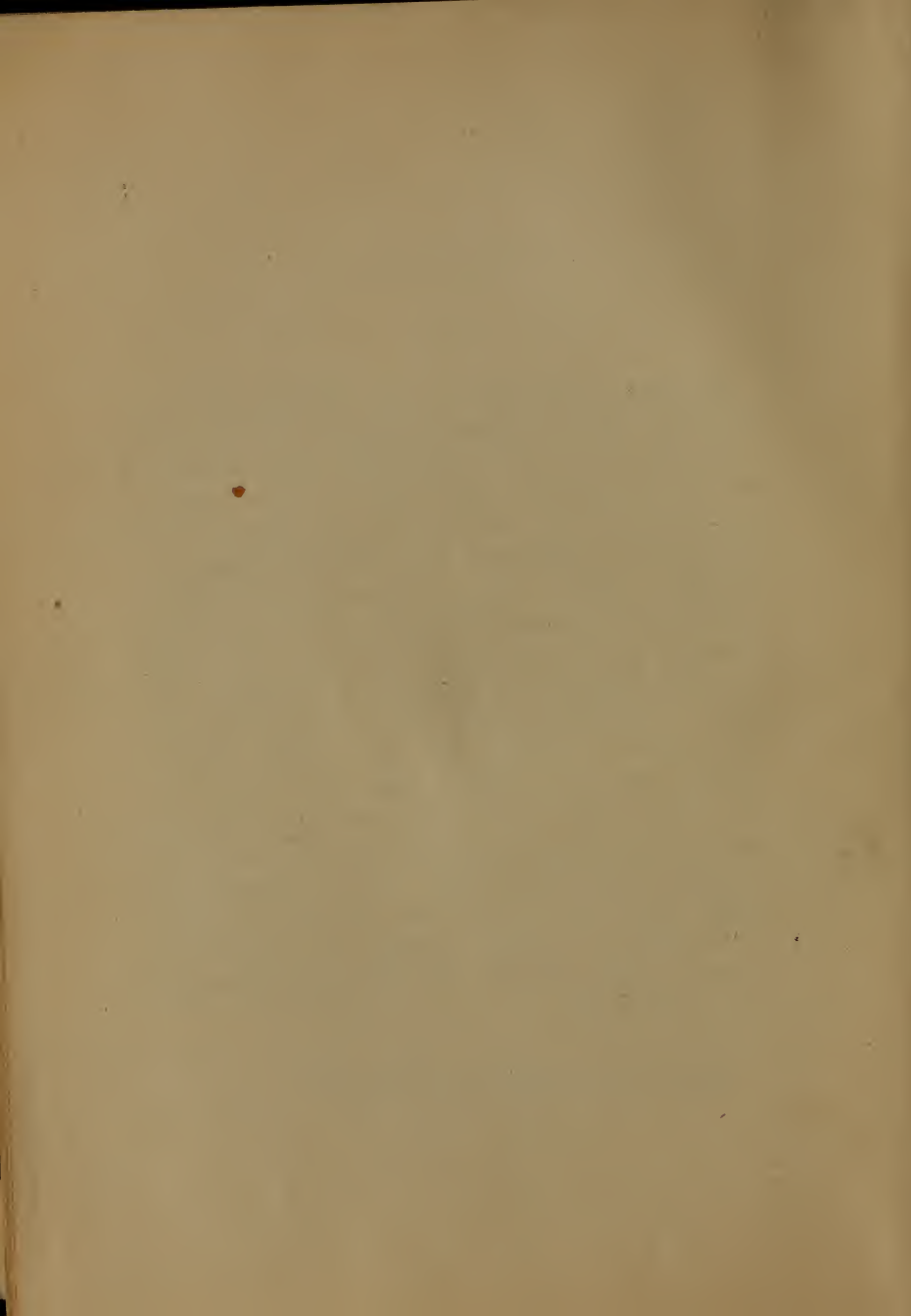
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The object of the author in the following work is to deal fairly with the subject, discussing the cause of more vice, more crime, more misery than all the combined powers of war, pestilence and famine. We have endeavored, in our work, to record facts as they have occurred under our own observations, from statistical reports, and records of criminal courts. Without regard to sect or creed, or hobbies of political parties, we have undertaken to compile a work composed of unmistakable facts which cannot be disputed by all the powers of corruption combined. The subject is one of vital importance, one upon which hangs the destiny of the whole world. We have set forth nothing but stubborn facts, thus placing before our readers a work much needed, showing the enormous traffic in intoxicating drink, and the misery, crime and expense arising from its effects.\* We have discussed the matter with fairness, taking now and then confessions from condemned criminals, showing what brought them to prison and the gallows. We leave it with the reader to *read* and *reflect*.

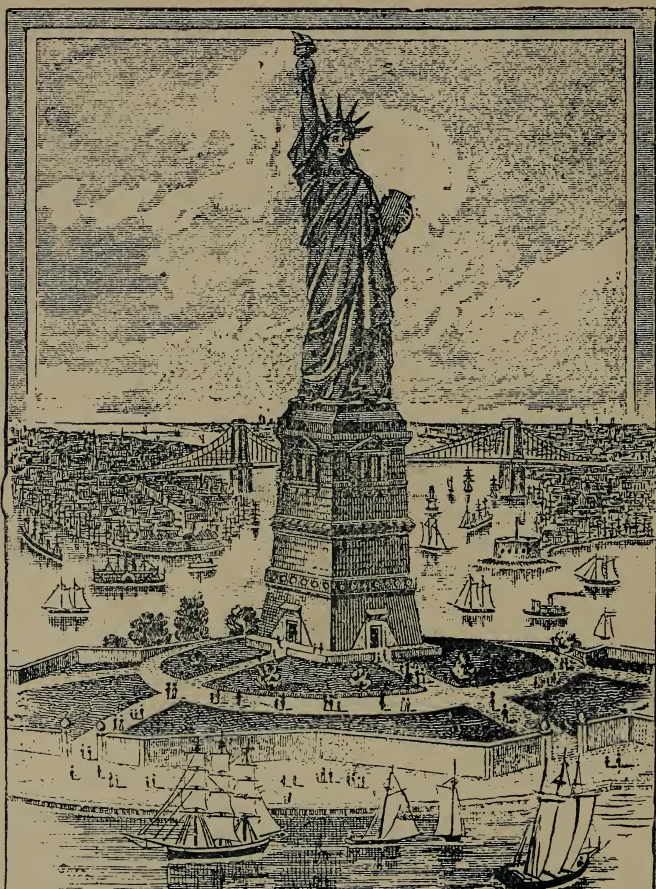
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\* "Name the most dangerous straits," said the teacher.

"Whiskey straits," replied the student, promptly.



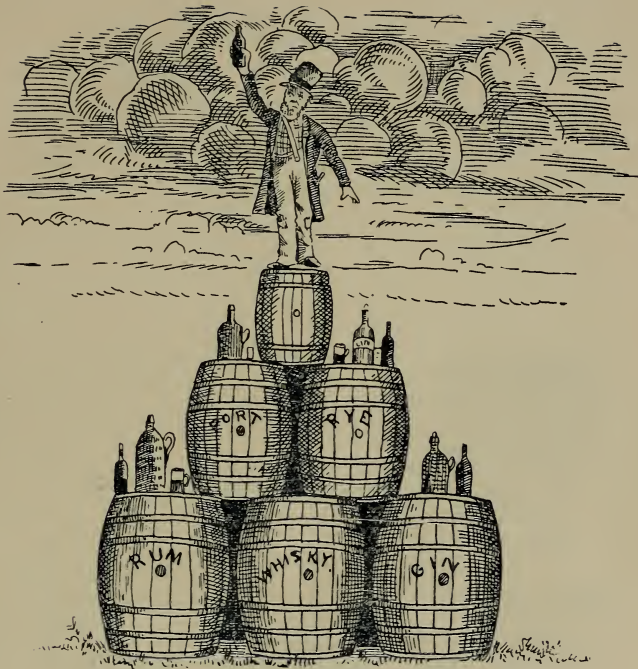




STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

“Witness, I believe you said you were a saloon-keeper?” “Yes, sir.” “Do you know the prisoner at the bar?” “Well, that depends. When he has money about ‘im, *I do*; but when he wants me to put it on the slate, *I don’t*.”

Let us practice what we teach; or take down the Statue of Liberty that reflects its dazzling light over the four cities that are deluged with rum.



#### STATUE OF LICENSE DARKENING THE WORLD.

“License is not liberty, nor is liberty license; but one in direct opposition to the other. Liberty brings peace, prosperity, contentment, happiness, freedom and light. License is the mother of many evils; the parent of poverty, prostitution, darkness and crime. The great question of the present day is, which shall rule—liberty and light, or license and crime? One or the other must be driven from the country. Which shall it be? There must be no compromise, no high license. Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the health and morals of the people; neither should it become partner in a business that is the chief corner-stone and foundation of universal crime. Give us *light* and *peace*.”



## INTRODUCTION.

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In introducing our work to our readers, we would respectfully say that we shall be as brief as possible, setting forth nothing but facts, as they have occurred in our own times, and many of them within the memory of the reader; we shall not weave any sensational or imaginary fancies, to draw the mind of the reader into a channel of bigotry or prejudice; hoping these lines may not find them already in that narrow, contracted channel of views that often holds people in check from discussing matters with fairness, politeness and liberality. Equality and fairness are jewels which should deck every brow; principles that should guide all men. Greeting the people of our boasted land of freedom with kind wishes, we will now set forth our declaration, which forms the basis of the following work: "We hereby declare that RUM AND ITS ALLIES ARE THE BASIS AND PLATFORM OF UNIVERSAL CRIME." We shall offer proof of the facts of our case by introducing evidence and citing circumstances that have occurred under our own observation; and many others that are taken from historical facts, from the records of criminal courts, and many from the lips of per-



petrators of crime, in their confessions, when locked in their prison cells, awaiting the penalty of the law, to expiate their crime on the gallows. A description of a few of the different kinds of alcohol (for nearly all the liquors of commerce are adulterated with the most dangerous alcohols, caused by the increased consumption of alcohols, both as a beverage and in the arts, the demand for such spirits producing their effects promptly, and the great competition in the production of the various alcoholic liquors) is necessary. The following are the principal alcohols found in various liquors: methyl alcohol, propyl alcohol, butyl alcohol, ethyl alcohol and amyl alcohol. Methyl and ethyl alcohol are the least dangerous to health, and they are found in larger proportions in pure wines and good liquors than in the coarser ones. Propyl, butyl and amyl alcohols are found in large proportions in the cheap, coarse liquors. They produce their effects rapidly and produce a more deleterious effect upon the nervous system than the first two. This is the reason that the heavy drinker of the upper class suffers less in proportion from his excesses than the heavy drinker of the lower class. The one of the upper class can afford pure liquors; the one of the lower class is compelled to buy cheap liquors to satisfy his desires. But, after all, it is only a question of time, for continued and continuous excess in good liquors kills just as certainly as excess in poor ones. Continued excess in the use of the liquors of fifty years ago, killed just as certainly as the liquors of



to-day, only it took a longer time to produce its morbid effects. When sufficient has been taken to be felt, we notice first the flushing of the face and brilliancy of the eyes; the muscular power is greater and the intelligence more active; ideas flow readily and anxieties are forgotten; the future appears full of hope, while the past has lost its sorrows and regrets; conversation becomes animated and brilliant; reason is thrown aside, while vanity and rashness assert themselves. Then the natural bent of disposition of the person is usually apparent. The man who is by nature sad becomes melancholy, the irritable man becomes quarrelsome, the generous man lavish and the good-natured man becomes everybody's friend. Sometimes the reverse of this is the case, and we find the sad man becomes gay, the good-natured man becomes cross and the timid man bold. Some self-control still remains, however, and if the person stop drinking now, these phenomena all pass off in a few hours, most commonly in sleep, but sometimes without it. But if the drinking be continued, the person goes on in the same way, becomes hilarious usually and shortly incoherent; all control of conversation and action is lost, reason is replaced by delirium and the man becomes a maniac, alike dangerous to himself and others, and liable, upon some sudden impulse, to commit crime. The gait becomes vacillating and staggering; words cannot be articulated. At length, unable to stand, he sinks to the ground and may become totally unconscious, so that it is

impossible to rouse him. Examples of the description given occur every day in our midst. Drunkenness is induced more rapidly, and with smaller quantities of alcohol, in summer than in winter—in warm than in cold climates. It is a fact, but may not be generally known, that some people become really insane from the consumption of even very small quantities of alcohol. They become furiously maniacal. A case, not long since, occurred in a neighboring county, where a young man was on two separate occasions adjudged insane by the court and committed to an asylum. Both times when he arrived at the asylum he was sane, and manifested no evidence of insanity during his residence there. In this case a small amount of alcohol made him furiously maniacal, so that the first time he nearly killed his sister with a knife, and the second time shot two unoffending passers-by on the street. In others, alcohol will produce convulsions. All persons suffering from nervous diseases and all persons of unsound mind are abnormally susceptible to the action of alcohol. In general paralysis of the insane a propensity to alcoholic excesses is not rarely an early symptom, and they are affected very badly by it. Epileptics are easily affected by alcohol and it usually makes them violent and brings on a convulsion. Alcohol may produce death by its direct narcotic effects. It occurs rarely in drunkards. A number of cases have occurred in children. Murder has been committed in this way and suicide also. It is estimated that from one

to two ounces of absolute alcohol, diluted in the form of whiskey or gin will kill a child below the age of ten or twelve years. Drunkenness is hereditary. Many idiots and imbeciles are born of drunken parents and a large proportion of the criminal class are drunkards and children of drunkards. It tends to produce a direct mental deterioration; particularly does it dull and finally extinguish the moral sense.

We repeat our declaration: "RUM AND ITS ALLIES ARE THE BASIS AND PLATFORM OF UNIVERSAL CRIME." Henceforth we shall wage war with the utmost zeal, using every honorable means, against its manufacture and traffic; declaring it to be a deadly poison, its use being indulged in by the innocent, the youthful and the middle aged, until they acquire an appetite and form habits that eventually lead them into vice, crime, prison and the scaffold. The success of the liquor traffic depends wholly upon debased manhood and wronged womanhood. It holds a mortgage over every cradle, a deed written in blood over every human life, and the devastating sword of drunkenness, poverty and crime over the nation. Shall mothers know this and be silent? Shall fathers understand and be indifferent? Now, these being facts, be it resolved that the conflict is irrepressible and that we shall not lay down our weapons of warfare, viz., our pen, our voice and the ballot, against the manufacture and traffic in strong drink until victory has crowned our efforts and our country is free from its blighting curse. We base prohibition on

the ground that the liquor traffic is inconsistent with the general good ; that it is in hostility to every interest of nation, state and people ; that it wages deadly and perpetual war upon all these interests ; that it is an intolerable public nuisance ; that it inflicts more mischief and misery upon our nation and the people in general than all other sources of misery combined ; that it is the inevitable cause of all the poverty, pauperism, insanity, crime and premature death ; that it desolates and blasts thousands of homes that would be peaceful, prosperous and happy, were it not for this evil ; that it degrades and brutalizes the people, wastes the wages of labor and unfits men for honest industry and thrift. Hundreds, yes, thousands of workers cast out as waifs upon society who, but for the rum traffic, could and would make for themselves honorable places among men, becoming props and pillars to the state instead of a burden upon it and a grief and disgrace to all with whom they are connected. The liquor traffic is all this and more in its relation to society, while no benefit whatever comes from it to any public or social interest ; and now, if this is true, where is there an intelligent, unbiased man or woman that will maintain that this traffic ought to be established and protected by law, and all the evils growing out of it perpetuated to the end of all time ?

We can never place our signature or give our sanction to a law that licenses man to deal out death and destruction to his fellow-man. In our travels in Europe, Asia,

a portion of Africa, Australia and on the American continent, most of our time has been occupied for the last twenty-five years and we have come in contact with people of almost every class, color, nation and description. I have seen with my own eyes the evils that in many instances grew from the seeds of the sowing of the rum-seller and harvested by the rum-drinker. Their harvest in many cases was asylums for the poor and the maniac; prisons for the convict and for others the scaffold was their portion. Then we solemnly declare that if rum is the basis of crime, we may just as well license theft and murder as to license that which is almost certain to lead to it. Who is there among you, dear readers, who would sanction the licensing of crime of the deepest dye? We venture to say not one of you. Then why should we license men to deal in the diabolical stuff that forms the prop to the midnight prowler, a staff to the arm of the wicked assassin, the support of the thief, the burglar and the highway robber. It brings desolation, destruction and vice in our land, misery and want to the firesides of many a home. Then why, I repeat it, should we grant license to men to sell

“That which makes the strong man weak,

Licensed to lay the wise man low;

Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,

And cause the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do their neighbor harm,

Licensed to hate and strife;

Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,

Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell,  
To bring disease and want and woe;  
Licensed to make this world a hell,  
And fit man for a hell below."

In furnishing proof of our assertion that RUM IS THE BASIS OF CRIME, we will at intervals introduce evidence that is unmistakable; evidence from those who have been participators in crime and are about to expiate their crime on the gallows.

John M. Wilson was hanged at Norristown, Pa., January 13th, 1887, for the murder of Anthony Daly. The following are his own words, which is but an abstract from his address to the public. It was very lengthy and while on the scaffold he delivered the principal parts of it.

*Gentlemen of Norristown:* Faithful are the words of a friend but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. I stand upon the brink of a never-ending eternity in terrible disgrace, and, barring the sympathy of a few Christian people, absolutely friendless in America. There is no need of a new confession. When delirious with whiskey I struck poor Daly and killed him outright. The fear of death by violence caused me to cover my crime. Having suffered with delirium tremens and the horrors, a combination of facts which, after I came here, had a tendency to advance the theory to my mind that it was possible for me to be guilty of a fearful delusion: this, coupled with the belief of many that I could not be convicted, caused me to plead not guilty, simply as a safeguard in case of acquittal. I harbor no ill-feeling



gainst either the judge or the commonwealth. You must pull against the current of nature. Balls, theatres, dancing parties, drinking liquor, gambling, all that pleases wicked people is offensive to God. I used to love them. I hate them all now. Charity balls are nothing but white aprons for the devil. Almost six years ago I said my last good-bye to my dear old mother, when I left my home with a bible which had been placed in my trunk by her. If I had but heeded her Christian advice I would not have been here. To-day she sits heart-broken and disgraced, full sixty years of age, and weeps bitter tears over her boy's terrible doom. When my strangled body hangs between heaven and earth may all who look upon it imagine they hear me say: 'This is the work of *Rum*.' Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

A few days before his execution he made a will in which he bequeathed his body to Dr. Drake, the jail physician.

While writing the facts of the above evidence of the power of rum, there occurs to my mind very vividly a verse that I once heard quoted by a tramp printer whom I met in Utica, N.Y. His name was Waterman. He informed me that he at one time had a good situation and held a prominent position on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. On this occasion he was in the bar-room of a prominent hotel making gestures for the purpose of entertaining the guests, who, in turn, would buy whiskey for him to keep

his steam up, as he termed it. I saw at a glance that he was possessed of great intellect, so I approached him on the subject of temperance. He seemed to regret very much his sad state, and quoted the following lines, which I have never forgotten ;

“Wretch that I am, how often have I swore  
While rum was sold that I would drink no more ;  
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,  
And see the folly which I cannot shun.”

Many has been the noble scholar, the statesman, the mechanic ; men of all grades, all professions, that have been ruined by the powerful effects of alcohol. I once knew a man by the name of Simeon Carey in Syracuse, N.Y., one of the best salesmen I have ever met. He would accumulate from three to five hundred dollars from his sales, then would start out on a drunken spree and in three or four weeks the money was spent, his clothes were in the pawn-shop and his family supported by the charity of their friends. At one time he had a book which showed an account with the savings bank with a credit of fifteen hundred dollars. He got on one of his drunken carousals which lasted four months. Every dollar was gone ; his credit was gone. He was sentenced to and served more than one term in the Onondaga Penitentiary for drunkenness and to-day he is a living monument of the total wreck that strong drink will make of men. And this is not an isolated case. His brother, older than himself, was for many years full as bad as “Sim,” as he used to be called, but later the brother (Henry) signed



the pledge and become a sober man and went West, and has since died.

We might enumerate cases that would run up into the thousands. Space will not permit us to enter into a long list of cases at present, but later on we will introduce cases of thrilling facts that ought to be convincing proof for the most skeptical that we have not set forth our declaration too strong. Think, gentle reader, of the many cases of drunkenness that have come under your own observation, where the fathers and husbands have spent their money for liquor; look at the poverty and wretchedness, cruelty and suffering it has brought in their homes, where they were once peaceful, quiet and brimful of happiness. There is not a city or town in our whole land that does not have its victims. Every city and town is a looking-glass that reflects its lights and shadows, and we need not go abroad to witness the scenes of destruction, of destitution, of prostitution, of misery and want: we can look to the east, to the west, to the north and south and we see the seeds of evil, distributed through the distillery, the rum-bottle and the beer-glass, and thousands of rumsellers that are willing to sow the seeds of ruin, regardless of what the harvest may be for the unfortunate drinker. The only excuse of the rumseller is they are not compelled to drink it; yet they use every influence to urge them on. The most highly polished mirrors are placed behind the decanters, the decanters themselves being highly embellished; the

mirror reflects double the brilliancy, but does not expose the poison that is lurking in the sparkling goblet; the windows are illuminated in a gorgeous manner, and everything that can be done to give the rumhole a glow of beauty to entice the innocent into those dens of vice where the wicked have already congregated and become enamored by its subtle influence that coil around their victims, and, like the serpent with its irresistible charms, holds them in its iron grasp.

In discussing the matter in view of being fair and liberal we choose to speak plainly and wish to be understood that we give to each and every one the privilege of thinking, speaking and writing or discussing the matter under our rules of freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and we shall find no fault; we will give the matter due consideration, hoping our readers will be as liberal and do the same by us, without letting their passions become aroused to an extraordinary height of anger. Should our readers fly into a rage over the contents of our work, let them lay it aside until they again become cool and remember that *truth* is more piercing than the dagger, and it is the hit bird that flutters and makes the greatest fuss. Plain truth is what we aim to offer to the people of the world and we challenge the world's scrutiny. We shall offer facts and nothing but stubborn facts. Weigh them well, kind reader, and let your conclusions be drawn with fairness; unbiased and without bigotry.



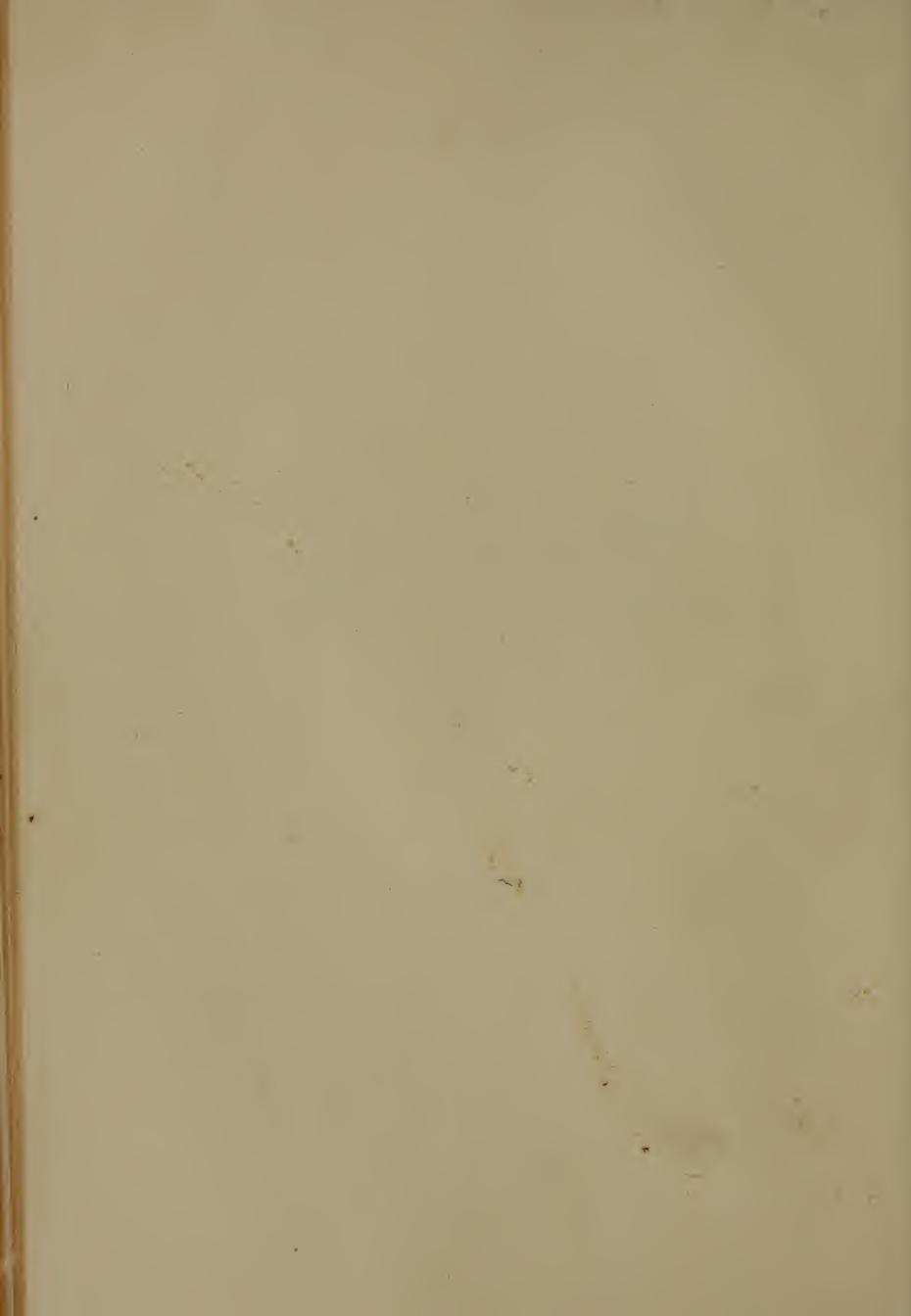
THE HOME IN PROSPERITY.



THE HOTEL IN POVERTY.

"I only indulge in a glass of whiskey occasionally, with a friend, on account of the social enjoyment; I can drink it, or I can let it alone. Of course, I have plenty of cider in my cellar at home. That is too common; everybody drinks cider. It makes a fellow a little shiny, but no harm arises from it."

Dear reader, you may think the same, but the stream grows deeper, it grows broader, the current is accelerated. Remember, you are floating down the stream.



Think of the thousands of once happy homes made desolate by the influence and power of the rum-built shame, where husbands and fathers have squandered their wealth and brought poverty and starvation within their dwelling, making drunkards of themselves and paupers of their families. Then take into consideration the amount of money paid out for drink in the United States during the past year—nearly ten hundred millions of dollars it cost our country for drink, while it cost only one-half of that amount for bread for the same people. Tobacco is closely allied to rum; as a luxury it is indulged in to an alarming extent, though not near the wickedness grows out of its use.

We give below in actual figures the cost of liquors and tobacco for one year in the United States, with the actual cost of caring for paupers and criminals, saying nothing of bringing them to justice through the courts.

The liquor debt for one year amounts to	\$976,000,000.
Cost of caring for paupers and criminals,	\$800,000,000.
The consumption of tobacco,	\$600,000,000.
Total for drink and crime,	\$2,376,000,000.
For bread,	\$510,000,000.
Beef and pork,	\$300,000,000.
Sawed lumber,	\$233,000,000.
Cotton goods,	\$210,000,000.
Boots and shoes,	\$19,000,000.
Sugar and molasses,	\$155,000,000.
Public education,	\$85,000,000.
Christian commission,	\$5,500,000.
	\$1,694,500,000.
Total for commodities,	\$1,694,500,000.
	\$681,500,000.

These figures show a cost of six hundred and eighty-one millions of dollars more for *drink* and *tobacco* and *their effects* for one year than all the other commodities of every-day use, for comfort, education and benevolence.

We shall now show the rapid increase of the liquor traffic in the United States. Our figures are correctly taken from the internal revenue reports. In 1865 the revenue from distilled spirits was \$18,731,422, and from fermented liquors \$3,734,928; in 1870, from distilled spirits, \$55,606,094, from fermented liquors, \$6,319,127; in 1880, from distilled spirits, \$61,185,509, from fermented liquors, \$12,829,803; in 1883, on distilled spirits, \$74,368,775, from fermented liquors, \$16,900,615. An examination of the reports of each of these years will show the correctness of our statements and the above figures will show: 1st, that the use of beer, ale, etc., has not lessened the use of distilled liquors. 2d. That the revenue being made the life blood of the nation, financially, it is the most dangerous element of corruption in political legislation and partisan government. Increase of population from 1860 to 1870, 22.6 per cent. Increase in consumption of liquors during the same decade, 44.55 per cent. Thus showing that during the ten years the ratio of increase in the consumption of liquors was more than double the increase in population. From the next decade, from 1870 to 1880, the increase in population was 32.7 per cent., while that in the consumption of liquors was 73.27 per cent., or more than two and one-



third times the ratio of increase in population. Both old parties are arrayed in line of battle with "Protection" inscribed on their banner, but it is "protection for the liquor traffic."

In the host arrayed against the freedom of humanity you will always find friends and supporters of the saloons, distilleries, breweries, dens of vice and immorality, the gambler, harlot, convict, libertine, some ministers of the gospel, a few christians, so-called temperance people and Satan. The lines are being drawn—purity against corruption, right against wrong.

Reader, which side are you on?

"Choose you this day whom you will serve."

Prove by your ballot which you desire should be protected, the home or the liquor traffic.

Many is the time I have heard people make the excuse of not feeling well, or their appetite is not good; that it does them good as an appetizer, or it stimulates their system to action. This may all be true, but let us consult Dr. Schenck's medical work, from which we quote the following: "Indiscreet people frequently rush to whiskey in many diseases. It has absolutely no curative power. It may make people oblivious to the disease while the effect is on, but disease goes on all the same. It inflames every coating and membrane it comes in contact with. It quickens circulation, but at the same time enters into and poisons the blood. It attacks the brain, brutalizes the mind, makes life wretched by its horrid

dreams ; far more, it turns peaceful death into a terrible departure. Whiskey never cured any disease, but has endangered thousands. It has its place in nature, but not as a remedy for disease. It is ruinous to trifle with it."

It is plain to be seen in every-day life ; in the hotels, saloons and breweries throughout the land ; in the town, city and hamlet, as well in the country at large, that the youth of the land is by its influence led into bad company, forming habits of disrepute, encouraged to acts of violence, led on from one step to another until they become criminals of the deepest dye ; forgetting the entreaties and prayers of a kind mother and the wise counsels of an affectionate father. *Young man*, in those places habits are formed in an unheeded moment that, like the small acorn growing to the sturdy oak, cannot be uprooted by the powerful blast. So is the growing appetite of strong drink ; the appetite once acquired cannot be thrown off by your most powerful efforts. Once lost, lost forever ! Its effect is terrible. Stop, young man ; think for just a moment where you stand ; listen to the trembling voice of your neighbor, the old man, Garry Jenks, who, less than one year ago, bid you farewell for the last time, as he left Alton, the home of his lifetime, thinly clad, for his new and last earthly home in the Wayne County Asylum for the poor. All that is said of him now is, "Poor Garry ; gone the way of many a drunkard." "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When once chained within its coils from its



poisonous effects there is no retreat. Yes, Garry is gone the way of many a drunkard: for in less than one year after leaving his old home in the town of Sodus, he died in the poor-house, and now the last remains of a lifelong drunkard sleep in a pauper's grave. I knew a Mr. Miller, but a few years ago proprietor of the largest dry goods store in the village of Clyde, N.Y. Whiskey got the mastery of him. He also became an inmate of the Wayne County poor-house and died a pauper-maniac. There are thousands of cases every year in the United States where men are led on, step by step, through the influence of those who set strong drink before them, until they fill the graves of drunkards, and are buried by the charities of friends or find rest in the Potters' field, buried at the expense of the poor authorities and tax-payers.

Stop, young man, stop and think,  
 Before you further go;  
 Do not sport upon the brink  
 Of drunkenness and woe.

Why don't the people rally when they see the burning shame,  
 That, through Rum, is brought upon the Yankee nation;  
 When they see the fire is kindled, and is bursting into flame,  
*Bringing Ruin, Riot, Death, and Degradation.*

CHO.—Let us rally 'round the standard; run up the starry flag;  
 Yes, we'll crush the dens of vice and human slaughter;  
 We'll flood the throne of Satan, where he rules in whiskey shops,  
*And quench the fire of Death with pure cold water.*

Oh! do not be discouraged, for the time is near at hand  
 When the people they shall rise to save the nation;  
 With cold water and the ballot, drive whiskey from the land;  
 'Tis our country's only safety and salvation.

We're coming from the hillside, we're coming from the plain,  
We're surely coming with our votes and voices ;  
We can see the Star of Liberty now rising in the East,  
'Tis the star in which our nation now rejoices.

We'll break the power of Alcohol, and burst the bonds of Rum,  
Drive Whiskey from its long-protected lair,  
And we'll crush the Demon's hopes of prison bars and ropes,  
And drive him to the regions of despair.

Then the glittering Star of Happiness will shine throughout the land,  
And the serpent driven out from every home ;  
The bow of peace and sunshine will dwell in every heart  
When we've banished from our homes "*The Curse of Rum.*"

A. H. B.

Alton, N.Y., Dec. 3, 1887.

# THE CURSE OF RUM.

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## CHAPTER I.

“The number of deaths every year in the United Kingdom which are traceable to drunkenness is one thousand five hundred and ninety-two. It is calculated that the annual result of intemperance in the Kingdom is as follows: deaths, one thousand five hundred and ninety-two; insane, 3,350; crime, 6,140; sick, 84,000; loss of work, 7,400,000 pounds sterling; extra taxes, 1,700,000 pounds sterling. Liquor dealers pay an average of \$2.00 per gallon for whiskey. One gallon contains sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whiskey. In other words he pays \$2.00 for the whiskey and \$4.50 to the man handing it over the bar, to say nothing about the water added. Now, if you must drink, make your wife your barkeeper. Lend her two dollars to buy a gallon of whiskey for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay her ten cents for it; if she waters it twenty-five per cent.—which will be none the worse for you—by the time you have drunk a gallon she will have \$7.12, or enough to refund the \$2.00 borrowed and have a balance of \$5.12. She will then be able to conduct further operations on her

own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by respectable persons, your wife will have money enough to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave."—*Family Herald and Weekly Star*.

It is strange that men will not consider the cost of drink and also what it leads to—the ruin, the misery and destitution, wretchedness and crime it brings to the family circle and household.

It turns husbands against their wives, fathers against their children, brother against brother; it makes demons of men and a pandemonium of the halls of legislature; it lowers man below the brute and fits him for the poor-house and a grave in the Potter's field, unmourned and uncared for. It clothes him with rags and filth, and sinks him down to perdition. It ruins many of our best men; it burns and destroys their vitality, weakens their frames and destroys their intellect; their brains become paralyzed, their limbs palsied and they are a burden to themselves and all around them. Whiskey is their idol.

Two old men named Joseph Ferry and Richard Price, cousins, were found starved or frozen to death in their miserable lodgings in Philadelphia a short time since. The men were misers. Perry, at least, was rich. They subsisted on the smallest amount of food and that of the vilest kind, though they imbibed whiskey pretty freely. They had lived in their miserable abode for a score of years and for eighteen years not a woman's hand had

been at work in it, except once, when the Board of Health sent two women there to clean up the place on complaint of the neighbors.—*Sunday Tidings*.

It seems as though men possessed of common sense, either young or old, should have gumption enough about them when they see on every hand the evils arising from the use of intoxicating drink, to form resolutions not to touch, taste, use, make or handle that which makes men foolish, ugly, miserable and wicked. Arouse! ye sleepers, shake off the lethargy that hangs about you; wake up sensibility; teach your children the evil effects of strong drink; exhort your neighbors; advise your friends; use your every influence in enlisting soldiers to fight in the temperance cause. Help to raise the banner of light; help to put our greatest enemy to flight. Let us unite in the work of revolutionizing a system of temperance that will ultimately destroy the rum power. We must resort to the ballot as our weapon of warfare; work earnestly, be diligent and thorough in soliciting and enrolling soldiers to fight; our cause is just. We have hoisted the prohibition banner, the banner of freedom. If we die fighting to sustain it we shall fall in a glorious work. We shall be wrapped in its starry folds and laid to rest, and others who dare face the furious storm will seize the standard that bears our glorious banner and carry it through the stormy conflict until success shall crown our efforts, and the starry banner of freedom shall wave over every home in our land. Let the words of the

brave Captain Lawrence ring out from every tongue,  
"Don't give up the ship."

The few shall not forever sway,  
The many toil in sorrow ;  
The powers of rum are strong to-day,  
But peace shall rise to-morrow.  
We are beaten back in many a fray,  
But never strength we borrow ;  
Where the van-guard camps to-day,  
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

No! "don't give up the ship." The banner of freedom floats at her masthead. Stand by her colors until her guns shall batter the walls of the stronghold of rum until they crumble and fall as did the walls of Jericho before the hosts of Joshua at the sounding of the trumpet, and there shall not be a hiding place for rum in our country, and every rum-seller shall be banished from the earth. How bright would be our path, how delightful the land, how beautiful our walks of life, how peaceful our social gatherings, how full of sunlight and happiness our homes, if the vile, sin-cursed, hellish traffic of rum was forever put beyond the reach of wicked men. The innocent and unoffending child would not be led to recklessness and final ruin by its flattering influences, the mother would not be compelled to wring her hands in anguish and with heart full of sympathy and anxious with fear repeat, "O, where is my wandering boy to-night?" No! mothers would rest assured that their sons were safe



from the fatal influence of rum, which leads on, step by step, until at last the step is taken that casts her once noble and innocent boy within the walls of the dungeon, or perhaps the gallows is being erected while he awaits his execution for some crime that he has committed while under the influence of strong drink. Let me say right here, mothers, teach your children to shun the place where the poison is kept; teach them to shun the rum-seller who traffics in the poison; teach them to shun those who drink it; teach them to become advocates of temperance reform; teach them to become missionaries in the cause, and when they have grown to be men and women the world will be better for their existence.

Look for a moment at the evil of drunkenness. Whether in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati or Savannah, or in any of the cities of the land, count up the saloons on the street where you live as compared with the saloons of five years ago and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of population. You people who are precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has, by strong drink, been turned into a demoniac. The rumfiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victims! Stir up the

flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on the fire of evil habits; at the sound of the silver-toned trumpet let the people of nations fall on their knees and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the political furnace of degraded parties who seek to barricade the stronghold of the rum-seller and manufacturer. We indict this evil as the regicide, the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide of the nineteenth century; yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcoholism deceives the people! It is a "cordial." It is a "bitters." It is an "eye-opener." It is an "appetizer." It is a "digester." It is an "invigorator." It is a "settler," and finally it is a "night-cap." Why don't they label it in accordance with the qualities it possesses?—"essence of perdition," "conscience stupefier," "drachms of heartache," "tears of orphanage," "blood of souls," "scabs of eternal leprosy," "venom of worm that never dies." Only once in a while is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of "sour mash." That is advertised throughout the country on bill-boards, on fence-corners, painted on rocks by the road-side, on the broad sides of farmers' barns and many times bills advertising it are pasted on the posts of sheds to country churches. It is an appropriate name, all can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour and his associations sour and his prospects sour; it mashes his body, mashes his soul, mashes



his business and mashes the happiness of his family. One honest name, at least, for the hellish stuff.

Through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops, many people who, wishing to procure something to tone up their system, have unwittingly got on their tongues the fangs of this viper that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race. Many are ruined by the all-destructive habit of treating customers. It is treat on their coming to town, treat while the bargain is being made, treat when the purchase is made and a treat as the customer leaves town. Others drink to drown trouble. The world is bruised and battered and blasted with this terrible evil. It is more and more entrenched and fortified. There are millions of dollars raised to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces; they nominate, elect and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of centuries, and behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world—Satanic, Appolyonic and diabolic. It is almost beyond all human effort to overthrow this bastille of decanters or capture the Gibraltar of rum jugs. But what gives us courage, our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve, our recruits are hastening to the ranks. The campaign has fairly begun. We must take and hold the field, if all hell is on the side of rum. Heaven is on our side. Now "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered." The evil is overshadowing all our cities. God help parents in

the great work they are doing, to start their children with pure principles. God help the legislators in their attempt to put down this great evil. Is it not time for all lands to cry out "Let God arise." We do not ask Him to hurl a great thunderbolt of his power, but just to get up from his throne on which he sits. Only that will be necessary. "Let God arise." It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the white-horse cavalry of Heaven, or rumbling war chariots. "He will only arise." Now he is sitting in the majesty and patience of His reign; He is from his throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy, drunkenness, impurity, fraud and Sabbath breaking, and when they have done their worst and are most securely organized, he will bestir himself and say: "Mine enemies have defied me long enough, and the cup of their iniquity is full. I have given them every opportunity for repentance. The dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer." And when God begins to rise, the manufacturers of rum shall meet their doom; the rum-sellers, who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families, will fly with sore feet on the down-grade paved with broken decanters; the polluters of society, who did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life as they tumble over the eternal precipices and the world

shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose; the earth, that stood snarling with its hellish passion, shall lie down in peaceful quietude, and the clanking of the decanters and beer glasses no more shall be heard; the rum-drinker shall not be known, for there shall be peace on earth and good will to all men. So may it be; speed on the ball.

A SONG-WRITER'S DEATH—DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE HE BE-  
COMES A DRUNKARD.

At the City Hospital, Louisville, Monday night, in the presence of but two or three friends, Matt O'Reardon, one of the most popular song-writers of recent years, died. Young in years but broken down by disease, with shattered nerves and a wrecked mind, for a year or more he might have been seen lying about the bar-rooms, stupefied from strong drink, his fine features bloated and his eyes, that once kindled with the inspiration of song, glazed and heavy. Now and then a lover of music would stop in front of some familiar haunt of O'Reardon's to listen to a waltz or a reverie, played with the skill of a master. Sometimes, when fired by drink, he would sit at a bar-room piano and play some composition of his own with a fervor and a pathos that drew tears from those about him. Years ago, when a young man, he fell in love with Alice Oates. Whether the actress ever returned his affection is not known. He certainly thought she loved

him in return. One day he found out his mistake. He was told that his love was not reciprocated. He immediately began to drink heavily and from that time to the day of his death he was seldom free from the influence of drink. He obtained a number of engagements but broke them all. He could never be trusted to keep sober any length of time. Some weeks ago he was taken sick and Manager Whalen, of the Grand theatre, succeeded in raising a little money for him and getting him to the hospital. The very day he died Mr. Whalen received six dollars from the actors' fund. It came too late, however. O'Reardon wrote "My Dream of Love is O'er" shortly after his unfortunate love affair. He also wrote "Gather Shells from the Sea Shore," "Only an Ivy Leaf," "Marriage Bells," and many other songs that have been sung all over the world.

The above shows how sad is the fate of a drunkard. There are many who resort to the flowing bowl for the purpose of dispelling the gloom that hangs over them and ere the mist is gone which they have sought to drive away, they have sunk into a deeper gloom from which the dark veil can never be lifted. No earthly power can drive away the dark clouds that ever fill the drunkard's mind; they seek through one evil to drive away another, (and as a general rule, to the greater, to drown the lesser) and by so doing the one combines with the other and the victim becomes engulfed and sinks beneath the turbid waters of

everlasting ruin to rise no more. It is only adding fuel to the fire.

A CLERGYMAN'S VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF INTEMPERANCE.

The following are extracts from a paper on inebriates by Dr. T. B. Crothers, of Hartford, read before the Institute of Social Science, at New York City College in February, 1887 :

“Inquiry in almost any direction would seem to indicate that one inebriate to every hundred persons is not an over-estimate. The mortality is very great, and is estimated at over ninety per cent. In direct heredity, moderate, excessive or periodic drinking parents are always followed by inebriate children, either in the first or second generations. The first generation will either be inebriates or rigid abstainers, and always have marks of defect of some kind. The second generation will develop inebriety from the slightest exposure. Unless the stream of heredity is neutralized by a current of greater vigor, this generation will be found along the border line of insanity, manifesting many complex symptoms of mental defect. In these cases some specific degeneration of brain centres has been transmitted, with special tendency to use alcohols for relief, and low resisting power to resist all temptations of this kind. Many of these cases escape and never use alcohol, but they have marked defects of body and mind. While the increased culture and intelligence of the race drive out the coarser and more repulsive



symptoms of inebriety, the mortality is increased and alcohol is more used for its narcotic properties and to quiet pain. Inebriety is more concealed to-day and is followed by more allied diseases, and is more maniacal, suicidal and impulsive. Pneumonia, Bright's disease, heart disease and apoplexy are some of the names given to the fatal cases of inebriety. Not far away in the future, inebriety will be regarded as small-pox cases are now in every community. The inebriate will be forced to go into quarantine and be treated for his malady until he recovers. The delusion that he can stop at will because he says so will pass away. Public sentiment will not permit the victim to grow into chronic stages; the army of moderate drinkers will disappear; the saloons which they have supported will close in obedience to a higher law than 'any prohibition sentiment.'"

If the above is true, which any sound-minded, candid, honest man will admit are facts, then why should we advocate high license to bolster up a traffic in so deadly a poison, to weaken and destroy the human race? Petitions supporting the high license movement have been circulated on the down-town exchanges in New York city and were signed by hundreds of the brokers. Some of the brokers even advocated a rate even higher than one thousand dollars for a whiskey license. Nearly all were opposed to prohibition. The idea down-town is that folks who want to sell rum ought to pay high for the privilege, in order to offset, in a measure, the expense the city is

put to to take care of the products of the business. That is a grand plea for an intelligent set of men to make in behalf of high license, to charge a high license price for men to sell rum, which creates disturbance and brawls, riot and crime, for the purpose of taking care of the criminals and the courts they are tried in. Why not license crime itself, as well as to license that which leads to crime; and we here again assert that "Rum is the basis and platform of universal crime." There are many reasons why men and women should rise en masse, and put down the traffic of that sin-developing, cursed stuff that is more destructive than war, famine and pestilence. Rouse, my fellow man; rouse, my sisters; rouse ye, from that stupor; rouse ye, from the lethargy that hangs about you: throw off those dreamy slumbers that so long have held you in quiet rest, while our ship of State, with all on board, has been drifting into the rapid stream of dissipation, until it *now* stands trembling on the vortex of ruin. Rouse, I say! Rouse from the indifference which enthalls you and the ignorance which enshrouds you! Determine the sin of complicity shall lie at your door no more. To one subject only will I turn my attention. The drinking customs of society, that from which the more gentle sex has suffered so terribly, and under whose burden she has so long groaned, no tongue can tell, no pen can portray, a tithe of the misery and anguish it has entailed upon her. It has stolen into her happy home and robbed it of every comfort, of every necessity, till



nothing but bare walls and broken panes remain. One after another it has stealthily carried off husband and sons and laid them in drunkard's graves. It has scarred her form, silvered her hair, furrowed her face, broken her heart and stripped her life of peace and happiness. What has it done for man? It gives him a boisterous mirth, a fictitious strength, a capricious temper, a diseased mind, a diseased body and a crooked moral nature. It steals the clothes from his back, the cash from his safe, his time from his business and drives him to despair, theft and murder. For the children, it takes the bread from their hungry mouths and the shoes from their naked feet. It deprives them of father, mother and home, throwing them out helpless, starving, shivering waifs upon the charity of a cold-hearted world. For the country it has raised up an army of paupers, prisoners, lunatics and idiots to be provided for at the expense of the taxpayers.

Incidents occur daily which would make a book of itself on the evils of intemperance. A policeman on the New York force went into a liquor saloon. He had often been there before—too often, for he had been called before the board twenty-six times within the last year for neglect of duty. He had come to regard the roundsman, whose duty it was to report him when he was absent from his beat during the time when he should have been upon it, as his natural enemy. The drink made him sullen and angry. He went out again, but it was a cold night and

soon he turned into a little shanty near by. Then the roundsman came and found him sitting there, with his coat unbuttoned and his club and belt off, when he should have been patrolling his beat. He got up and walked with the roundsman. As they walked along he asked: "Are you going to report me?" "Yes." "You're always down on me." The officer turned down the street. The disgraced policeman stood and watched him. In an instant a pistol shot rang out. The roundsman turned and faced his assailant. Another shot. With a last effort the weapon was wrenched from the murderer's grasp and the roundsman fell upon the street, to die within a few hours.

This is the plain, unvarnished history of what a half dozen drinks will do. How many murders, how many so-called "accidents," brawls, fights, brutalities of all sorts occur that are not prompted by drink? How many beaten wives say of their husbands, "He's kind when he's not under the influence of liquor?" How many children's lives are ruined to gratify the thirst of their parents? A half dozen drinks and their consequences. Multiply them by a million and possibly some idea may be had of what strong drink does for a nation. Thousands of happy homes have been made cold and desolate by neglect, caused by the use of rum; many a fond mother's strongest hope been blighted; many a young and loving bride, who has launched out upon the matrimonial, sea with highest hopes and anticipations of a life

of peace and happiness, has been sadly disappointed, rum being the absolute cause. He who would love, cherish and protect her has been false to his vows and has fallen a victim to the bowl, leaving her to live in wretchedness, misery and want, while he who should be her protector, is leading a miserable, wretched life among the low, degraded rummies, in the God-forsaken, ill-begotten, hell-holes of prostitution and vice of every grade.

Now, in order to prove our assertion that rum is the basis and platform of universal crime, we shall record many incidents that have occurred where whiskey has taken a conspicuous part in the drama, in different acts and parts, on the stage of action of every-day life. But a few days previous to the writing of this two old men named Joseph Mix and Richard Perkins (relatives) were found starved or frozen to death in their miserable lodgings in New York city. The men were misers and Mix, at least, was rich. They subsisted on the smallest amount of food and that of the vilest kind, though they imbibed whiskey pretty freely. They had lived in their miserable abode for a number of years, and for eighteen years not a woman's hand had been at work in it, except once when the Board of Health sent a committee there to clean it up, on complaint of the neighbors. This is but one little incident out of a million.

The American home is battling hard against the grog-shop. The walls of America are built of her homes, every home is a brick. Two hundred thousand rum bat-

teries are trying to batter down our walls. There are many happy homes crushed by these batteries every day and the inmates are ushered into the streets and become common beggars, supported by the cold charity of the world, while the head of the family either fills a felon's cell or a drunkard's grave.

When we vote for a license law we vote for that which leads directly to crime. As George W. Bain said in a speech before the National Temperance Society, at Philadelphia, during the campaign of 1884: "Whether there be high tax or low tax, it will be a sin tax." Sin is a crime committed against the law, and we violate God's holy law when we sell that which kills, and when we grant license to men to sell that which kills, we violate that law, and when we vote for license or a law to give a license to sell the damnable stuff, we violate that law as well.

The flower in the bonnet of the saloon-keeper's wife robs some other woman's bonnet of a rose, and the delicious roast beef on the saloon-keeper's table condemns his customers to a scanty meal of liver. The liquor dealers are arrayed against the womanhood of America. It is a war of saloon-keepers against houskeepers.

A Congressman once said that the liquor traffic paid half the national debt in nineteen years. If so, it was simply a case of feeding national finances to starve national morality.

The appalling increase of intemperance, the unutterable

and untold sufferings and woe that it entails upon the innocent and helpless, the bold and defiant attitude of those engaged in the liquor traffic—this and much more we might speak of—is producing a more intense longing in the hearts of the better class of people for deliverance from the awful thralldom and blighting, cursing effects of rum. And it cannot be disputed that, with this conscious yearning, the conviction is growing upon them that the only effectual radical remedy is absolute prohibition. We hope that the time is not distant when the temperance banner shall wave over every American home; then there shall not be a necessity for one third the number of prisons.

## CHAPTER II.

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When every State places a presidential electoral ticket in the field we may truly consider that the morning is breaking ; the lone, dark, dismal night of the rum-curse seems drawing to an end, and the whole world is already glowing with the faint streaks of an advancing temperance day.

'Tis coming up the steps of time,  
And this world is growing brighter ;  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
But high hopes make the heart beat lighter,  
We may be sleeping in the ground  
When it shall wake the world in wonder ;  
But we have seen it gathering 'round  
And heard its voice of living thunder.

'Tis coming ! Yes, 'tis coming ! The land is rocking to-day with the tread of progressive men and women, whose lives and labors are given to an advancement of this cause. The end which they seek will surely be realized. It may be delayed, but cannot be kept from the high power. Many of its friends are already there :



congressmen, governors, judges, magistrates. The host will grow and prohibition rule.

“It is a curious thing that intelligent men should differ in opinion as to the wiser and truer policy to be adopted by society toward the liquor traffic—prohibition or high license. First of all, to determine what this policy should be, we need to determine the relation of the liquor traffic to the general welfare. Is it good or bad? Is it partly good and partly bad? and if so, is it more good than bad, or more bad than good? Having settled that, it seems to me there can be no difficulty in determining what policy the State should adopt in relation to it. We say the liquor traffic is all bad; there is no good about it; it is so bad in its influence upon the common weal that nothing can be worse. The evils coming from it to every public and social interest are more, and greater, than those which arise from all other sources of evil combined. No one has denied or doubted this—so far as I know.”—(Hon. Neal Dow, in “The Morning and Day of Reform,” 1881).

Mr Gladstone said of it: “More evils come from it to the people than from war, pestilence and famine, those three great scourges of the human family.”

Chief Justice Davis said: “If all the evils (of whatever kind) were divided into five parts, the liquor traffic would be responsible for four of them.”

No one denies that all this is true of the relation of the liquor traffic to the general welfare. This being so, what should be the policy of the State in relation to it? The



law has forbidden lotteries and lottery offices, the manufacture and sale of obscene books and pictures, gambling houses, houses of ill fame. Why? Because their influence was bad; they are inconsistent with the general welfare. This policy toward these objectionable schemes for money is universally accepted as wise and right. The liquor traffic inflicts upon the community a thousand-fold more evil than all these combined. We say, therefore, it should not be licensed, established and protected by law. It wages deadly war upon every interest of nation, State and people. Everybody knows this to be true. Then why can any intelligent man object to the policy of prohibition.

In England there are more than fourteen hundred parishes where the liquor traffic is prohibited, and in every one of them the result has been wonderfully for good. In Scotland and in Ireland there are many localities in which the traffic has been forbidden by law, with the same result. In Scotland and in all Ireland, except five large cities, the grog-shops are suppressed on Sunday with most beneficial results, and a bill was passed at a recent session of parliament for Wales, almost unanimously, for a Sunday prohibition law. In all English speaking counties there is a strong movement for the adoption of a policy of prohibition to replace that of license.

“The liquor traffic is war against the church, the library and the school. It is one phase of the warfare between heaven and hell.”—(Charles Baxton, Member of Parliament.)

“It is the wholesale poisoning of the people; it drives them to hell like sheep.” These words were uttered by John Wesley.

Senator Morrill, of Maine, said: “The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes.”

Everybody knows that all this is true. If this great sin, shame and crime be continued, let it be against the law and in spite of it, and not established and protected by law—as in those States where it is licensed.

“When the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.” (Prov. 29:2). Our mechanics, laborers and tax-payers groan under the burden imposed upon them by King Alcohol, and their cry is, “How long, O Lord, how long.” Well may we all with one voice exclaim: “How long, O Lord, shall this bright hour delay; fly swift around, ye wheel of time and bring the welcome day.” There are many homes in our land where the mothers and children would bid thrice welcome the happy day when rum, ruin, rags and poverty shall be banished from their homes, and the soft, sunnysmiles of contentment shall settle in the hearts of those whose lives have been made sad by the unrelenting rum-seller who deals out that detestable, destructible stuff, that sends its poisonous arrows and claims its victims wherever its use is indulged in. Thousands of homes have been made desolate through the persistent use of rum, where it makes demons of men and a hell for women and children. The following is one case

of many thousands that occur every year. In a most interesting address delivered by the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, recently, in England, he said: "Not long since there was in my own parish one of the bravest, purest and brightest of the wives of workingmen I have ever seen. All through her married life she had been praying for, bearing with, and forgiving the man who at the altar had sworn to love and cherish her. A short time ago he set his seal upon years of cruelty by raising his foot and kicking her savagely and three hours after she had gone 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' The last words she spoke were whispered in my own ear: 'Don't be hard upon him when I am gone; he is kind when he doesn't drink.'" They laid the little form of her prematurely-born infant by her side, and four other little ones followed to the grave one more victim of the arch-fiend rum."

Who among a christian people will tolerate a traffic that carries death and destruction wherever it goes? It spares none, neither the young nor old; the bite is sure death, and whoever swallows the deadly poison must inevitably sink down beneath its vital touch.

Life is teeming with evil snares,  
The gates of sin are open wide;  
The rosy fingers of pleasure wave  
And beckon the young inside.  
Man of the world with open purse,  
Seeking your own delight,  
Pause, ere reason is wholly gone—  
Where is your boy to-night?

Sirens are singing on every hand,  
Luring the ear of youth ;  
Gilded falsehood, with silver notes,  
Drowneth the voice of truth ;  
Dainty lady in costly robes,  
Your parlors gleam with light ;  
Fate and beauty your senses steep—  
Where is your boy to-night ?

Tempting whispers of royal spoil  
Flatter the youthful soul,  
Eagerly entering into life,  
Restive of all control.

Needs are many, and duties stern  
Crowd on the weary sight ;  
Father buried in business cares,  
Where is your boy to-night ?

Pitfalls lurk in the flowery way,  
Vice has a golden gate ;  
Who shall guide the unwary feet  
Into the highway straight ?

Patient workers with willing hands,  
Keeping the home hearth bright ;  
Tired mother with tender eyes,  
Where is your boy to-night ?

Turn his feet from sinful paths  
Ere they have entered in,  
Keep him unspotted while yet you may,  
Earth is so stained with sin.

Ere he has learned to follow wrong,  
Teach him to love the right,  
Watch, ere watching is wholly vain—  
Where is your boy to-night ?

How few there are who take the above into consideration! Should there be more care taken in looking after the interest and welfare of our boys, there would not be so many of them in the billiard halls, where a majority of young men and boys go through the rudiments of a bumper's education. There are a thousand other places and practices that lead the youth of our land astray, aside from the billiard room. There is many a street corner and alley in our cities and towns where boys congregate, and some one older and more steeped in crime will propose pitching pennies for a pastime or innocent sport, as they term it. This is many times the starting point and leads from one step to another, until the once innocent idol of his fond mother has been led into the deepest vices that fill our land. At last the mother looks back only in memory upon her golden-haired idol: to-day she looks upon him in a felon's cell; a man in full strength steeped in crime, stripped of every virtue, his heart hardened, conscience calloused and only fitted for the committing of dark deeds.

At the present time of writing I am sitting at my writing-table in a room at a prominent hotel in Syracuse. Casting a glance from my window in the third story my eyes rested upon a group of boys in the back-yard seated on beer-kegs. My spy-glass was lying near at hand. I brought it to bear upon the group and discovered they were boot-blacks, playing poker for the money they had earned polishing boots for the aristocratic. Watching them closely, I discovered they were playing what the



gamblers call freeze-out. As fast as one got broke he necessarily falls out of the game.

Hundreds, yes, thousands! and I might add tens of thousands of cases of intemperance and tens of thousands of crimes, of the deepest dye would be avoided if mothers would look more closely after their boys before they become wandering, reckless, uncontrollable fellows, while in the tender age of youth. Mothers should see that the school hours of each day are heeded by her boys, and not let the time pass by unconcerned and unmindful of their duty toward their children. Too many let them spend their school hours or evenings away from their homes; and parents should make their homes as pleasant for their children as they possibly can, that it be a pleasant pastime and a greater pleasure to remain at home evenings than to mingle with strangers in strange places. Mothers should be very careful to educate and train their children (especially their boys) to love their home and its surroundings in preference to all places of amusement and recreation. The ruling and teaching of mothers should, in all cases, be in ways of pleasantness, yet with a sternness that is unmistakable. Speak in words of gentleness, but with firmness; teach them by kind words and gentle manners, first, to love you and obey you; make their home a place of joys and that home to them will be a Heaven; teach them in their early childhood days the words of John Howard Payne, "Home, sweet home; *there is no place like home*"; teach

them also, that, outside of home, there are a thousand snares arising on every hand to draw the childish heart into difficulty; teach them in kindness; tell them of the little clouds that first appear in the child's horizon; tell them that these little clouds gather thicker and faster as life wears on, and eventually the storm-cloud bursts in wildest fury on the heads of those that are out in the storm, and they are engulfed in the flood of ruin. The first step of the child to ruin, nine times out of ten, is by being too indulgent in the first start of life, not only by mothers, but by fathers as well. Such indulgence leads the child from one step to another until, often times, the child becomes rebellious, and many times conquers the parents and becomes master of the house; once master of the household, like Alexander, he goes out into the world seeking for other worlds to conquer. Among other conquests he has sought, the allurements of the sparkling goblet have caught his attention; he whispers to himself, saying, "Thousands have you ruined, but I am an oak; I can withstand the most severe storms you can bring upon my life; I can drink or I can let you alone." The circles of the sporting world have not escaped his attention; the race courses and the gambling houses he has frequented until what little money he could raise has gone, his appetite for drink has increased, the victory that seemed almost within his grasp has vanished; he went forth a conquerer, but was conquered by what he deemed his weakest enemy; the poison of rum had satur-



ated his physical frame, his brain had become paralyzed, his limbs enfeebled, his vital force racked and his body a complete wreck, tattering upon the brink of a drunkard's grave. Mothers, before it is too late, look to the matter, ask yourselves. where is my darling boy to-night? Parents, remember King Alcohol sits day and night upon his throne and rules in terror. His throne is the whisky barrel; his crown the iron lock of the prison door. The right and left bowers are the insane asylum and poor-house, and they are sure to catch every trick that the joker (state prison) does not get. I repeat, the aristocratic praise him, the politician pays homage to him, and when the wicked rule the people mourn.

We frequently hear the expression among our people in regard to the case of George Axtell, convicted of murder for killing three men while crazed with drink, "I think the men who sold him the grog are just as guilty as he is!" A pretty strong expression, but when boiled down to the very essence of the thing, it is a good deal too near the truth to be comforting to the grog-seller.—*Binghamton Axe.*

What about the community which licenses the grog-seller? Dr. Geo. F. Pentacost said, "I could not preach God's gospel on Sunday and vote with a party on Monday that stakes its existence upon the patronage of the saloon, and I won't."

Vote and pray, work away,  
 Victory is coming;  
 Though it should not come to-day,  
 Victory is coming.

### CHAPTER III.

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I believe that many people can be reformed by appealing to their good judgment. This is one thing needed in this and other religious and moral reforms. The majority of people who are between the ages of fourteen and eighteen have settled upon what business they shall follow for a livelihood, and the person who does not settle upon something to do will go through life without ever amounting to very much. The first thing a person should do is to determine what business they should embark in; the next thing they should strive with earnestness to master their undertaking. I have a great deal of faith in grit and sobriety. Young people who possess these qualities seldom fail to succeed. If a boy would only look at a glass of liquor before he drinks it and ask himself if it is going to benefit him to drink it, I am quite sure he would not drink it.

In the winter of 1885-6, I stopped for several weeks at a hotel in Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietor of the house was a good-natured, jolly sort of a hale-fellow-

well-met, for whom the boys of the town had a great liking. They patronized the house liberally on account of his pleasing manner, and as the case stood they could get their schnapps any day of the week, regardless of the law, and yet it must be he knew it was wrong to traffic in the stuff, for many a time I have heard him say to customers, "Boys, drink it, but, by ——, it will kill you in the end; it will fetch you certain." After, in private conversation, he has told me that it was a detestable business and he would not follow it, but there was money in the business. He even went so far as to say he would not drink the vile stuff himself, for it was nothing but a compound of poisons. If men want to invest in any business they always ask, "What security can I get for my money, and will it pay?" I do not think men settle this question in their minds when they are about to take a drink, or play pool, or play cards for drinks. And let me tell you, young men, the great mass of business men, even if they do drink themselves, do not want employees who drink. I beseech all young men to judge themselves by their own works, and ask their consciences if they are satisfied. Let us leave it with the boys themselves, for men will not respect you if you do not respect yourselves. You are the ones to decide the great question.

Not long since there was a case in Utica, N. Y., of a prominent lawyer who had become so diseased by drink that from a position of wealth and influence in a few short years he found a home in the county poor-house.

Hundreds, yes, thousands of similar cases might be cited. But a little over a year ago I formed the acquaintance of a physician and surgeon, one of the most skillful of the age, one who had previously filled, for a number of years, one of the most important positions in a London (Eng.) hospital, and later had filled an equally high position in a similar institution in New York. At the time of our introduction he resided in Susquehanna, Pa., where he had a limited practice. We became intimate friends, although our acquaintance was a short one. I was invited to his office, where he exhibited all manner of surgical instruments, which seemed without limit. I am sorry to add, whiskey had left its deepest traces upon its victim, and the deepest regret was often expressed as he spoke of his past life, the high positions he had occupied, the deep remorse he felt, the sharp pangs of disease that were gnawing his vitals, and how sad his fate, attributing all his wretchedness to an excessive indulgence in strong drink. He left the hotel at nine o'clock on Saturday evening for his home across the street, shaking hands and bidding me good bye, urging me to come and see him on my return, as I was to leave the town on Monday following, to be absent about two weeks. On his way home he was prostrated by a stroke of apoplexy, where he was found late in the evening and conveyed to his house, from which sickness he never recovered. In four days' time he succumbed to the grim master and was buried in the Potter's field, on the banks of the Susquehanna,

whose murmuring waters sing a requiem while the doctor sleeps his last sleep in unbroken rest. How sad to mourn for those we love. Thousands of cases may be cited where the most skillful and learned men in this as well as of other nations have been ruined and brought to pauperism, crime, state prison and the gallows by the use and influence of intoxicating drink. Four-fifths of all the inmates of American jails, penitentiaries and reformatories are brought there, directly or indirectly, by strong drink. There are over five hundred thousand of these criminals in the United States to-day; every institution is full of them, and the number is rapidly increasing. Then there are eight hundred thousand insane persons, idiots, helpless inebriates, convicts and paupers in the poor-houses, prisons and charitable institutions of the country, costing the taxpayers eight hundred millions a year. But the half has not been told. No pen but the recording angel's is able to picture one half of the sorrow that is inflicted upon loving hearts by the diabolical habit of drinking stimulants. No class is so high in the social scale that it is not dragged down by its use, and no class is so poor and degraded that it is not made more inhuman and miserable by it. A drinking parent bestows a curse upon his offspring, even to many generations. Science shows how vice of any kind vitiates the blood, and although it may miss one generation, it is certain to crop out further down the stream. A dead drunkard often reaches out his hand from the grave, and, with his



skeleton finger, palsies the brain of his descendants, and sends them jabbering idiots to the insane asylum to be supported by charity.

President Payne, writing in the *Christian Statesman*, says: "I speak as a Christian minister and educator, whose work is to train youth for worthy citizenship, giving utterance to my profound convictions upon the burning question, 'What shall be done with the saloon?' Into our modern civilization has come a new factor, startlingly significant in the problem of the future. Unknown to the ancients in any such form as it now presents, it strikingly illustrates the fact that as civilization advances, society develops new phases and new perils. Let us consider the place of the saloon in modern society. To see the prominence given to it, and the tender treatment it receives from the highest officials and dignitaries of every class, one might suppose that the hope of the country was entrusted to the custody of the liquor dealer. Looking at its character and deadly work, one might think it would be driven to dark and secret dens, and only influence a few deluded victims. Alas! that we should be compelled to admit that the saloon is the most potent agency in society, more feared, more honored, more influential than any other. It has large numbers.

"There are, in the United States, two hundred and six thousand liquor dealers and manufacturers known to the government. The number is doubtless much larger. There is about one saloon to every sixty voters in the



United States. The saloon power is organized. It masses all its forces and hurls them against all opposers; it sacrifices every other interest in the defense and prosecution of its atrocious business. These combined liquor dealers control the legislation of the country by bribes and threats, and make no concealment of the fact. At the national capitol, and around the lobbies of every state capitol, their agents are kept, and legislators discern their power and bow before the wintry blast. Even in our capitol at Washington scenes occur that tell us that

“ Deeds of men will oft remind us  
That the world is full of sin ;  
But with misery ever crying,  
Shows us what it might have been.”

Indeed, it is a solemn thought, when we consider the burden of taxes, the amount of crime, the destitution and suffering which is brought upon our people through the use and influence of rum. Our country and our people are fast floating down the stream to utter ruin, and yet so many look upon the matter with carelessness and indifference, exclaiming, I see the ruin to which we are rapidly approaching, but the time has not come yet to agitate the question of prohibition. Perhaps they may think the pot must boil over to put the fire out, so they keep adding fuel to the fire to keep the pot boiling. My dear reader, would it not be better to quench the fire, that the boiling caldron might become calm and lose its

scalding qualities? Who is there among you who will not hasten to apply every known remedy, at your earliest opportunity, when sickness and death invade your homes? Let the small-pox invade your city, or hamlet; how suddenly, and with what earnestness and rapidity you fly to the doctor for vaccination as a preventive of the loathsome disease; or, when some malignant fever appears in your midst, do you for one moment harbor a thought that the time has not come to fight the deadly plague? Do you think it good judgment to wait until a contagious disease has firmly settled in your vicinity, formed its line of battle and taken up its line of march, slaying its victims upon your right, and upon your left? Would you be ready now to grapple with so stern a foe, or would you at this time become so weakened by disease that your strength and courage are both gone, and you succumb to the ravages of death, with the exclamation upon your dying lips, "Too late, too late; all is lost! lost forever. When I could, I would not; but when I would, I could not." My dear reader, the rum pot has been boiling for a long time; 'tis now boiling over. Its boiling over does not put the fire out, but its hundreds of thousands of victims are scalded, and feel the pangs of its unrelenting sting from which there is no retreat. *Now* is the time; *Now*. The past can never be recalled; we are not sure what the future may bring forth; the harvest fields are ripening, and the Psalmist said: "Whosoever sleepeth in harvest shall beg his

bread." There is a warfare for every soldier; upon which side will you fight—for the rum-seller, or for the peace and prosperity of our country, nation and home? In favor of the saloon, or the school house? For right or wrong? For despotism or liberty? For slavery or freedom? For rum, riot and ruin, or for a peaceful and quiet home among American citizens?

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, said about the use of liquor: "I should have been in my grave twenty or thirty years ago if I had not quit drinking intoxicating liquors, as I did in 1847. I had contracted the habit, had built a blind, unnatural appetite for strong drink, and really liked the taste of every kind of liquor, though I suspect I liked the effects still better; began to grow careless and 'slothful in business,' and put off until next week what I ought to have done to-day. Fortunately I discovered that the habit was destroying my health and my worldly prospects, and, by a most determined will-power, I conquered the powerful appetite which I had acquired for intoxicating drink, and broke it forever. I knew that the habit was second nature and that the unnatural appetite for strong drinks was stronger than nature itself, for every glass of liquor drank increased the desire for another glass, and so on, *ad libitum*, and, therefore, to have conquered such a fearful habit was the saving of my life and all that was worth living for."

There is not one redeeming quality in the liquor drink-

ing habit. It does no possible good and inflicts all manner of evil upon its victim, his family and friends. It is the most degrading, poverty-breeding and utterly destructive infatuation that ever paralyzed the hopes, comforts and characters of the American people.

At the time of the writing of a portion of this work, I was spending a few months at New Milford, Pa., a pleasant little borough among the hills of Susquehanna county, where I had a portion of my printing done, preparatory to securing a copyright for the same, and it being the former home of my wife I became doubly interested in the welfare of the citizens of Pennsylvania. A little circular fell into my hands, by accident, which I shall take pains to copy, that the readers of this work may inform themselves how the standing on the expense of liquor drinking in the Keystone State compares with the income of its mineral wealth: "Pennsylvania receives an annual income of seventy-six millions of dollars (\$76,000,000) from its mineral wealth, but it spends it all and two millions (\$2,000,000) more for its annual liquor bill." The amount spent in this State alone in one year, were it counted out in silver dollars, were the dollars placed side by side with the edges touching each other, would build a double fence or line around the State, the distance being nine hundred and twenty miles; thus a double silver cordon or track would extend around the Keystone State. All this the waste of one year only. Tens of thousands of men may labor hard day after day

all through the year for the State's treasure of iron and coal and still the grand total, representative of the value of all this product and of all the toil required to procure it, will not suffice to balance the liquor bill of a single year.

WHAT ONE YEAR'S LIQUOR-WASTE WOULD DO.

Assuming that sixty million dollars of the seventy-eight million dollars spent in Pennsylvania in one year for intoxicants is money thrown away, let us see what use it might be put to, where it would be more beneficial—simply the money-waste of twelve months. We will omit appropriations for new penitentiaries and prisons, as under the improved order of things we should not need all that we already have. Let us establish

200 Public libraries at \$50,000	- - - -	\$10,000,000
100 Industrial schools at \$50,000	- - -	\$5,000,000
10 Reformatory institutions at \$100,000	-	\$1,000,000
25 Public parks of 1000 acres, at \$400	-	\$10,000,000
10 Training institutions for nurses at \$50,000		\$500,000
10 Homes for incurables at \$75,000	- -	\$750,000
10 Lying-in hospitals at \$50,000	- - -	\$500,000
250 Public school houses (city) at \$40,000		\$10,000,000
2,000 Public school houses (country) at \$1,500		\$3,000,000
20 Public hospitals at \$500,000	- - - -	\$10,000,000
100 Public bath and gymnasium halls, \$25,000		\$2,500,000
50 Houses of worship (city) at \$40,000	-	\$2,000,000
250 Houses of worship (country) at \$8,000		\$2,000,000
5 Hospitals for consumptives at \$100,000		\$500,000
5 Orphan asylums at \$100,000	- - - -	\$500,000
500 Nurseries for children of the poor, \$3,000		\$1,500,000
125 Soup kitchens at \$1,000	- - - -	\$125,000
125 Poor women's employment rooms, \$1,000		\$125,000
		<hr/>
		\$60,000,000

Pennsylvania might have all the above-mentioned conveniences and then there would be (taking the cost of all these institutions from the cost of drink) sixteen millions left in her treasury.



## CHAPTER IV.

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“ Pass the thing by, 'tis a monster of sin,  
The saloon on the corner venture not in ;  
Better by far, by the ballot you cast,  
Blast it from earth as a curse of the past.”

We hear many remarks made regarding the temperance question : “ Oh ! we know all about it—it is an old, old story, over and over.” Yes, 'tis an old tale ; nevertheless it is a tale fraught with too much wretchedness and crime to remain unnoticed ; a tale so filled with horror as to almost curdle the blood of the most brutal savage, with only one-half the telling. Shall we remain silent and float down the stream to our utter ruin, or shall we hoist the banner of freedom and fight with the ballot until it shall float from the dome of the capitol of the United States ; and as well over the capitol of every state in the Union. Our motto is to douse the royal ensign of the breweries and distilleries, backed by the rum-seller and the rum-drinker, and place upon the standard from whence these streamers have fallen, the temperance banner, by which,

like "the brazen serpent," all who look upon it may be healed from their malady.

## A LIFE SCENE.

Mother and son—one whom she dearly loved, her favorite and youngest born, face to face. Oh! the agony of the heart makes its imprint on the face as she stands before him, a full grown man, and pleads: "Horace, you will kill me, I cannot endure this!" His face is that of a demon, fury vividly portrayed thereon. His eyes bleared and bloodshot; the sweet face she has often kissed in his innocent childhood, where is it, and what has caused this hideous change? As the last words passed her lips, he raised his hand, and with one cruel blow fells her to the floor. "Die then," he hissed, and turned away. Can it be a son could do so foul a deed? Perhaps you tell me, no; but this is truth, and the solving of the problem will be found in one word, "Intemperance."

There are many, very many, cases of this kind in our land where mothers rear their sons in tenderness and love, with all the affection and kindness of a mother's fond heart, but just as they are about to launch out on the world's rough current, to mingle with the many that are hurrying to and fro in the busy cares and pursuits of life, they come in contact with the rougher elements of society, who make the saloon their haunts, and seek an opportunity to allure the feet of the unwary into the paths of vice,

and entice the youthful and tender hearts of "mothers' sons" into the fatal snare that awaits them.

We copy below the words of a man doomed to die by the hands of the executioner; but overcome with grief from the rash act committed while a maniac under the influence of liquor, he dies in his cell in the Broome county jail, Binghamton, N. Y., thus cheating the gallows out of its official duty.

A VOICE FROM THE CELL.

George Axtell's warning to young men who drink: "Whiskey did it all." Beginning with hard cider, in eighteen months to whiskey and finally to murder. The only safety is to let all strong drinks alone. An innocent man in the morning, he wakes at night from a crazy drunk to find himself in a prison cell.

BINGHAMTON, July 16, 1886.

*Editor of the Axe:* "I feel it my duty to write a few words of warning and advice to young men in regard to what I know about the evil of intemperance. Oh, young men, lend an ear to my cry, as I sit in my cell to-day writing these words in your behalf and asking God to direct me what to say that I may be the means of rescuing some poor, unfortunate one from a prison, the gallows or a drunkard's grave. I say, young men, stop and think, and look over the paths that I have trod. Trace them along and see where they have led me. They have led me

from a pleasant home, from a kind father, and from the care of a loving mother; from my dear sisters and brothers, and many friends whom I loved, to the dark and gloomy cell of a prison, there to spend the remainder of my days. Only think, this is all for whiskey! Condemned by the laws of the land for a crime committed when my brain was crazed by whiskey.

I will give you enough of my history to show you what fate had in store for me for throwing aside all my early teaching. It has trouble in store for all who do the same. I was born in Barberville, Delaware county, N.Y., and am twenty-three years of age. My mother always taught me to attend Sunday school and church, and, above all, never to take an intoxicating drink. So I grew to be a young man of seventeen years before I tasted intoxicating drink of any kind. But at this age I got into the habit of taking a glass of cider once in a while. This habit grew on me so that in six months I had gone from cider to beer, and as soon as I commenced to drink beer I had to go to the saloons to buy it and this brought me into bad company. At first it seemed ridiculous to me to see the actions of some of the men there who would get drunk and I was ashamed to be seen in such places by any who knew me. But after a little this feeling wore off and I did not care so much who saw me in such places. As time wore on I became a frequenter of beer saloons and in a year and a half from the time I first took my drink of cider, I commenced drinking whiskey more or less. So

this is where I stood on that fatal morning, May 30, 1885. What happened that day is still fresh in the minds of the people and it is too painful for me to repeat. I started from my home that morning an innocent man, with a light heart and an untroubled conscience, never doubting that I should go back to my home that night as innocent as when I left it in the morning. I lost my home, my honor and my innocence, and '*whiskey did it all.*' How many young men are there to day just starting on the same path that I have traveled. How many starting in the way I first started, that is, on hard cider and beer. And I will say to the young men just beginning to take their first drinks of cider and beer that if they have the slightest regard for honor or one spark of love for their relatives or friends, to stop right where they are and never take another drink under any circumstances. If you do not stop it will surely bring you to misery and disgrace, if not to the prison cell or to the gallows. I think I am safe in saying that there is not a man on the face of the earth who drinks whiskey who did not think when he first began to take intoxicating drink that he could stop any time he might wish. And that is just what you are saying now. Perhaps you think as you say, but so I thought when I first began; yet I learned to my sorrow that it was a great deal easier to form the habit than to break myself of it, and so you will find. Young man, whiskey causes more misery than all the rest of the evils in the world, and why will you use the accursed stuff? When



your mother comes to you and says, "Oh, my boy, why won't you stop drinking and keep out of bad company? Oh, I cannot bear the thought of a boy of mine becoming a drunkard!" why don't you stop and consider that your mother is the best friend you have in this world, and that she is the most interested in your welfare of any person on earth and could not wrongly advise you. Why don't more of you listen to her and follow her advice. How much happier you would be, and how much sorrow and shame you would save yourself and your parents if you would only listen to your mother. Young man, the time to reform is when you have an opportunity. Do not keep putting it off until some other time, as I did, and some day wake up out of a crazy drunk and find yourself in a prison cell. Oh, why won't you profit by my experience and let whiskey alone, when by so doing you can win the respect and confidence of all who know you? I will bid you good-bye, hoping you will give heed to what I have said."—(From *Binghamton Axe*.)

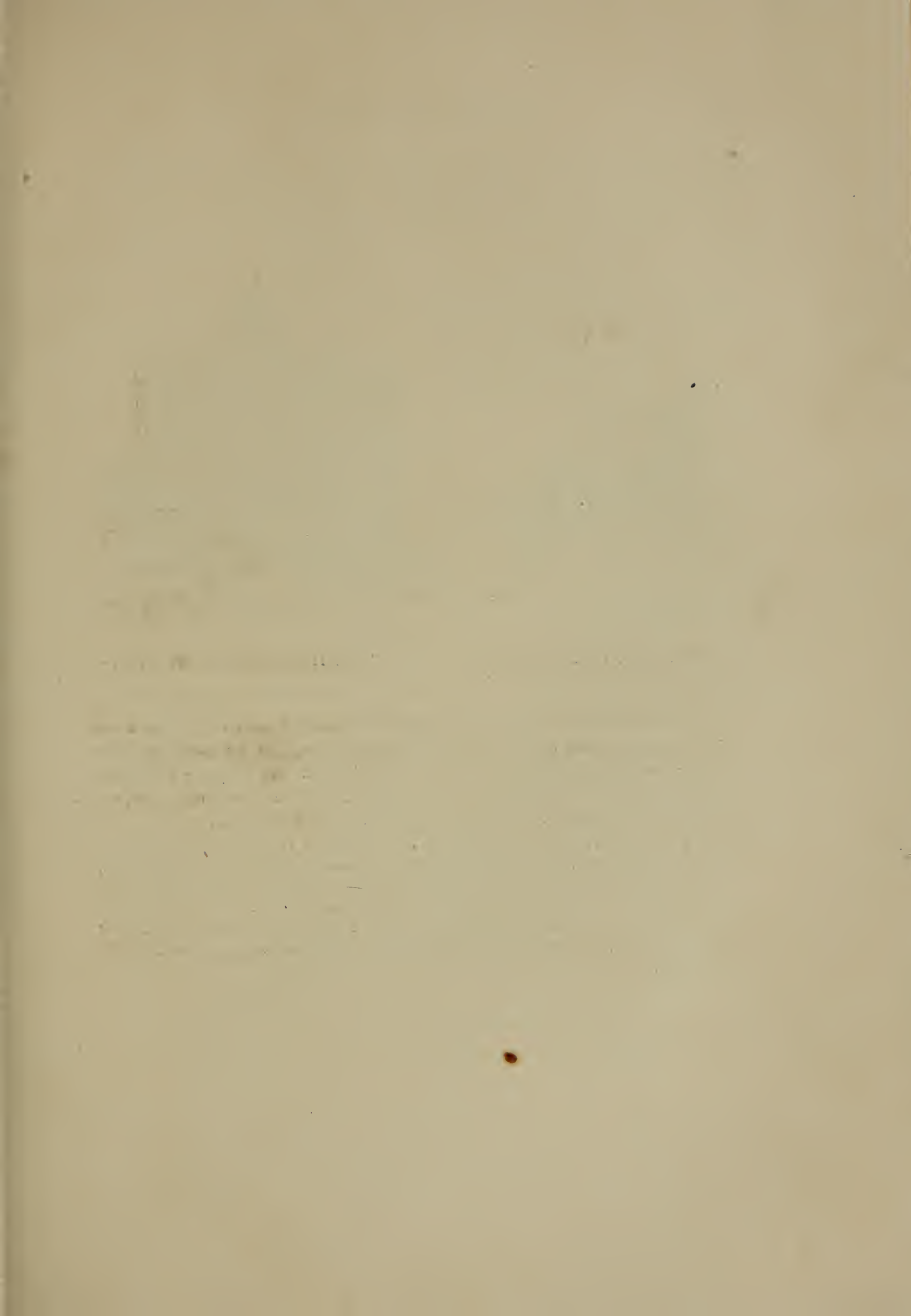
Young man, beware, ere it is too late. Had not George Axtell been careless and indifferent to the teachings of a kind mother; had he listened in his manhood to his mother's precepts and warnings, her instructions and advice while in his infancy, youthfulness and manhood, his career would not have ended in a prison cell in the morning of his life.

The author visited the parents and relatives of the prisoner while he (the prisoner) was languishing in jail



under sentence of death, for the triple murder, of which crime he was convicted. My pen cannot describe—only imagination carries me back to the scene.

Imagine, dear reader, the pangs, the sufferings that filled that mother's heart when her thoughts carried her back in imagination to the sunny days of her beloved son's childhood—when she gazed with a fond mother's love upon the childish smiles, sunny curls and gleeful sports of her darling boy, who has grown to manhood, and now fills a murderer's cell, awaiting the day fixed by the court for his execution upon the gallows. Such was the case at the time we interviewed the family, although the father and a maiden aunt seemed to make a greater display of sorrow mingled with excitement, while the mother's heart was filled to its utmost extent with grief of an unbearable degree. Like the waters of the disturbed Niagara, though the face of the waters may appear comparatively smooth, beneath the surface the waters are deep and turbulent. So it was with that mother. The heart fails most when the lips move not. When the outside appearances show signs of resignation, the heart, oftentimes, is suffering with the most excruciating pangs of sorrow. The family, as well as the neighbors, spoke highly of the genial and peaceful disposition of the unfortunate man whose doom was sealed. When sober his ways were pleasant, his manners genteel, and he was a good fellow generally, "But when whiskey is in, wit is out," is an old adage. George, on





O. J. & B. 54

THE HOME IN POVERTY.



THE HOTEL IN PROSPERITY.

I thought, when I commenced to drink with friends, I could stop at any time, but I meet so many of my friends and business men, that I cannot well slight them; I am going to swear off on New Year's day. My business is neglected, my buildings are going to ruin, my farm is under a heavy mortgage, my health is failing and I am nearly discouraged. *Rum led me to it!*

My dear readers, some of you may be in the above condition! *We hope not.* But whether you are or not, remember the golden opportunity of the present, once flown, is gone forever! The ratchet of time firmly holds the wheel from turning back and an opportunity once lost, is lost forever! And we can only look upon the past, regretting a misspent life. *Now* is the time to strike for freedom from the chains of the Run Curse that makes slaves and drunkards of so many.

the fatal day of the tragedy, had become crazed with drink. Within a few hours after taking the first drink, he had shot down three of his comrades and had become a triple murderer.

We frequently hear the expression among the people in regard to the case of George Axtell, convicted of murder for killing three men while crazed with drink, "I think the men who sold him the grog are just as guilty as he is!" A pretty strong expression, but when boiled down to the very essence of the thing, it is a good deal too near the truth to be comforting to the grog seller. What about the excise commissioner who grants the licenses, and how about the community that elects the commissioner who stands pledged to grant licenses if elected? And then consider what they are licensed to sell to their fellow men. It has been ascertained by careful computation that a bushel of corn, which costs originally thirty cents, is converted into seventeen quarts of intoxicating drink, may be ultimately so manipulated by the admixture of water and more harmful substances by wholesalers and retailers as to represent eight and one-half gallons of "liquid fire." Allowing sixty drinks to the gallon, the official bar average, the bushel of corn will furnish two hundred and seventy drinks, which, at an average of ten cents, will take twenty-seven dollars from the pockets of the consumers. Now we will subtract the thirty cents which the farmer receives for his corn, and the balance is twenty-six dollars and seventy cents.

This will show at a glance the average profits made by those who do not till the soil to grow the corn, but who multiply indefinitely by scientific means the mischievous powers of the grain, and who, from this multiplication, reap easy, large and reliable profits. The original price of the corn is contained ninety times in the ultimate receipts from it. This computation gives some conception of the great alcoholic drink-waste. "The consumers pay heavy tribute, indeed, to the whiskey manipulators."

Farmers, feed your corn to the hogs, then the boys will not have the swill to drink, neither will the old man or the middle aged man. The husbands and fathers will go home from their labor at night with smiles on their faces, will be met by wives and children at the door and greeted with smiles in return; the home and fireside shall be full of love, peace, plenty, contentment and happiness, where otherwise the conglomerated mass of poisonous stuff will breed discord, contempt, quarrels, disquietude, scorn, disturbance, filth, misery, poverty, starvation, riot and murder. Oh, man! how long will you persist in drinking the vile stuff that stupefies your brain, enfeebles your frame, destroys your intellect, paralyzes your vitals and unfits you for the society of your family, your neighbors, or as well for the transaction of your business, and brings ruin and disaster to your families, your fortunes and yourselves. Consider before it is wholly too late; ask yourselves where is the benefit to be derived from the use of a drink that destroys the peace of your own mind, the

happiness of your family and friends and sends thousands to prisons, to the gallows and to drunkard's graves. It multiplies paupers and fills our asylums with lunatics, and all ends in sorrow.

“ Why is my home so shabby and old,  
At every crevice letting in cold,  
And the kitchen wall all covered with mould ?”  
If you'll allow me to be so bold—*Go ask your jug!*

“ Why are my eyes so swollen and red ?  
Whence this dreadful pain in my head ?  
Where in the world is our nice feather bed ?  
And the wood that was piled up in the shed ?”—*Go ask your jug!*

“ Why is my wife broken-hearted and sad ?  
Why are my children never now glad ?  
Why did my business run down so bad ?  
Why at my thoughts am I well nigh mad ?”—*Go ask your jug!*

“ Oh, why do I pass the old church door,  
Weary of heart and sadly foot-sore,  
Every moment sinking down lower,  
A pitiable outcast evermore ?”—*Go ask your jug!*

Thousands upon thousands to-day need not ask their jug where their fortunes have been scattered ; the facts in their cases stand recorded upon their broken fortunes, broken constitutions, blighted hopes, scattered families, ruined morals, diseased bodies, wrecked lives, total ruin and depravity hovering about them ; the dark-winged demon of despair settled upon them, the spell only to be broken when released by the angel of death from the cares and torture of their misguided lives, to be plunged into the mysterious depths of the unknown future.



“ You're starting to-day on life's journey,  
 Along on the highways of life ;  
 You'll meet with a thousand temptations—  
 Each city with evil is rife ;  
 This world is a stage of excitement ;  
 There is danger wherever you go ;  
 But if you are tempted in weakness,  
 Have courage, my boy to say No.

“ The bright ruby wine may be offered ;  
 No matter how tempting it be,  
 From poison that stings like an adder,  
 My boy, have the courage to flee.  
 The gambling hells are all before you.  
 Their lights, how they dance to and fro.  
 If you should be tempted to enter,  
 Think twice, even thrice, ere you go.

“ In courage alone lies your safety,  
 When you the long journey begin ;  
 Be firm, with a strong resolution  
 Press on, and the prize you will win.  
 Temptations will go on increasing,  
 As streams from a rivulet flow,  
 But, if you are true to your manhood,  
 Have courage, my boy, to say No ! ”

If a horse has sore spots on him, when you use the curry-comb he kicks. A professed Christian, who favors license, will kick if you approach him on the temperance question. Liars will kick at the truth. While writing an article for a newspaper, (to which I occasionally contribute,) this morning, a friend interrupted me by handing me the New Milford (Pa.) *Advertiser*, calling my attention to the following :

“William Dean is a son of Mr. Perce Dean, of this township. He lives near his father’s place, a short distance above the summit bridge. He is addicted to strong drink and when under its influence exhibits an uncontrollable, vicious temper. Two weeks ago to-day he imbibed too freely and become intoxicated. He went home and, it is alleged, abused and beat his wife in a terrible manner. She was in a precarious condition and after the ill treatment at the hands of her husband she was taken to the home of her father, Mr. E. R. Davis, where she has been living since. On Tuesday, on a warrant sworn out for his arrest, he was called before Justice Schelp and held to bail for appearance at court. Wednesday evening, about nine o’clock, he visited Mr. Davis’s home and demanded an audience with his wife, which was refused. He threatened to take his life if his request was not complied with. Mr. Davis, however, did not see fit to allow him admission to the house. Following up his threat, Dean deliberately pulled out his revolver and placing it over his left breast pulled the trigger. The bullet struck a bone, diverting it from its course, and it lodged in the left side. It is said that he fired one shot before the one which took effect. Search was made to ascertain his whereabouts the next morning and he was found at his own home, suffering from the effects of the wound. Dr. D. C. Ainey was called and made an examination. He found the wound not of a serious nature and Dean will soon recover if nothing

further occurs. He expressed himself as sorry that he made a failure of his attempt to take his own life."

"Whiskey did it." The author is well acquainted with Mr. Dean. When not under the influence of drink, he is a whole-souled, genial, good fellow; but when filled with whiskey, a demon in the form of a man. And still we insist that "rum and its allies are the basis and platform of universal crime."

#### MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

The following extract from the *Pacific Medical Journal* is endorsed by the officers of the Home Life Insurance Company (New York) and made use of by them in the form of a circular:

"The fashion of the present day in the United States sets strongly toward the substitution of beer for other stimulating liquors. An idea appears to be gaining ground that it is not only nutritious but conducive to health, and further, that there does not attach to it that danger of creating intemperate habits which attends the use of other drinks. The subject is one of great magnitude and deserves the attention of medical men as well as that of the moralist."

Many years ago, and long before the moral sense of society was awakened to the enormous evils of intemperance, Sir Astley Cooper, an undisputed authority of his day, denounced habitual beer-drinking as noxious to health. Referring to his experience in Guy's Hospital,

he declared that the beer-drinkers from London breweries, though presenting the appearance of most rugged health, were the most incapable of all to resist disease. Trifling injuries among them were liable to lead to the most serious consequences, and that so prone were they to succumb to disease that they would sometimes die from gangrene in wounds as trifling as the scratch of a pin.

We apprehend that no great change has taken place, either in beer or men, since the days of the surgeon. It may also be said of beer-drinking, that there is no less limitation to it than to the habitual use of other drinks. It does not produce speedy intoxication. When the drinker becomes accustomed to it, taken in any quantity, it will scarcely produce active intoxication. It makes him heavy, sleepy and stupid. Even in moderate quantities its tendency is to dullness and sluggishness of body and mind. Beer-drinkers are constant drinkers. Their capacity becomes unlimited. The swilling of the drink becomes a regular business. It has no arrest or suspension, like whiskey-drinking, to admit of recuperation. The old definition of a regular beer-drinker was true, "Every morning an empty barrel, every night a barrel of beer." Of all intoxicating drinks, it is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral, and feeds the sensual and beastly, nature. Beyond all other drinks it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled

liquors. A whiskey-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor; a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood. Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of property or money, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers. I believe, further, that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those proceeding from ardent spirits; first, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions, which admit of some recuperation; secondly, because beer-drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than spirit-drinking; and thirdly, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that vicious habits are more generally transmitted.

Hence, it will be inferred from these remarks that we take no comfort from the substitution of malt drinks for spirituous liquors. On the contrary, it is cause of apprehension and alarm, that just as public opinion, professional and unprofessional, is uniting all over the world in the condemnation of the common use of ardent spirits, the portals of death are opening in another direction. The war is not between labor and capital, but between labor and rum. The war does not cease there, but is carried on between the rum-seller and the rum-drinker. The battle-flag waves above every saloon, every



brewery, every distillery and every licensed house ; they stand as masked batteries, sweeping their thousands into drunkard's graves and eternity. The question is, with the youth of our land, who's next to be swept into a drunkard's grave by their missiles of death? It is no bayonet-charge that puts an army to flight. The army of distilleries and brewers, and those who dispense their products in the bar-rooms, has laid siege to the army of honest laborers, and work their batteries day and night, and those who patronize the dram-shops must inevitably surrender their hard-earned wages, their health, their independence, their happiness, their good morals, their honor, their neighbor's respect, the respect of their families and eventually their lives. And yet, young men, old men, and middle-aged men, will you still persist in voting to keep these batteries in the field, pouring death and destruction into the ranks of the working man, destroying the peace, the happiness, and robbing your families of their honest living and happiness. Even the rum-seller himself will tell you how foolish you have been, but it is generally when it's too late. When your money is gone, your credit is gone ; then it is they will tell you, when you approach them on a cold, stormy night, and beg them to give you a night-cap, or last drink for the night ; again I repeat, it is then they will tell you in harsh tones, "Go home, you drunken fool ;" but, alas ! too late, your wealth is squandered, and you are a total wreck.



## THE GROG-SELLER'S VICTIM.

The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,  
With his feet as high as his head or higher,  
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,  
That in spiral columns curled about,  
Veiling his face in its fleecy fold,  
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,  
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom  
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one,  
Foolish and fuddled, his friends were gone,  
To awake in the morn to the drunkard's pain,  
With a blood-shot eye and a reeling brain.  
Drowsily rang the watchman's cry :

“ Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky !”

Yet the host sat wakeful still, and shook  
His head and winked, with a knowing look.

“ Ho, ho !” said he, in a chuckling tone,

“ I know the way the thing is done ;

Twice five are ten, and another V,

Two ones and two twos and a ragged three

Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob ;

He, he ! 'tis rather a good night's job.

The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine ;

Much good may it do them—the cash is mine !”

And he winked again with a knowing look,

And from his cigar the ashes shook ;

“ He, he ! the fools are in my net ;

I have them fast and I'll fleece them yet.

There's Brown ; what a jolly dog is he,

And he swills the way I like to see.

Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate

And his farm is mine, as sure as fate.

“ I’ve a mortgage now on Thompson’s lot ;  
What a fool he was to become a sot !  
But it’s luck for me ; in a month or so  
I shall forclose, and the scamp must go.  
Zounds ! won’t his wife have a taking-on  
When she learns that his house and lot are gone.  
How she will blubber and sob and sigh ;  
But business is business and what care I ?

“ And Gibson has murdered his child, they say.  
He was as drunk as a fool here yesterday,  
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill  
His jug, but the brute would have his will.  
And folks blame me ; why, bless their gizzards,  
If I dont sell, he will go to Izzard’s.  
I’ve a right to engage in a lawful trade  
And take my chance where there’s cash to be made.

“ If men get drunk and go home to turn  
Their wives out doors, ’tis their own concern,  
But I hate to have women coming to me  
With their tweedle-dum and their tweedle-dee,  
With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks,  
And their speeches learned from temperance books,  
With their pale, lean children, the whimpering fools—  
Why don’t they go to the public schools ?

“ Let the huzzies mind their own affairs,  
For never have I interfered with theirs ;  
I will turn no customers away  
Who are willing to buy and able to pay.  
For business is business, he, he, he, he !”  
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee.  
“ Many a lark have I in my net ;  
I have them safe and I’ll fleece them yet.

“He, he! ho, ho.” ’Twas an echo sound;  
Amazed, the grog-seller looked around,  
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,  
But naught but the chairs could the grog-seller see.  
“Ho, ho! he, he!” with a guttural note,  
It seemed to come from an iron throat,  
And his knees they shook and his hair did rise,  
And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes;  
And lo! in a corner dark and dim,  
Stood an uncouth form with an aspect grim.  
From his grizzly head through his snaky hair,  
Sprouted of hard, rough horns a pair,  
And redly, his shaggy brows below,  
Like sulphurous flames did his small eyes glow.  
His lips were curled with a sinister smile,  
And the smoke belched from his mouth the while.  
Folded and buttoned around his breast  
Was a quaint and silvery gleaming vest;  
Asbestos it seemed, but we only guess  
Why he should fancy so cold a dress;  
Breeches he wore of an amber hue,  
From the rear of which a tail peered through;  
His feet were shaped like a bullock’s hoof,  
And the boots he wore were caloric proof.  
In his hand—if hand it was—he bore,  
Whose finger’s were shaped like a vulture’s claws—  
A three tined fork, and its prongs so dull,  
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull.  
Like a scepter he waved it to and fro,  
And he softly chuckled: “He, he! ho, ho!”  
And all the while his eyes, that burned  
Like sulphurous flames, on the grog-seller turned.

And how did he feel beneath that look ?  
Why, his jaw fell down and he shivered and shook,  
And quivered and quaked in every limb,  
As if an ague had hold of him ;  
And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,  
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood,  
But the fiend laughed on : “ Ha, ha ! he, he ! ”  
And he twitched his tail in quiet glee.

“ Why, what do you fear, my friend ? ” he said,  
And he nodded the horns of his grizzly head ;  
“ You’re an ally of mine, and I love you well.  
In a very warm country that men call hell,  
I hold my court and I’m proud to say  
I have not a faithfuller friend in my pay  
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil.  
Mayhap you don’t know me ; I’m called the Devil ! ”

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and so wan,  
Up started instanter the horror-struck man,  
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes  
With a look half terror and half surprise,  
And his tongue was loosed but his words were few.  
“ The devil—you don’t ? ”—“ Yes, faith I do ! ”  
Interrupted old Nick ; “ And here’s the proofs,  
Just twig my tail, my horns and my hoofs.

“ Having come from warmer climes below,  
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,  
The night being somewhat chilly, I think  
You might ask an old fellow to take a drink.  
Now let it be strong—the pure, clean stuff,  
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart is enough ;  
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,  
And heat up the fire till it babbles up.”

As the devil bade so the grog-seller did,  
Filling a flagon with gin to the lid,  
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er  
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.  
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,  
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh,  
But faint and few were the smiles I ween,  
That on the grog-seller's face were seen.

For a mortal fear was on him then,  
And he deemed that the way of living  
He should walk no more, that his hour had come,  
And his master, too, to call him home.  
Thought went back on the darkened past,  
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast ;  
And gliding before him, pale and dim,  
Were gibbering fiends and spectres grim.

" Ho, ho !" said Nick, "'tis a welcome cold  
You give to a friend so true and old,  
Who has been for years in your employ,  
Running about like an errand-boy ;  
But we'll not fall out for I plainly see  
You're rather afraid (it's strange) of me.  
Do you think I've come for you ? Never fear,  
You can't be spared for a long time here.

There are hearts to break, there are souls to win  
From the way of peace to the paths of sin ;  
There are homes to render desolate,  
There is trusting love to be turned to hate,  
There are hands that must murder, in crimson red,  
There are hopes to be crushed and blights to be shed  
Over the young, the pure and the fair,  
Till their lives are crushed by the fiend Despair.

“This is the work you have done so well,  
Cursing earth and peopling hell,  
Quenching the light on the inner shrine  
Of the human soul, till you make it mine ;  
While want and sorrow, disease and shame,  
And crimes that I even shudder to name,  
Dance and howl, in their aellish glee,  
Around the souls you have marked for me.

“Selling grog is a good device  
To make a hell of Paradise ;  
Where e'er may roll the fiery flood  
It is swollen with tears and stained with blood,  
And the voice that was heard erewhile in prayer  
With its muttered curses stirs the air,  
And the hand that shielded the wife from ill  
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.”

“Hold on your course, you are filling up,  
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup,  
And the fiends exult in their home below,  
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.  
Long will it be, if I have my way,  
Ere the night of death shall close your day,  
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,  
You rival in mischief the devil himself.”

No more said the fiend, for clear and high  
Rang out on the air the watchman's cry ;  
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,  
The grog-seller waked—it was all a dream.  
The grizzily guest with his horns had flown,  
The lamp was out and the fire was gone,  
And sad and silent his bed he sought,  
And long of the wondrous vision thought.



Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell whiskey and  
nobody but an infernal fool will drink it.

## CHAPTER V.

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So should we live that every hour  
    May fall as falls the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power,  
    That every thought and every deed  
May hold within itself a seed  
    Of future good and future need,  
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ  
    It is to develop, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren joy.

—*Lord Houghton.*

There is a case reported in Elizabeth, N. J., which reaches me as I sit down to my writing table, of a young man aged eighteen years, John Monahan, who was bantered by his comrades about his inability to drink. He replied: "I can drink all you can pay for." The men thereupon began to buy whiskey for him. He drank twelve glasses, staggered into the street and fell dead. And yet another case of the sad news of the death of Mr. Smith, of Harford, Pa., who, while crossing the track of the D., L. & W. R. R. at Montrose depot, under the in-

fluence of liquor, attempted to cross in spite of the flying express that was within a few rods of the crossing; but no, the train dashed on, demolishing the wagon, injured the horse, ruining it, and killing Mr. Smith outright.

Men who drink the poisonous stuff must and will inevitably sink beneath its fatal touch. The word wine occurs two hundred and sixty-one times in the bible, of which number one hundred and twenty-one are warnings; seventy-one warnings and reproofs; twelve pronounce it poisonous and venomous, and five totally prohibit it. I have often heard men, in defending the use of drink, quote Paul as saying, "take a little for the stomach's sake." I do not recollect as Paul said any such thing, but if he did say it, he undoubtedly did not intend it as advice for men to take glass after glass, even of the sparkling wine, until they had become bloated by its excessive use; neither do I think that to-day, if he was on earth, he would sanction the use of poisonous drink or the sale of intoxicating drink under a license, but rather feel inclined to think he would, like any other fair-minded man, adopt the resolution that I have set forth at the commencement of this work, viz: "That rum and its allies are the basis and platform of universal crime." But there's money in the traffic in rum; yes, we know there is money in the liquor-traffic; and that is not all, there is death and destruction in the rum-traffic; there is poverty in it; there is wealth for the rum-seller, but poverty for the drinker, poverty for the drinker's wife, pov-

erty for the rum-drinker's children, poverty, neglect, starvation, which leads to theft, murder and the gallows.

A working man, whose habits had for many years been decidedly bad, to the injury of himself and family, was observed for some weeks to be a regular attendant at church. I occasionally saw him during the week and gave him a word of encouragement. A few days ago he told me the following incident: He was coming out of the street on which he resides as the bells were chiming for morning service, when he was met by four or five old companions, with whom he had been accustomed to spend his Sabbath mornings; they jeered and challenged him to go along with them as of old, asking him what he got by his new ways; whereupon he drew from his pocket a twenty-dollar gold piece, and showing it to them, said: "There, that is something which I get, and which of you can show me another?" Of course they could not, and he continued: "Now I can save money. I am happy, my family is happy, I have paid the pawnbroker my indebtedness, and redeemed my clothes; and am trying to live a sober life, as any man should do. That is what I get! and it more than pays me."

Evil weeds in your neighbor's field will scatter seeds of evil in your own, therefore every weed pulled up in your neighbor's field is a dangerous enemy driven off from your own. Rum and whiskey, and beer, and cider, and wine, are all dangerous weeds. Do not foster them, do not cultivate them in your own field, or in field or garden

of your neighbor. Sages of old contended that no sin was ever committed whose consequences rested on the head of the sinner alone; that no man could do ill and his fellows not suffer. They illustrated it thus: "A vessel, sailing from a certain harbor, carried a passenger who, beneath his berth, cut a hole through the ship's side. When the watch expostulated with him: 'What doest thou, oh! miserable man?' The offender calmly replied, 'What matters it to you? The hole I have made is under my own berth.'" This ancient parable is worthy of the utmost consideration. No man perishes alone in his iniquity; no man can guess the full consequences of his transgression.

These lessons are better for knowing: that cheerfulness can change misfortune into love and friends; that in ordering one's self aright one helps others to do the same; and that the power of finding beauty in the humblest things makes home happy and life lovely. We can look upon the liquor traffic in no other light than the inevitable ruin of the peace, quiet and happiness of our nation. We firmly believe that the traffic in intoxicating liquors, now sanctioned by law, is productive of evil, and only evil, adding three-fourths to the taxation of the country and causing the waste of immense treasures of money, year by year, and everywhere bringing sorrow, poverty, disgrace and death, being the fruitful cause of crime, filling our poor-houses, jails and prisons with its victims. I have taken up the task of battling against

the strongholds of rum. My voice, my ballot, and my pen, are my weapons in waging war against the manufacture and sale of rum. Hoping the labor I have undertaken may be crowned with success in the near future, my earnest desire is that this work may meet with approval and find its way to the hearts of the American people, and they they will rise *en masse* and place their shoulder to the wheel and push on the work, in assisting to banish the demon Alcohol from our fair land. With the world, my wishes are to live at peace, but to the rum traffic let me ever be found a formidable foe. The rum-sellers may hurl their missiles at me with all the fury of the Spartan, they fall harmlessly around, missing the mark ; but the arrows they hurl from the decanter are filled with poisonous venom, barricaded behind the bar. He sends forth the poisoned arrows. Lo ! they strike the centre, and the mark inevitably falls beneath its vital touch.

The victims of the dealers in the hellish stuff are not the only sufferers, but wives are made widows, children orphans, and the once bright and happy homes of thousands are made desolate. The brain becomes crazed, the physical frame enfeebled and the character demoralized ; it causes brawls and disturbances in the streets ; it calls together the night revelers, the dens of vice are lighted with its burning shame, it is the stay to the arm of the assassin, the support of the thief, the burglar and the highway robber. It is the foundation and also the stepping stone



to universal crime. It floods the country with debauchery and crime, wives and children's eyes with tears, our prisons with convicts and places of charity with paupers.

It is a curse to the country, an evil that can and should be dispensed with. There are many reasons why we should be true and thorough advocates of the cause of temperance, and not only thorough advocates, but thorough workers in the cause. It is a cause of humanity. It has a tendency to lead men from the evil to the good, from darkness into light, from falsehood to truth, from brawls and disturbances into peace and happiness. Go to yonder city, behold there the ragged, barefooted child in the streets, hungry, half-starved, naked, pinched by the cruel, unrelenting hand of poverty, crying, "my mother is dead, my father is a drunkard and I must suffer on." Dear reader, this is a picture of every-day life in our cities and towns, and, rum-sellers, you are the artists who draw the picture with such accuracy.

Five of the six murderers hanged on a recent Friday, in this country, declared that rum had led them into crime.

The daughter of a man, resident in a neighboring village, died a few miles from home. The father went after the body to bring it home for burial. Before starting he took several drinks, and, not content with this, carried a bottle with him. On his arrival at the place where the body of his dead daughter lay, he was so drunk that he could not get out of the carriage.

And yet this is a civilized land. Yes, the liquor was obtained in saloons licensed by a Christian people. Licensed for what?

Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,  
Licensed to whet the murderer's knife;  
Licensed, where peace and quiet dwell  
To bring disease, and want and strife.  
Licensed to make this world a hell below,  
A license to make the strong man weak,  
A license to bring the wise man low,  
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break  
And cause the children's tears to flow.

Men are licensed by a Christian, American people to sell the vile stuff that creates a hell in the brain of man, and in every family throughout the world, where its use is indulged in to any extent. It is high time that steps are taken in some direction to rid ourselves of the curse that so long has held our nation, our laws and our people in bondage. But my heart grows lighter, and flutters with high hopes of anticipation that the day has already dawned upon our shores, when our laws and legislatures and the voice of the American people shall no longer be throttled by the power of rum, standing behind the throne of King Alcohol. The firm grasp of the iron-handed king must yield to the trying of its metal in the furnace of purification. The temperance breeze is being fanned by the friends of humanity till its furnace already glows with fervent heat, and we look forward for the near future to bring the good news and glad tidings that the stern, tyrannical, destroying demon,

King Alcohol, has been dethroned and driven into utter oblivion, beyond any possibility of a restoration to power. Right here I feel like using the words of Mrs. Smith in her temperance call :

“ Rally 'round the temperance banner,  
Let it proudly wave on high ;  
New recruits are now enlisting,  
Forward is the battle-cry ;  
We are calling in our soldiers,  
Scattered o'er the country wide,  
See them rushing to the conflict,  
Falling in on every side.  
We are marching on to victory,  
Crushing out the serpent's trail,  
Kindly lifting up the fallen,  
Fearing not when foes assail,  
And we brand the gleaming wine-cup  
As a cruel, deadly thing,  
While we help the poisoned victim,  
And the balm of healing bring.  
Break from bondage, crave no pittance  
From the unwashed hands of power.  
Take no bribe, the gold is tarnished,  
And a curse rests on its dower.  
In this war against intemperance,  
In this holy work begun,  
Perish clan, nor cling to party  
Until victory is won.”

#### A GERMAN ON PROHIBITION.

A German settler in Kansas thus writes of his experience of prohibition in that State : “Like most Germans, I

was very much opposed to prohibition before it was adopted in our own State. Indeed, my aversion was so great that I earnestly contemplated selling my farm and turning my back on Kansas. Fortunately for me, I could not sell. I say fortunately, because I have since found that I was greatly mistaken. The State, instead of going down, as was prophesied by the liquor party, has experienced the height of prosperity. It was said that immigration would cease if prohibition was adopted, but the reverse took place. Immigration increases every day, and the price of land has raised in value. Farmers are in better circumstances than ever before.”—*Christian Herald*.

Look ahead, young man! He was a youthful, smooth-faced prisoner and stood awkwardly at the Yorkville Police Court railing yesterday. “Michael Mulligan,” said Justice Murray, “you are only nineteen years old and yet you were found drunk in the street last night.” The prisoner laughed. “Don’t make merry over your disgrace,” said the Court, sternly, “for this is nothing to be proud of. Michael, just forget that you are in court and try to imagine yourself a bloated drunkard, with ragged clothes and trembling limbs—a man who sleeps in the gutter and is shunned by every one. Look a little farther on and imagine a gray-haired, half-naked corpse being buried in a grave in the Potter’s field. Michael, you are looking upon your future self, unless you give up this terrible vice.” “Me fader keeps a gin mill down in

the Sixth ward. D'ye s'pose he'd send me to the Potter's field?" retorted Michael; "Ah, come off!" Justice Murray gave a disappointed sigh, the court officers looked shocked, and Michael, with his hat over his left eye, walked gaily into the prison to wait for somebody to pay his fine.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Like thousands of others, this youth undoubtedly was placed behind the bar to deal out to others the poisonous drug and has been caught and ruined by the same bait that was set for others. How must an affectionate father and a kind and loving mother feel to look upon a scene of that description? Have they not one spark of humanity yet burning within their bosoms? If so, go burn your gin-mill ere the setting of another sun, lest you ruin thousands of others as you have been the means of ruining your own son.

All liquor dealers, like all drinkers, have their excuse for handling the poison; but while the drinker may have different excuses, the rum-seller has but one, viz. : wealth. There is money in the traffic, they say, or we would not handle it; in fact, we would not have anything to do with it, for it kills in time. But the drinker makes different excuses. When all excuses for drinking rum, or spirits of any kind, are examined by careful interrogation of the ones who make them, they practically merge into one. One man drinks in summer because he says it makes him cool; the same man takes an equal quantity of liquor in winter for the reason, as he says,

that it makes him warm. When reminded, not even the extreme defenders of the supernatural ever claimed for any material or agency, the power of producing, at will, effects absolutely contrary to each other; the reply generally is, "Well, I know this much, anyhow, whether I drink in hot or cold weather, it makes me feel 'good.'" Old people often take a glass of liquor on the plea that they are feeble and the liquor strengthens them; when told that almost all physicians deny that alcohol can possibly increase human strength, but that, on the contrary, at its best it merely stimulates temporarily a set of nerves that must afterward adjust their disturbed condition by falling, to a corresponding extent, below their normal tone, the old men say, "Nobody need tell me that drink does not make me feel good." Many young men, whose blood is warm and whose nerve-force is almost invincible, have yielded to the habit of drinking liquor. They always seem to have an excuse ready, and they generally make use of that excuse; they are tired, or they got wet, or they have cold feet, or they felt dull and drowsy, and they thought a drink would do them good, or it would make them feel good, anyhow, while it lasted. Anything for an excuse.

I recollect a few years ago I was selling goods in Lafayette. It was in the winter and it was extremely cold; the farmers were drawing their corn to the city, where they found ready market. I had occasion to step into a wholesale liquor store. In one end of the store there



was a bar called the "sample-room." Whoever sampled it paid ten cents. They were not free samples. One farmer came in all bundled up with overcoat and mittens, shivering with cold. He said, "Grogan, give me some of your 'Gold-dust' whiskey. I'm nearly frozen." Another man came in with coat and vest off. He had been shoveling corn in an elevator and was very hot. "Grogan, give me some 'Gold-dust.' I am very much heated up." An Indiana man with broad-brimmed hat was standing by the fire. Walking up to the bar smilingly, he said: "Grogan, give me some of that 'Gold-dust.' I am to have codfish for my dinner this noon; the thought of it causes a thirst." It makes you feel good for a short time, but when such persons feel good under the influence of liquor, it is because alcohol, after temporarily stimulating all physical functions, decreases the sensibility of brain to nerve impressions. It is no more a cure than chloroform or ether, and its temporary comforting effects are dearly bought by the debasement and deterioration of the most delicate and important of all physical tissues. It is taken for the same purpose that impels the Chinaman to his pipe filled with opium. The respectable rum-drinker regards with the greatest contempt the frequenter of the opium-smoker's den, but in what way, let me ask, does he differ from him in his purpose? Do not both indulge for the same purpose—for the purpose of deadening the sense of bad feelings?

We see in our streets, even in small country towns, and

much oftener in larger towns and cities, debauchery, poverty and crime to that extent that when we undertake to chronicle the events we almost drop our pen in disgust. Sickened with the results of our investigation, we can only ask, Why will men indulge in the habit of drinking the poison that not only kills, but fits men and women for the poor-house, the asylum, State prison and the gallows. While writing the above the following sad case reaches me through the morning paper, headed—

#### A CORONER'S TERRIBLE FIND.

THE GRANDFATHER DEAD, HIS AGED WIFE DRUNK AND  
GRANDCHILD DYING OF POISON.

ERIE, Pa., June 11.—A frightful sight met the gaze of Coroner Smalley on responding to a call for an inquest over the body of John Lyons, aged seventy-five years. Lyons lay on the floor where he had died the day before while intoxicated. Near him lay his aged wife in a drunken stupor, and in a shed near by was found their four-year-old grand-child, dying from poison. The child had been sick several days and in its extremity had eaten a poisonous weed that grew near the shed. The grandmother, finding it in convulsions, gave it a heavy dose of whiskey. The mother of the child was in jail at the time on a charge of drunkenness.

Not only men, but men and women, why don't you, as a body, wake from the lethargy? Buckle on your armor,

fight the enemy that's lurking in our midst—a foe that has invaded our country, our domestic firesides, the homes of many, yes! very many of the American people. Rise in your might and join the gathering throng whose chief end and aim is to banish alcohol from the shores of our own “beloved America.” If you are not voters, raise your voice in favor of the temperance cause; wield the pen if you cannot the ballot; shout the battle-cry of freedom; encourage others to help to crush the foe that never sleeps, the enemy that lurks in ambush, taking by surprise the innocent and unwary. The father imbibes, the mother and children suffer; the husband indulges in the drinking habit, the young wife smarts under the torturing shame. Its influence is degrading, its effects ruining, it poisons the system, destroys the ability, paralyzes the brain, wrecks the constitution and unfits men and women for society. The English language does not contain words to condemn the rum-traffic in suitable terms to meet our views; therefore, we must be contented with saying it is bad, very bad. Could we paint a picture and hang it up for the people of our nation to view in its true light—in the light of shame, misery, poverty, wretchedness and crime—I am sure the people would, with one voice, cry out: “Down with rum! Down with rum! Down with distilleries! Down with breweries! Down with the rum-traffic!”

## RUM, CRUEL RUM.

Hark! all you friends of rum.\* Listen, while I tell  
 Of a thousand once fair, happy homes, that are made a burning hell.  
 Where peace and joy and happiness once dwelt in every home,  
 Now, misery, gaunt and ghastly glares; brought there by cruel Rum.

In a thousand homes, what poverty and wretchedness appears,  
 The mother and the child but find relief in scalding tears.  
 The kind caress and sunlit smile, that once filled each happy home  
 Have fled, "forever", far away, driven out by cruel rum.

The drunken husband in the street, heeds not the unhappy wife,  
 Marks not the weary hours roll, while slowly ebbs her life;  
 Hears not his children's hollow cries, like voices from the dead—  
 O, Father! cease your drinking rum, and bring your children bread.

We're hungry, cold and shivering, no fire to keep us warm,  
 The shingles from the roof have blown, and let in the driving storm;  
 The chilling winds and drizzling sleet beat on the window pane,  
 Starvation's torturing pangs we feel; father's "drunk again."

How cruel is the winter's blast that pierces us with cold!  
 Dark clouds of misery o'er us hang, our sorrows are untold;  
 But far more cruel are the pangs that flock around the home  
 Where peace and joy and happiness are driven out by rum.

Go sign the temperance pledge and keep it.

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\*Within a certain area of New York city, comprising eight districts and having a population of 360,000, there are 3,108 saloons, and but thirty-one Protestant churches.

## CHAPTER VI.

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The temperance question has been agitated for a long time and has done a great deal of good. Notwithstanding all that has been done, our efforts for repression have not been able to check or keep abreast of this swelling tide of demoralization that is sweeping over the country. Taken as a whole the necessity is forced upon us to arouse and utilize and increase the sentiment, that it may accomplish more in the future. But it is not a wonder at all to the careful observer that the use of intoxicants is on the increase when we take into consideration the tide of immigration to this country, and considering the majority of the licenses granted in the United States are held by foreigners; and, as the tide of immigration is constantly pouring into our country, the consequence is, the expense of drink has increased. Although it has increased to an enormous extent, the temperance workers have not become discouraged, for while the flow of immigration has been incessant, the temperance ball has been kept rolling and to-day, the tried and true soldiers in the ranks of the

temperance army can be counted by millions and the good work goes on, and still we want more recruits. Christians, make your homes and houses recruiting offices; ministers of the gospel, make your churches places to enlist soldiers for the temperance army; infidels, set a pattern of sobriety before the people of the world; teachers of all grades and branches of learning, make it your official duty to instruct those in your charge for instruction, to join the host that war the *deadly enemy Rum!* voters, make your election districts and places of holding elections, places where you fight the foe that holds this land in bondage; officers, who are elected to represent the voice of the people and wield the sceptre of the nation, make the place where you stand the battle-ground for liberty, whether it be in your homes, in the field for office or in the legislative hall; statesmen, when you give advice to those who hold the reins of government in their hands, counsel them to legislate against an evil that makes demons of men and a pandemonium of the halls of legislature, destroys and takes away the rights, liberty and freedom of the nation and its people and reduces them to beggary and crime.

When we review the statistics of the past, some twelve years ago, the nation's bill for drink was estimated from the most reliable revenue statistics at six hundred millions; from the same source, ten years later, it amounted to one billion and forty-two millions, including both foreign and domestic liquors, while the increase in



the indirect cost, results from depreciated physical capacity to labor, the loss of labor, the loss of wages and profits, and in many other ways, is perhaps fully as great. The annual consumption of beer has increased from about twenty-two millions since 1840, to five hundred and fifty millions in 1884, that of distilled liquors from forty-two millions in 1840 to seventy-eight millions in 1884 and wines from five millions to twenty-three millions. Often I have heard self-willed Statesmen declare that the more beer there was drunk, the less whiskey was consumed by those who drink, but this is not a fact; on the contrary, during the last five years, while beer-drinking has increased about sixty and a-half per cent., whiskey-drinking has also increased forty-four and one-fifth per cent. While the population has only trebled since 1840, the consumption of liquor has been ten times as great. In 1840, it was a little over 4 gallons per capita; in 1884, over 12 gallons; in 1887, the drink rate per capita in the United States was 13 1-2 gallons, while in Canada it is 3 1-2 gallons, New Brunswick 1 1-2 gallons, Prince Edward Island 3-4 of a gallon, in Belgium 11 1-2 gallons. England outstrips all other nations by consuming 30 gallons per capita. These amounts are enormous, and yet we are not alone in the realization of our danger, for a statement issued by the Belgium Patriotic League against drunkenness, thus sums up the case in that country, of the present drink question: The number of public

houses in 1858 was fifty-three thousand ; in 1880, one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and is at present one hundred and thirty thousand. The number of suicides during the last forty years has increased eighty per cent., the number of insane one hundred and forty per cent., of convicts one hundred and thirty-five per cent. Of the workmen who die in the hospitals, eighty per cent. are habitual drunkards. The conclusion arrived at by the League is that the Belgians are the most intemperate people in the world. But, gentle reader, do not let this lull you to rest. Whatever may be the conclusions of the League, were the empires, kingdoms and republics of the globe entered in a race on the drink question, America would not get distanced. There is a necessity of putting down the traffic of the vile, damaging poison, and it is plain to be seen by an unbiased, intelligent person who desires to see our country flourish in preference to heaping up wealth by ill-gotten gain.

It is a well-established and conceded fact that the liquor traffic is the producing cause of a large portion of all the crime, poverty, insanity, suicides and diseases that exist in the land ; that it is the great disturber of the public peace, as well as the destroyer of domestic peace and happiness ; that it renders life, liberty and property insecure, and imposes upon the community heavy burdens of taxation without an equivalent or consent. Upon the ground of its legitimate tendency being to produce "idleness, vice and debauchery," and to create nuisances, the

Supreme Court of the United States, and the highest courts of the States, have decided that laws entirely prohibiting it are constitutional; that "idleness, vice and debauchery," being cankers on the body politic, endangering its life, there must, of necessity, be inherent in it power to remove, in order to prevent its own destruction. In such decisions these highest courts have also held that these laws are for the protection of society and not for the regulation and control of the conduct of the individual, and, hence, in no sense partaking of "sumptuary laws," as they are so often falsely and knowingly styled by the liquor leagues and politicians of one of the great political parties; and that neither are they restrictive of "personal liberty," except in so far as they restrain the individual from inflicting injury upon others, or society. In all such cases, the public safety must be the supreme law.

Let not the sparkling glass entice you,  
Touch not, taste not, the poisonous drug;  
It transfers men and makes them demons—  
Death lies at the bottom of the mug.

Will you listen? My dear friend, I only heard, to-day,  
That papa took his first drink in the saloon across the way.  
The bartender, with bewitching smiles, would oft invite him in,  
To join him in a game of pool, or to take a glass of gin,  
Which leads men on from bad to worse; at last upon the brink  
Of ruin, they find, too late, they are lost through subtle drink;  
They find the seeds of discontent are sown through wicked rum,  
Where smiles of softest sunshine to our cottage home should come.

But, alas! a misspent life we never can recall.  
We hear the rumbling wheels of death; see the writing on the wall,  
Which speaks in unmistakable terms; we hear its echo's roll,  
As tighter coils the viper's cords around the drunkard's soul.  
Dear friends, let this a warning be, a light upon the shore,  
If you have ever sipped the wine, go thou and drink no more,  
For strong drink is debasing, it only brings us ill,  
While peace, joy, health and happiness flow from the sparkling rill.

What is more refreshing on a hot summer's day than to drink from the crystal fountain that flows from the granite rock, its bubbling waters fresh from the deep recesses of the earth. Its cooling draughts give nourishment to the thirsty, and steadiness to the nerve. 'Tis cooling to the fevered brow, and gives health, happiness and peaceful slumbers to those who drink from its fountain; while those who sip the ruby wine, suffer in dreams of terror, their hands become palsied, the elasticity of the step is gone, and they inevitably sink down into a drunken stupor, and finally fill a drunkard's grave.

### SCHOOL-HOUSE AND SALOON—1884.

Table showing Number of Public Schools, Cost of Buildings, etc., Number of Teachers Employed, Scholars in Attendance, and Expenses for the Year, Compared to Number of Liquor Dealers (retail), Average of Thriftle to Total Expense of Schools.

STATES.	SCHOOL-HOUSES.	VALUE.	AVERAGE VALUE.	TEACHERS.	SCHOLARS.	TOTAL EXPENSES.	NO. SALOONS.	ESTIMATED SALES.
Alabama .....	1,819	\$299,590	\$164	4,637	187,550	\$430,131	1,576	\$7,880,000
Arizona.....	84	113,074	1,346	101	4,212	61,172	793	3,965,000
Arkansas.....	1,570	273,302	174	2,823	108,236	382,637	1,448	7,240,000
California.....	2,222	6,949,983	3,228	3,556	161,477	3,031,014	8,901	44,505,000
Colorado.....	313	710,503	2,270	559	22,804	400,205	2,596	12,980,000
Connecticut.....	1,643	3,354,275	2,042	2,719	118,589	1,335,234	2,890	8,215,000
Dakota.....	361	214,760	595	520	13,718	183,257	541	2,705,000
Delaware.....	369	440,788	1,195	526	26,412	172,455	643	3,215,000
District of Columbia.....	97	1,206,355	12,437	425	26,439	438,507	1,238	6,190,000
Florida.....	880	134,804	153	1,151	43,304	117,724	522	2,610,000
Georgia.....	4,529	1,046,026	231	6,146	237,124	653,464	2,553	12,765,000
Idaho.....	116	31,000	267	129	5,834	38,411	417	2,285,000
Illinois.....	11,880	15,876,572	1,337	15,912	704,041	7,536,682	11,824	59,120,000
Indiana.....	9,679	11,907,541	1,231	11,906	512,201	4,504,407	5,329	26,645,000
Iowa.....	11,148	9,460,775	1,221	12,794	425,665	4,347,119	4,096	23,480,000
Kansas.....	5,315	4,723,043	889	6,619	246,128	1,819,561	1,188	5,940,000
Kentucky.....	6,183	2,143,013	347	7,706	292,427	1,162,944	3,908	19,540,000
Louisiana.....	763	752,903	987	1,713	81,012	455,758	4,697	23,485,000
Maine.....	4,324	3,027,602	700	4,797	150,811	901,297	898	.....
Maryland.....	1,934	2,083,013	1,077	3,038	149,981	1,395,284	4,956	24,780,000
Massachusetts.....	3,343	21,660,392	6,497	7,336	316,630	4,720,951	7,834	39,170,000

Michigan.....	6,412	\$8,982,344	\$1,400	8,608	362,450	\$3,112,468	4,924	\$24,620,000
Minnesota.....	3,978	3,460,458	870	5,100	186,544	1,622,919	2,610	13,050,000
Mississippi.....	2,683	553,610	206	5,473	237,065	679,475	1,807	9,035,000
Missouri.....	8,552	7,810,924	913	10,802	486,002	3,092,332	6,583	32,915,000
Montana.....	131	132,597	1,012	167	4,667	68,002	776	3,880,000
Nebraska.....	2,900	2,061,059	272	3,418	100,871	1,079,966	972	4,860,000
Nevada.....	93	282,870	3,041	195	8,918	212,164	970	4,850,000
New Hampshire.....	2,230	2,328,796	1,044	2,620	64,670	568,103	1,162	5,810,000
New Jersey.....	1,588	6,298,500	3,960	3,422	205,240	2,039,938	6,836	34,180,000
New Mexico.....	46	13,500	293	164	4,755	28,973	1,297	6,485,000
New York.....	11,927	31,235,401	2,610	20,738	1,027,938	8,936,662	29,497	147,485,000
North Carolina.....	4,216	248,015	59	6,266	256,422	383,709	1,579	7,895,000
Ohio.....	12,224	21,643,515	1,762	16,875	752,442	7,707,630	13,048	65,240,000
Oregon.....	937	249,687	266	1,141	37,437	316,885	1,022	5,110,000
Pennsylvania.....	12,857	25,919,397	2,516	19,388	950,300	7,306,692	17,006	85,030,000
Rhode Island.....	453	1,895,877	4,185	902	42,489	530,167	1,423	7,115,000
South Carolina.....	2,863	407,256	142	3,204	134,840	367,259	837	4,185,000
Tennessee.....	4,072	1,025,858	252	5,937	291,500	786,088	1,066	9,830,000
Texas.....	1,054	130,762	124	6,764	176,245	782,735	2,812	14,060,000
Utah.....	334	372,273	1,115	434	25,792	170,887	392	1,960,000
Vermont.....	2,450	1,427,547	583	2,597	73,237	452,693	476	2,380,000
Virginia.....	4,405	1,246,283	281	4,953	220,733	889,862	2,284	11,420,000
Washington.....	487	161,309	331	532	14,780	112,615	406	2,039,000
West Virginia.....	3,654	1,686,999	1,447	4,156	143,796	720,967	842	4,210,000
Wisconsin.....	5,685	5,287,570	930	7,000	299,514	2,163,845	5,415	27,075,000
Wyoming.....	29	40,509	1,389	70	2,907	28,504	237	1,185,000
Total.....	164,832	\$211,311,540	\$69,401,236,039	4,946,149	\$78,249,814	176,627	\$872,610,000	



The following lines, written by the author during the campaign of 1884 and dedicated to John P. St John may not be wholly out of place :

Listen ! ye free-born millions of our land,  
While we speak of the noble patriot, with sword in hand  
Already drawn to fight a deadly foe  
That's lurking in our land where'er we go.  
We know there's one, the noble, brave and true,  
That dare the vile wicked fiend pursue,  
Daring death, he leads his warriors on ;  
He is the noble, he's the brave St. John.

He was the noble boy who made the vow,  
While in the field, following his father's plow,  
To fight in every form the demon Alcohol,  
And save his country from an ignominious fall.  
He was the governor who carried Kansas safely through ;  
He, among the first, the sword of Prohibition drew ;  
To-day he leads his noble warriors on ;  
Unchanged, unstained, he is the same St John.

To-day he is the people's choice,  
Who will not listen to corruption's voice ;  
To-day he is our leader, brave and true ;  
His motto, freedom, with the red, the white and blue  
Borne on his banner ; see, words of living truth,  
Protection for the homes of the aged and the youth ;  
He fights for freedom, for the homes of every one ;  
Such is the virtue of our brave St. John.

To-day he stands, the fearless and the brave ;  
At his country's call, he quickly flies to save  
From ruin—from the deadly power of rum—  
All who claim protection and to his standard come.

And fights with vengeance that fearful blighting curse  
That drives men mad, makes children beg and robs the purse ;  
He is our main-spring—the ball is rolling on ;  
He's built the funeral pyre for rum—such is our St. John.

He is the man who dares to meet the maddening flame,  
And face the fiery danger of the rum-built shame ;  
He is the patriot who dare meet the wicked foe,  
And fight it face to face, to stop its rapid flow.  
He is the good Samaritan, who lifts the fallen up  
And dashes from our lips the fatal, poisonous cup ;  
Possessing the soul of a noble prince, he leads the people on,  
Till victory shall crown the efforts of St. John.

His noble acts will never die, but, floating on the breeze,  
His name will live in memory in lands across the seas ;  
His name shall be a watch-word with the living, great and small,  
And millions shout the praise of him who banished alcohol.  
His fame shall ring throughout the world like an electric spark,  
Giving light to many happy homes that once were cold and dark ;  
Millions shall sing in praise of him who led the people on  
To fight the fiery fiend of hell—our leader, brave St. John.

He is the man who bears no malice in his soul ;  
No wicked slander from his lips was ever heard to fall,  
But smiles of sweetest sunshine ever hanging on his face,  
He meets each question of the day with calm and noted grace.  
He speaks with silvery accents, his clarion voice  
Rings out for freedom ; he is the nation's choice ;  
He is our leader brave and true, with him we are content ;  
He is a statesman true and bold, and our next President.

Send up your banners to the breeze, let the cannons loudly roar,  
Ring out ye bells the glorious news that strong drink is no more.  
Let the news go forth from eastern hills to every western ranch,  
That in our homes peace is perched like a dove on an olive branch.

Go tell to nations of the globe that rum has met its fall,  
 That one brave son has brought defeat and conquered Alcohol.  
 Then shout ! ye free-born millions, open wide your throats,  
 For we'll send St. John to Washington with twenty million votes.

The honor of our country, the good faith of the nation, the interest of the laborer, the rich, the poor and all classes demand a peace basis, where we can place all the obligations of the people of the United States and their implicit trust in safety, remote from crime, misery and thralldom ; remote from breweries, distilleries, rum-holes and dens of vice, where thousands of our youth of the land, of both sexes, are ruined and brought to lives of destitution, prostitution, and an ignominious death, either in State prison or upon the gallows. Under the influence of strong drink the plans of criminals are laid and carried into execution.

Where were the Anarchist's plans laid? IN A SALOON.

Where did they always meet? IN A SALOON.

Where did the Chicago hoodlars usually divide their commissions? IN A SALOON.

Where are the primaries in cities usually held? IN SALOONS.

What is there in our Capitol at Washington? A SALOON.

Where are many murders planned and committed? IN SALOONS.

Whence comes the boast that the liquor traffic controls all legislation in such states as Ohio, New York and Illinois? FROM THE SALOON.

What is responsible for the murder of Haddock, Gambrell, Northrup and many others—good and true men?  
THE SALOON.

What is it that stands ready to ruin your boys? THE SALOON.

What institution of our country sends out frenzied and crazed men? THE SALOON.

What is the cause of nearly all the divorces caused by the neglect of home? THE SALOONS.

What is it your vote legalizes by voting for license? THE SALOONS.

What is the greatest curse of our day, the greatest foe to our home, the implacable enemy of a pure life? THE SALOON.

Who says we must endure it? THE VOTER.

Who has an opportunity to say it shall not be legalized? THE VOTER.

Who can teach even our United States government that it and distilleries need not be partners any longer? THE VOTER.

Who can teach his neighbor these things? THE VOTER.

What is needed to kick out saloons? VOTES.

If every man waits till he sees votes get the necessary majority, when will the kicking begin? NEVER.

What is the issue above every other, now! THE HOME vs. THE SALOON.

For which do you vote?

Can it be that the majority of the American people will

sit silent and let the ravages of rum destroy their peace, their happiness, their homes and their country, and not seize upon the opportunity that is given them through the ballot-box to drive the demon from the land? Voters, it is with you to say whether you will make this a free country, or rivet the shackles of rum forever upon the American people. Now is the time, now is the *crisis!*

“The crisis presses on us! face to face with us it stands,  
With solemn lips of question like the Sphinx of Egyptian sands.  
To-day we fashion destiny, our web of fate we spin,  
This day for all hereafter, choose we temperance or sin.  
Even now, from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy crown,  
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing down”

It is for us to determine whether we shall make our nation and country a nation and empire of peace and prosperity, or make it a place of brawls and disturbances, a place of rum, riot and ruin. It is for us to say by our ballots whether we shall make our homes a hell, or bring to them the soft smiles of sunshine and peace.

The earth is the mother of us all. When her bosoms are dry, a quenchless thirst overtakes and oppresses the sons of men; when she withholds the corn, her children starve. This is true as to the supply of every physical want known to us. In Rome's brightest days all questions of legislation were discussed with relation to their effect upon the yeomanry of the country. This was one thought. The men who own and cultivate the soil are nearest the fountains of national supplies; and the

wisdom of statesmen, the charms of oratory and the skill of generals are nothing unless the men who bring forth the harvests are in sympathy with their plans, their legislation, and the military campaigns. This is as true to-day as in Rome's brightest days; true under all forms of government; especially true in a government like our own. The newest political philosophy that all human ills and all human poverties will be cured when the land, and that alone, is made answerable for the taxes, is quite an unnecessary statement in the face of the always fact that the land, and the human brain and muscle that make the land produce, have always, and always must, pay the taxes. All city growth and prosperity, all city beauty and attractiveness, whether in furnace, in factory or in store, in street or in park, are only the reflection of vast farms well cultivated, and multiplied farmers, wants well supplied and well paid for. On the moral and political side, such is the character of the concentrating populations in our cities, such the combinations for political fraud and deception, such the utter disregard for law, both civil and moral, such the determination of political leaders to make city governments the controlling and ruling factors in national government, that every American patriot must look, and does look, to the great agricultural population for the conservation of the nation, both in existence and in morals. It is the effort under a despotic government to have its influence flow out from the capitol to every part of the country and to



all the people, and to make the expression of political sentiment at the outer verge of the nation to accord with the sentiment of the capitol and centers. With our nation, and under our form of government, the purpose and effort is, and must be, to have the government flow into the capitol, so that legislation, (law,) when placed upon the statutes, will express the will and desire of the poorest and weakest citizen on the most remote verge of the nation.

This is the spirit of a republic like ours. If, in the years 1859-60, government could have gone out from Washington over this country, then would this country have been dismembered, and the government destroyed, while the institution of slavery would have become deeper rooted and wider spread. It was in the free air that hovered over village and farm-lands of the North, where the storm-clouds gathered, and lightnings of human judgment, and justice, and indignation began their irresistible and their uncompromising assaults upon the institution and the profits of American slavery. When town and city commerce, headed by men who had accumulated their millions out of the sweat and blood of the African, would gladly have compromised, fearing that the fountain of their gains was being destroyed, then shoulder to shoulder stood the men who breathed the free air of country and farm, and with prayer, and vote, and bullet, vowed no quarter to slavery until the fearful monster was destroyed. Yonder farmer may be

slow to grasp the principle involved; slow to change from the old to the new; slow to step from one platform to another; but when the principle is once grasped by his brain and conscience, he puts in his plow to stay, and stops not until the whole field is plowed, the seed sown, and the harvest gathered. When—as in an old classic story—the father sat amid his sons, and counseled regarding the enlargement and the improvement of their home, “Go,” said the father to his oldest son, “and see what Mother Earth says;” so, to-day, when Columbia would improve her house, it becomes her to hear what the farmer says.

To-day as great a question as that of American slavery is before the American people: a question in which is wrapped up the interests of American youth, and the peace of American homes. This question is, which shall bear rule in American government—the home or the saloon? Which shall bear rule; which shall elect the men who are to be our law-makers and our office holders? The distillery, the brewery and the saloon, with their moral apostates, and crime and sorrow-bringing patrons? Or shall it be the moral-loving, school-loving and home-loving, who shall dictate the government of this country? As a rule, the distillery, the brewery and the saloon marshal their forces in the large cities, and seek in one form and another to pile up such majorities in cities and towns as to overcome the vote of the peace-loving, order-loving, and home-loving country. Let me

ask you, my farmer friend, do you propose to permit the saloon to dictate the government of your farm? Would your farm and your home be benefited by a saloon next to your door, where your sons could learn to drink and become drunkards? Where they could spend their hard earnings and yours, and their evenings? Where they could get fire to burn up all the peace and comfort of your home? Say, my farmer friend; say, my friend mechanic; say, my professional friend, which shall be master of the country, you or the saloon-keeper? How much are you willing to take from the saloon-keeper in the form of a bribe, called a tax—in fact, a license—and permit him to be master, while you and your family are slaves?

We listen in our dreams, and we wake to the stern realities of the fact that we can hear the voice of the farmer, the mechanic, and the professional men crying out, *viva voce*, the saloon shall be prohibited under the stars and stripes, and be banished from American soil. Iowa spoke, by nearly thirty thousand majority, the home is greater than the saloon; Kansas speaks with unmistakable distinctness, the home is greater than the saloon. The time is not distant when all the States and Territories will speak, and the united chorus of the national anthem will be: The home is greater and better than the saloon, and the home demands that the saloon be everywhere prohibited. To secure this desirable end, the country's richest harvest must come from the unpurchasable vote of the country and the farm.

Only one-fifth of the population of the United States is city and town, village and hamlet, the larger portion being country people; but, notwithstanding all this, the cities and towns furnish the largest share of crime, pauperism, social vices and commercial disturbances, and almost exclusively the corrupt influences and forces of our political life, and this one-fifth of the population are masters of the whole country, politically. They enact our laws, elect our officers, control the administration of State and nation, while four-fifths of our people must bear the oppression and suffer the evils of bad administration.

Wherever the question of prohibition is voted on, the country votes for it by large majorities. When defeated, it has been defeated by the city vote. In the recent vote on the constitutional amendment in Michigan, nine out of eleven of the congressional districts, and over two-thirds of the senatorial and representative districts, voted for the amendment. It is unquestionably true that today the majority of all the legislative districts in the whole country are in favor of prohibition. Thus it is seen that the four-fifths (the country vote) might control, but that the one-fifth (the city vote) does control, or why do we not have prohibition? It is evident that the corrupt force in politics must be a vote which, by corrupt means, can be turned from one party to the other, and thus control elections. Of the country vote, only the very smallest portion can be turned from one

party to the other. It can be seen from election tables that this floating vote is a city vote, and by locating the vote in the cities, as can be done with an election table and map of the city, it is found to be the "slum" vote, a vote organized in, controlled by and disposed of by the saloons. The controlling vote of the city of Cincinnati is mostly "Over the Rhine"—a portion of the city thus named and of the most low, degraded character. It has been known to change its vote from a three-fourths vote one way to a three-fourths vote the other, from one election to another. In the last Presidential election, its vote was one way by a vote of almost four out of five. (The vote was for Blaine). Thus the controlling vote is made plain. Those persons who change their vote determine elections. In cities the same thing is done over again. Four-fifths of the voters might prefer honest legislation, but, in round numbers, of the four-fifths, two-fifths vote Republican and two-fifths Democratic. One is an offset to the other, practically leaving the field to the city vote. In that way a handful of men in Michigan, not more than twenty thousand, in Ohio, not more than forty thousand, in New York, not more than seventy-five thousand, and these, the most ignorant, criminal and vicious portions of society, are made the controllers of public affairs, and through controlling a few States like these, control the nation. Now, the question arises, how are we to remedy this evil? There can be but one way. Put the moral agricultural, industrial portion of society together in a new

party against the bribers and the bribed ; put the large majorities of Prohibitionists which now exist in the rural districts, together in the new party. Once together, they go immediately into power. When there, every selfish motive, as well as every patriotic one, will demand the correcting of these wrongs. Scallawags will be turned out of offices of trust and honest men fill their places ; the wrongs the people so long have suffered shall be set right ; then, without a blush, may we boast of our Goddess of Liberty enlightening the world.



## CHAPTER VII.

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There's a wonderful fountain of liquid joy,  
    Flowing forth in a crystal rill ;  
Forever and ever it wellet up  
    From the misty depths of the still.  
In its widening course as it hurries along,  
    It circles the wide world 'round,  
And side by side, as they drink of its tide,  
    The prince and the beggar are found,  
While poets sing, so merrily sing,  
    As they quaff it again and again :  
" It's only the life of the wheat and the corn,  
    Which nature has given to men."  
Come, drink of this nectar, and feel the warm glow  
    Of summer, with autumn's content ;  
Thy pulse shall thrill like the breath of June,  
    When the sunshine and shadows are blent  
With carol of birds, in the dew-spangled dawn,  
    When the dawn is imprisoned with light.  
Men and maidens shall sing the sweet "Harvest Home,"  
    In ravishing strains of delight,  
And children shall laugh, while they join in the song,  
    Re-echoed through valley and glen :

“Tis the mingled souls of the wheat and corn,  
Which the Giver hath given to men.”

While the world is enticed by the poet's song,  
I sit by the worm of the still ;  
I chuckle and laugh with the fiends by my side,  
And a death dealing potion distill.  
Such glorious landscapes I paint on the brain,  
They seem but a feast of delight ;  
Then I rattle my skeleton bones beside,  
Till reason has fled in affright.  
Drink deep from the cup of the river of life,  
Drink deeper, I whisper, and then  
I crush out the life of the wheat and the corn,  
While I rivet my chains upon men.

I mingle the threads of the woven gold,  
Which kings are entitled to wear,  
With a weed so fine that kings will choose  
To sleep in a beggar's lair.  
I crumble the walls of palaces grand,  
And build up hovels instead,  
While maidens and mothers with anguish moan,  
And children are crying for bread ;  
\*My vassals are shouting in fiendish glee,  
From mountain, from forest and fen,  
The liquid joy from wheat and corn,  
Is the river of death unto men.  
And who shall hinder its surging tide,  
As it moans in sullen roar?

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\* The 1,000,000 population of Philadelphia are prevented from going thirsty by 6,000 saloons and hotels.

“ The world is circled from pole to pole,  
No strand, save eternity’s shore.”  
Forever and ever it hurries on,  
And the world with woe doth fill,  
For the demons are building the gallows high,  
Enwrapped by the mists of the still.  
And I gibber and laugh in ghoulish glee,  
As I hide me away in my den :  
“ Whence cometh the souls of the wheat and the corn ?  
Whither goeth the souls of men ?”

L. J. C.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL’S TRIBUTE TO WHISKEY.

“ I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drew a skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields, the breath of June, the carol of the lark, the dews of night, the wealth of summer, and autumn’s rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the “Harvest Home,” mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the startled dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of many perfect days. \*For forty years this liquid joy has been confined within the happy staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man.”

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\*As long as it stays within the happy staves, it will not poison man’s lips, body or brain. Dettter the cask a wreck than the man.

Yes, Robert, your tribute to whiskey is beautiful, that is, the language you used is beautiful ; but it can hardly come up to the odium you heaped upon its use and effects when you spoke in Utica, using quotations from an author without giving credit, which were as follows : “ Let us speak of a few of the evils that arise from the use of alcoholic drink. It destroys the health and inflicts ruin upon the innocent and helpless ; it invades the family and social circle and brings sorrow in every household ; it cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness ; it burns men, consumes women, embitters life, curses everything good, and despises Heaven ; it suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine ; it bribes voters, corrupts elections, poisons our institutions, and endangers our government ; it brings shame, not honor ; terror, not safety ; despair, not hope ; misery, not happiness. And now, with all the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation ; and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor.”

Perhaps a very small drink might drive the skeleton from the feast, but alas ! where it drives the skeleton away once, it brings the wolf to the door ten thousand times. A light dose of strychnine often cures rheumatic pains, but a little too heavy a dose inevitably kills. In either case there is no antidote that can restore life.

But the awful harvest stops not there. When the thread of the drunkard's life is spun out to its utmost extent, and death has closed the career of a worthless life, he leaves his family in sadness, in destitution, in poverty, in dishonor, and on the mercy of a cold, uncharitable world, only to ponder upon the past wrongs and sufferings he has forced upon his wife and children, who are now left the innocent sufferers of his neglect, cruelty, and drunkenness. Not only to families alone is suffering confined. Many times whole nations are brought to grief through the agency of alcohol and its surroundings. Guiteau was an illustration of criminals reared under its influence. As a boy he was reckless and ungovernable. Later we find him among a sort of *religious criminals* in Oneida county, a sect or sort of free-love saints, which the authorities of the State of New York dared not, or cared not, to sweep out of existence. His only idea as a boy, youth, or man was to gratify his depraved nature, and the more he gave way to it the more debauched he became. He lounged about saloons and low lodging places, houses of prostitution, inflamed by drugged whiskey and, bloated by his own self-consciousness, fancied himself a statesman. Because President Garfield, true to himself, true to his country, and true to his place of honor and trust, refused a place of trust to this graduate of the dens of vice and iniquity, he fancied himself grossly injured, swore vengeance upon the chief magistrate of the nation, and carried his threat into execution

by the assassination of the President. The world was in a flutter, and our nation mourned the loss of a patriot and statesman. Mr. Garfield represented at that time, more than any other man, the true standard of American liberty. From a poor, hard-working boy, he climbed the ladder of fame, step by step, until he had reached the topmost round and filled the highest position in the land. He was distinguished for his finished scholarship, broad views, liberal statesmanship, and Christian character. Guiteau was the natural offspring of the saloon and communism. Has it come to that, fellow citizens of this vast commonwealth numbering nearly sixty millions of free people, that your will at the ballot-box shall be defeated by one of the progeny of the nation's curse? If so, America may well shudder because of the thousands of dens of vice and iniquity within her borders, licensed by the government and protected by the State, and backed up by millions of individual wealth.

Alas! Besides the mother and wife and children of our President, thousands of wives and mothers and children have been crushed beneath the wheels of death, poverty and destruction, and yet the cruel work goes on and the people are not ready to check it in its mad career.

How long, O, Lord, shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swift around, ye wheels of time and bring the welcome day."

The whiskey dealers have taken and are taking every possible step to barricade the strongholds of the traffic,



by sending to the legislative halls members who favor the traffic in the ruinous, damnable stuff. In order to secure a stronger foothold in the legislatures, they send lobbyists backed by thousands in wealth, to induce bribery where they cannot, by flattering words, win the members who might, possibly, be persuaded to vote to carry measures in favor of the rum-seller and manufacturer, the brewery and the beer saloon. There is wealth in the manufacture and sale of the poison; and well can they afford to bribe the members who succeed in carrying measures favoring the traffic.

But, dear reader, there is another side to the liquor traffic; it not only brings wealth to the brewers, wealth to the distillers, riches to the hotel and saloon-keeper, but it brings abundance to the drinker. Abundance of what? Abundance of bad feelings, abundance of rags, abundance of filth, abundance of poverty and disgrace, abundance of disturbance in frightful dreams, abundance of bad companionship, and, finally, it brings a tremor, a yawning hell, and a drunkard's grave. To the drinker's wife it brings abundance of sorrow, abundance of hunger and starvation, nakedness and want. How much better is it than theft or murder? It takes the last dime from the husband and father, robs their wives and children of what should be their own and drives them to the poor-house and asylum.

#### AUNT BECKY'S ADVICE.

“Jediah, put your slippers on  
And cease your needless clatter;

I want to have a word with you  
About a family matter.  
I heard you on your knees last night,  
Ask help to keep from strayin',  
And I want to know if you  
Will vote as you've been prayin' ?  
Jediah, look me in the face ;  
You know the world's condition,  
Yet you have never cast a vote  
Right out for prohibition.  
You've prayed as loud as any man,  
While with the tide a-floatin' ;  
Jediah, you must stop sich work,  
And do some better votin'.  
\*We women pray for better times,  
And work right hard to make 'em.  
You men vote whiskey with its crimes,  
And we jist have to take 'em.  
How long, Jediah, must this be ?  
We work and pray 'gainst evil,  
You pray all right for what I see,  
But vote plumb for the devil.  
There, now, I've said my say and you  
Just save your ammunition,  
And vote the way you've always prayed,  
For total prohibition."

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\*Little boy's prayer: "O Lord, please to make me a good boy, and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

## CHAPTER VIII.

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We are not much more of a friend to the use of tobacco than rum. So we will wander a trifle from our subject and copy a short chapter on tobacco that we clip from the *Christian Secretary*.

“Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened to a grain of tobacco seed; though exceeding small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves, rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms formed a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time that one came to look upon it and thought it beautiful to look upon and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hands and did chew thereof. And it made them sick, and others to vomit most filthy. And it farther came to pass that those who chewed became weak and unmanly, and said, ‘We are enslaved and can’t cease from chewing it.’ And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul; and they did spit; even in ladies’ parlors and in the house of the Lord of Hosts, and the saints of the most high were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it also came to pass that others

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snuffed it ; and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eyes filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls and did set fire to one end thereof, and did suck vehemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like ; and their smoke ascended up forever and ever. And the cultivation became a great and mighty business upon the earth ; and the merchantmen waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith ; even the poor, who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said : ‘ Wherefore this waste ; and why do these little ones lack for bread and shoes and books ? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat ; and put this evil thing far from you ; and be separate, and defile not yourselves any more ; and I will bless you and cause my face to shine on you.’ But with one accord they all exclaimed ; ‘ We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing—we are slaves.’ And this vile, filthy, weed-nursed land, cultivated by Satan and his admirers, costs the consumers of tobacco in one year, in the United States, six hundred millions of dollars, which far better go for bread for the starving, books for the uneducated, and clothing for the half-naked.”

Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
From the Devil it does proceed ;  
It robs the purse and \*burns the clothes,  
And makes a chimney of the nose.

Friends of Temperance, friends of Liberty and Freedom, will you help this commonwealth, which is the battle-ground between light and darkness, liberty and bondage, life and death? If you answer as your heart tells you, you must remember there is no time for delay. Prompt action and thorough work is need. The contest should be made so vigorous that it will be short, but unless we do it decidedly and speedily it must continue for years. The time has come. The time is now to unsheath the sword of justice and wave it over the head of the demon, and with a strong nerve make the fatal thrust that will sever the vital cords that bind our country and its people in thralldom. Our people are slaves to the rum power, and the sooner the blow falls with unmistakable exactness upon the enemy, the sooner the dove of peace will flutter its silken wings over the homes of the American people; the sin-curse of the hellish traffic be driven from our land; the prisons converted into workshops; our poor-houses become places of industry; the saloon occupied as schoolrooms; and the breweries and distilleries turned into storehouses that shall contain bread for the starving millions. Now, do I say? Yes, now! We are

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\*It burns the clothing from the backs of the people to the amount of \$600,000,000 yearly.

not sure of to-morrow, and the longer the delay the stronger the enemy becomes fortified. Now! I repeat it, now!

Buckle on your armor, you who have courage to fight for the freedom of your country, the freedom of the people, freedom of the press, and the freedom of civil rights. Run up your banners to the breeze, let them float on the breath of freedom, let your motto be inscribed on each banner: Temperance and Liberty. Let the watchword from soldier to soldier be, "Free America, Free Citizens, Free Homes." Let it be run all along the lines; let it pass from soldier to soldier, until it spreads from shore to shore; let it fill the air with its echoes until it reaches the highest point of Heaven's dome. Dr. J. G. Holland says: "I neither drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. One hundred thousand men in America every year lie down in the graves of drunkards. Drink has murdered my best friends and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance on which every honest man should put his heel. I do not ask you to put your heel on the drunkard, but to make the spirit of your guild so strict and pure that no man of your number will dare to trifle with your opinion and sentiments on the subject."

Dr. Holland is correct as to the wisdom in not drinking wines or liquors, but is far too lenient in giving the number of men that fill drunkard's graves. If he had placed the



number at one hundred and sixty thousand, it would be nearer correct.

The Prohibition party of Pennsylvania, in State convention assembled, \*make the following declaration of principles, to secure the triumph of which it is organized and will continue to labor :

First.—We acknowledge Almighty God as the source of all power, and with his assistance, in conformity with the divine law, we will labor on in the struggle for the extermination of the drink traffic.

Second.—We declare that no political and preventable evil or combination of evils so clogs the progress of good, so burdens industry and trade, so corrupts politics and legislation, so endangers life, liberty and property, so threatens the perpetuity of free institutions, as the liquor traffic. No political issue is so important as is the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages, and we demand the prohibition of the same by statutory and constitutional enactment, faithfully enforced, as the only corrective agency for the evils arising therefrom.

Third.—We declare that during the past year, the current of party declarations and actions gives no promise that either the Republican or Democratic parties will make the legal prohibition of the drink traffic the object

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\*Convention convened 1887.

of party support, and that, therefore, the citizen who desires prohibition and relief from responsibility for and complicity in the drink trade, can find it only by casting his vote with the prohibition party—the only party that dares meet the saloon powers at the ballot-box.

Fourth.—We denounce the hypocrisy of the Republican party in pretending to favor the prohibition of the drink traffic by passage of a resolution for the submission of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, and then nullifying the same by the passage of a high license law, with the approval, as we believe, of the liquor interest of the State, in and by a division of the license fees, to make the citizens of the commonwealth in every county, city and borough, partners in the profit of the liquor traffic, and thereby secure the defeat of the amendment, if finally submitted to a vote of the people.

Fifth.—We declare the action of the late legislature in refusing to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Memorial Day, and in the enactment of the present “High License Law,” as satisfactory evidence of the complicity of the Republican and Democratic parties with and their subjection to saloon power.

Sixth.—We favor protection to American labor and capital; the restriction of immigration, as against pauper and criminal classes; the reservation of our public lands for actual settlers; popular education, with the retention of the Bible in our public schools; just pension to our de-

pendent soldiers on their families ; civil service based on personal character and official fitness, and a wise and economical administration of public affairs.

Seventh.—Custom duties should be so levied as to protect, promote and extend American labor, wherever and whenever foreign labor and capital shall compete.

Eighth.—We demand a system of taxation which shall bear equally on every species of taxable property and upon all taxable persons and corporations alike.

Ninth.—We favor a just system of arbitration for the settlement of differences between neighbor and neighbor, employer and employee, as well as for settlement of international difficulties.

Tenth.—The earnest and energetic labors of the women of the State for the promotion of temperance merits our gratitude ; viewing with alarm the shiploads of ignorant and vicious men who are annually brought to our country, and who, soon becoming voters, control our large cities, endangering life, property and our civil and religious institutions, we shall hail with satisfaction the day when the intelligence and virtue of American women, our only political counterpoise to this ignorance, shall be clothed with legal power, their rightful due, to practically and efficiently defend “home and native land” with their ballots.

Eleventh.—We declare that Pennsylvania is a Christian commonwealth ; was founded to promote civil and religious liberty ; that our fathers acknowledged the God of the Bible as their God and the Supreme Ruler, and the

Bible as containing His code of laws. The religion of the Bible was their religion, and continued to be the religion of our people, and we have the right to expect and demand from their servants in Legislature and executive power such laws as will protect them in their religious conviction and observances, not conflicting with the personal liberty and equal rights of others. And we farther declare that the quiet enjoyment of the Sunday of our fathers, with its instruction and influences, so promotive of public good, is an inheritance which must be defended against all similar employments and all attempts of men to treat it "as any other day," whatsoever be the plea or pretext.

Twelfth.—That we declare in favor of laws against discrimination by corporations, and arraign the Republican and Democratic parties for their hostility to and of anti-discrimination measures proposed at the last session of the Legislature for the defence of the weak against the strong.

Thirteenth.—We also arraign the Republican party for the mysterious defeat of the State revenue bill, by means of which the corporations of the State escaped the payment of over \$2,500,000 of just taxation, while the laboring, mechanical and farming interests of the State in many ways are compelled to pay the same by an unequal and unjust system of taxation.

Fourteenth.—Returning thanks to Him who is the wonderful, the chancellor, for his guidance and aid in the past, for the efforts now so auspiciously prevailing in the

States of the Union for the abolition of the drink traffic, and relying upon him for success, we shall go from this convention to supplement and support moral efforts by our votes for securing the peace and prosperity of our State by the overthrow of the saloon—the primary object of the Prohibition party, and to this end we cordially ask the aid of all citizens without distinction to party, race or sex.

The above is the platform or resolutions adopted by the Prohibition party at their State convention, held at Harrisburg, September, 1887, in and for the State of Pennsylvania. We would like to ask, who can find fault with such resolutions, adopted and carried out to the letter? We answer, no one will find fault with the genuineness of such resolutions, or the feasibility of them; but the manufacturers and those who handle intoxicating liquors will kick against their being carried into effect, because a source of great wealth to them is at stake, regardless of the ruin, misery and poverty it brings to the drinkers and their families.

In conversation with a hotel-keeper a short time since, while discussing the merits of the liquor traffic, he admitted it was "bad stuff," but said, "its takin' away our rights that the government gives us." We will admit it is taking away some rights that our government gives its citizens. It is taking away their right, according to law, to sell the "bad stuff" that makes drunkards of all who drink it, for if ten glasses will make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one tenth as



drunk. It is taking away their right to take the last dime from the drunkard which should go to purchase bread for their families. It is taking away their right to rob the wives and children of what is justly their own ; their bread, their clothing, their happy homes, and the companionship of a kind and sober husband and father ; robbing them of peace, happiness, and the sunshine of a beautiful and happy home. Taking away their right to make drunkards of young men who would otherwise become men of prominence, men of honor, filling high stations in life ; men who would become ornaments to society, and men of usefulness in the world. Taking away their right of dealing out death and destruction broadcast in our land, an article that is an invention sought out by wily men, and and sold by wicked and unprincipled men, who care nothing for the welfare of the people or nation so long as their own selfish ends are attained. Taking away their right to hang a sign bearing the inscription "Saloon," and adding to the surroundings all the allurements to entice the innocence of youth into the snare of evil ; their dens are lighted brilliantly, decorated with polished mirrors and highly colored prisms, reflecting lights of a thousand different hues to lead the mind into the dazzling mists of vice. Yes, more than all this, it is taking away their right to keep dens that become a rendezvous where criminals graduate, where theft, burglary, robbery and murder are planned and often carried into execution. "*Vote against Rum.*"



A number of years ago I was living in the town of Hastings, N. Y. Among my acquaintances there was a family of eleven persons, the husband and wife, and nine children. The two oldest being girls were cared for in a Christian-like manner and reared tenderly under a mother's love and a kind father's protection. They grew to womanhood, loved and respected by all who knew them. The boys being younger were reared under different circumstances. The husband and father, at the time of advent of the second boy, had acquired the habit of spending his evenings at a near-by hotel, and later on he indulged in the drinking habit, which grew upon him to that extent that he had nearly lost all control of his appetite for drink. At length he grew disagreeable in his actions, austere in his commands, and finally resorted to harsh means to bring his family into subjection to meet the approval of his vicious disposition. Many a blow was showered upon his wife and children, who pleaded in vain for him to spare the torture of his cruel treatment; with voices loving, soft and gentle, they would oft plead for one more loving smile and soft caress. But no, alas! the demon rum had done its work; it had ruined their happiness forever. Imagine, dear reader, the pangs of that mother's broken heart. The husband who but a few short years before had led her to the altar, promising before God and man "to love, cherish and protect;" in whom she had placed implicit confidence, and confided to him the care and keeping of her heart, and joined her fortune

with his ; had left her home and all its tender ties for the one she had learned to love and who had pledged an undying love and protection for her through life ; but now a traitor, a fiend in the form of man, he became a habitual drunkard, leaving his home at times on a drunken spree, to be gone two and three weeks at a time, returning only to lavish abuse on his wife and children. The suffering of the family was beyond description. The large family of boys were at length grown to ungovernable size and a majority of them followed in their father's footsteps and became poor, miserable drunken wretches, scattered broadcast in the land, and a number of them are engaged in the liquor traffic and houses of ill repute. The mother and daughters were model Christian women. What pangs of torture and sorrow must that poor heart-broken mother and those loving sisters have suffered, no tongue can tell, no pen describe ; we must leave our readers to imagine. This is not an isolated case. There are thousands in the land as wretched as the above chronicled. We are sorry to record them, but they are true.

An ordinance made necessary by the licensed saloons in Sacramento, Cal., makes it a misdemeanor for minors under sixteen years of age to be on the streets after a certain hour of the evening, unless accompanied by guardians or provided with a pass. When this appears in history a hundred years hence, the boys and girls who sit studying by the evening lamp will laugh at such stupidity, and say, " Why shut up the boys and girls and leave open the saloons ? " In one sense of the word, it is well

the ordinance was passed, for it is well to keep the youth of our land away from temptation ; but would it not be better for a Christian people to refuse to license such dangerous places, forbidding the traffic altogether that threatens the ruin and downfall of our rising generation. There are hundreds of cities that are as reckless as the city of the golden State that do not take the pains to pass an ordinance to even protect the innocent youth. And yet we feel like singing in the words of poesy :

I would not live in the city of gold,  
That is built on the golden sand,  
Where protection for youth and age is sold  
For the saloon on every hand.  
Nor would I exchange my country home  
For a home in the city on the golden rock,  
Where schools of vice and theft and murder  
Are taught in saloons in every block.  
No, give us a home where the fresh country air  
Has never been tainted with rum.

## CHAPTER IX.

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Why do Christian people submit to the wrongs that are inflicted upon the people of our own land? No doubt those people who clamor for aid for the poor heathen are sincere in their desire to make the poor heathen happy, and render them assistance by raising money and sending missionaries among them : but why should they approve of the licensing of saloons as a revenue to the nation and State, and then raise money by subscription for the purpose of converting the heathen from crime, while they are voting men in office who sanction the liquor traffic, which is the basis of universal crime. The liquor traffic is the platform upon which the thief, the burglar, the highway robber, the assassin and the murderer stand, and whoever aids or assists in the traffic by licensing or voting for officers who grant licenses is directly, or indirectly, aiding and abetting in the hellish traffic that leads men on to crime. And those who do not vote directly against the licensing of the sale of intoxicating drink are guilty of grossly neglecting their duty to themselves, their families,

and the American people. There are many, very many, voters who seem willing to favor the cause of temperance, but will not vote the prohibition ticket for fear they will sever the ties that bind them to their party, yet many will admit they would vote the ticket were the party strong enough to elect their candidates, admitting the principle superior to the principles laid down in the platforms of either of the old parties. In such cases it looks to me as, if his Satanic majesty, "The Devil," was running upon one ticket, and the "Savior" should come upon earth and suffer his name to be run for office upon the opposite ticket, such men would vote with the floating crowd, and the Devil would be elected by a large majority. Such is the standing, in our opinion, of the principle of such voters. If you speak to them on the subject, they will only shake their heads and say, "Of the two evils choose the least," but our motto is, if there are two evils, let us throw them both aside and adopt a new policy; if there are two lies that can be told, a big lie and a smaller one, let us shun the telling of either and adopt the truth, for though "truth may be crippled once, it will rise again," while error, though it be ever so great, will sink into insignificance beneath the blazing light of truth. Of course the rum power is a host to fight. What then must be done? Shall we drift along in the current of majority, or shall we recruit an army and meet the foe in open field? We answer, "Let us raise our banner of Freedom to the breeze, and beat the call for valiant soldiers; open

recruiting offices in every State, in every county, in every town, in every church, in every school-house, and in every dwelling-house in the land, and raise an army that dare face the music, and assist in putting down the enemy that is lurking in our land and slaying its thousands upon the back of thousands within the limits of our beloved America. Enlist men, enlist women, enlist children. They will learn to be soldiers, under training in the cause of liberty.

“ Ye rocks and stones break forth,  
Nor hold your peace, ye hills ;  
So long as the State for revenue gain  
The blood of her citizens spills.”

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that any drinking wines on the premises constitutes an illegal bar-room. We would add here, there have been many decisions made by high courts against the selling of liquors, under as many different circumstances, in many different places, only to be scoffed at by the saloon-keepers, and distillers, brewers and liquor dealers in general. The wealth of the whiskey monopoly is sufficient to fight such decisions and stave them off from time to time in the courts, until the thing is almost forgotten through age, while the bar-rooms are open and sales going on, accumulating wealth to that extent, that should they be compelled to pay the costs in the end, they have amassed a fortune sufficient to do so, and have abundance left, while the drinkers' fortunes and hard-earned wages have footed the bills of the courts and rum-seller. And should the de-



cision be rendered in favor of the saloon-keepers and dealers in general, the costs must be paid by whom? By the tax-payer, the farmer, and those owning real estate, while the unfortunate consumers of the poisonous drink have spent their money, wasted their time in extravagance, ruined the happiness of their families and lowered themselves into the depths of vice and shame.

Voters and tax-payers, this is about the manner in which our matters in the courts have drifted. Many of them are no better than no courts at all, and many of them are not as well. In many cases, no doubt, the decisions rendered are well known to the whiskey ring as to which way they will be decided. And not only in our courts is the influence of the whiskey ring felt, but in our elections and in our halls of legislation, is the sting of the beast felt. O, for the dawn of the day of reform in our courts and legislative halls to break upon us. O, for a new light to dawn upon the brain of the American people. O, for the dawn of justice in our courts and honesty and reform in our legislators. O, for the dawn of a new light that shall spring up in the hearts of the American people, that they may see the ruinous gulf into which they are drifting through the deep worn channels of the whiskey element. Wake, ye drowsy sleepers, from the lethargy which hangs around you; let your energies become aroused; shake off the slavish chains that so long have held you in thralldom under the yoke of the rum power. 'Tis the curse of the citizen, the curse of society, and the

curse of the nation, as well as the curse of the world, and it must be banished from our country and its supporters and adherents be educated to a standard of morality, or America must be dragged down to the ditch to them.

O, for a light to shine once more  
Upon our native land,  
The light of freedom as of yore,  
Brought by the pilgrim band.

We may read and we may talk of the dark ages, when Egypt held its slaves in bondage, of the Spartan wars, of the bloody war, carnage and devastation of Europe's famous kings and rulers, the rise and fall of the empires and kingdoms, the burning of John Rogers and others at the stake, the cruel murders committed by the ruthless hand holding the tomahawk and scalping knife, of the dark days of our own beloved America, when African slavery existed on its sacred soil, of the bloody war, carnage and devastating sufferings the people underwent to drive the last vestige of tyranny from our land, and "the half has not been told." No, the few pilgrims who moored their bark on the wild and rugged coast of New England left their native land and homes of tyranny, oppressed by the cruel hand of the oppressor, to obtain relief and freedom from the hand that ruled with a stern and unrelenting rod of despotism. Peace, quiet and safety was what they asked; liberty and protection from the iron hand was what they sought; free thought, free speech, free press; a freedom to enjoy their religious belief and freedom to shape their actions according to what

they considered was right in the sight of God, and their duty to God and their fellow man. They left their homes and many kindred friends, many endearing ties, their birth-place, and homes of their sunny childhood, to traverse the wild, tempestuous ocean, enduring great hardships and privations, in search of a home that they could enjoy in peace, quiet and safety from the grinding heel of tyranny and oppression, the rights of good citizens without fear of the dungeon, the rack or burning at the stake. They were intent on building a church, a state, a government upon a basis of equality where they might worship as well as dwell in peace, and undisturbed from the cares and perplexities of a wicked and perverse nation of tyrants, who persecuted in the most horrible manner, those who embraced the Christian faith in a manner they considered in accordance with the law of order, good taste and the will of God. On the 22d of July, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers, under Brewster, leave Holland, and England the 6th of September in the *Mayflower*. Sight of land 7th of November, moor their craft in Cape Cod Harbor and adopt a constitution November 9th; coast for a landing place; repel an attack of Indians, and finally land at Plymouth Rock December 21st, one hundred and one souls in all, one having been accidentally drowned. John Carver was elected Governor over the little colony; they at once set out to build themselves homes in the forests of wild New England. The following winter was extremely severe, and one-half of the number perished from

cold and hardship before spring. In March, 1621, the Pilgrims made a treaty of amity with the Pokanokets under Massasoit. Governor Carver dies April 5th, and William Bradford is elected Governor in his place. The Indians became restless soon after the treaty was made, and as the colony increased in numbers, their jealousy increased, and at length they became troublesome and began to harass the settlers, which the whites bore with remarkable fortitude. History tells of the long suffering during the first settlement of our country; the many hardships the people endured; of the many white men, women and children who fell victims to the barbarity of the red men of the forest, who, with the tomahawk and scalping knife, spared none; the stalwart white man, the aged, the innocent child on its mother's breast, as well as the helpless mother, fell alike victims to an unrelenting and barbarious foe. All this and a thousand other hardships were suffered, but with untiring zeal, and a hope in a prospect of a brighter future they struggled on in their undertaking to secure a peaceful and happy home for themselves and their posterity, where they might enjoy their rights and their privileges of self rule, and their own mode of worship without molestation. They established a government on a principle of self government; a principle of reform; in other words, a government by the people and of themselves. They sought a home in a far-off land, where every man was his own keeper, and every woman regarded with respect and equality, where they needed no protec-

tion from slavish masters, and were not compelled to bow down and worship idols. They come with pure motives, with sole intent of enjoying future homes in a land of freedom, whose laws were equally made to govern all alike, the rich and poor, the black and white, the great and small, whose declarations of the people were: "All men were created equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights, where crime should be punishable by just laws, and should not go unpunished when proved guilty." After long and perilous hardships in a strange and wild country, a wilderness beset with ferocious beasts, and what was still more unpleasant and dangerous, the forests swarming with natives of a dangerous and barbarous nature, thus, the people struggled on between hope and fear; years of perplexity, cares and hardships, were endured by the people who risked their lives and staked their fortunes in their ventures to obtain homes in a country free from despotism, oppression and crime. At length the morning of the day of liberty dawned; the years of hardship had passed, the fields were teeming with fruit, flowers and grain, the beautiful sunshine poured in upon our broad fields, the rain descended in copious showers, the wild beasts were subdued, and the wild and barbarous Indian had succumbed to the rulers of the precincts of civilization, or retired to the haunts of the hunting grounds in the far-off distance, to supply us with furs and robes to protect us from the northern winter's blast. Everything moves on in accordance with the wishes of the



people, the far-off country, the childhood home of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, had reached out a helping hand during the struggle for protection against the barbarous foe in the wilds of America. England, who had long since fostered an interest on the American Continent, at length began to grind the people with the heel of tyranny and oppression. Becoming jealous of her rival country she sought to cripple our commerce, arrest the wheels of progress, and drive the American people into subjection to the British crown. Our forefathers saw the dilemma in which the current was drawing them. Again they declared they were a free people, and they would maintain their freedom even at the point of the bayonet, or the roaring cannon's mouth. Hence the Revolutionary war of 1776, that severed all ties of relationship and subjection to the crown of the British Lion. Seven years of war, pestilence and famine, hung like a dark cloud over the American people, but faithful to the cause of liberty, they struggled on, fought, bled and conquered. Thus once more the yoke of oppression and chains of tyranny were thrown from our people, and America stood upon a foundation in equality with nations of the world. They framed their own constitution, made their own laws, and made them just and wise; they enacted laws to protect the people, and punish the criminal, the people themselves were their own rulers; whatever the will of the people was the law of the land. Under laws of equality our country flourished and became a nation that was one of the best



upon which the sun ever shone. Nations abroad looked upon us with wonder and admiration, acknowledging us to be one of the greatest nations of the globe. The eagle was placed upon the dome of our capitol as an emblem of liberty. Our laws were considered wise and judiciously executed, with the exception that the stigma of African slavery existed within our borders. But after years of suffering, carnage, devastation, and the sacrifice of thousands of lives in a bloody, inland war, slavery was wiped from our statutes, and the bird of liberty screamed in its wildest notes of ecstasy from every corner of the land, freedom for the white man, freedom for the colored man, freedom for all. The standard of liberty was fully established and firmly planted on American soil, the American eagle perched high upon its uppermost branches, while the flag of freedom from its lofty standard spread out its folds upon the gentle breeze to shade in sunshine and shelter in storm, all who claim protection beneath its sacred folds. Such was the victory achieved, for which many noble sons of freedom and lovers of liberty had laid down their lives upon the battle-field to purchase. Many of our forefathers, and many of our brothers and sons have fought, bled and died to purchase liberty for us to enjoy. Our lips cannot give utterance to our feelings as we pen these lines sacred to the memory of the heroes who have fallen martyrs to the cause of freedom. Many friends, many fathers, many mothers, many wives made widows, many orphans have been left to mourn the loss

of their loved ones, but alas! there is no return. They laid their lives upon their country's altar, and have fallen a sacrifice to liberty. Now the question arises shall we maintain that liberty, that freedom which has cost so much? It has cost millions upon the back of millions in wealth, besides the severe tortures, and suffering and hardships, and what is more cruel, the loss of so many lives that have been sacrificed to make this a great and glorious nation, and its citizens a free and happy people. The question is left with the people to decide. But before a decision is rendered let us look carefully into the face of the facts of the case and see how stands the matter of freedom vs. tyranny? Our country may be all right, but how about its people? Is that freedom, that liberty, for which so many noble sons have laid down their lives, enjoyed by the people? We answer, no! The rum power, the whiskey monopoly, the wine makers and grape growers' association, and the malters' and brewers' combination has grown to that strength and extent, that it has become a mighty host and tyrannical power in our government, and in enacting and executing our laws. The people have but little to say in regard to making and enforcing the laws, save in an indirect way. Of course, we must admit that the drinker of ardent spirits has quite a little to do in the matter of making laws, for with the manufacturer and rum-seller they are silent partners, and the company's charter is not limited either. The company does the business, and, the responsibility not being limited, the silent

partner pays the liabilities, and thus the drinks contribute the funds to run the government and the rumseller and manufacturer have their own way to run the government, and the drinker settles the whole bill without one word to say in the matter of government. Thus the drinker is held by the fascinating cords of the rum-seller's influence to pay the cost of legislating in favor of high license, and then pay the extra rise on the article itself in consequence of the high tariff for settling. That is not all, the wives and children of the rum and beer drinker become silent partners in the scheme, their husbands and fathers spend their last nickel or dime in contributing to the whisky ring, robbing their families of what is justly their own, and they have nothing to say. They too are silent partners, with their business entrusted to their husbands as their agents, who squander what belongs to them, leaving them to starve, and yet they have no voice in making our laws, but pay dearly for them, that their means of support has gone to help the rum power enact, besides bringing the drinking husband and father to a drunkard's grave and their families to pauperism. How do you like the unlimited company you belong to, who leaves you responsible for the liabilities, and yet a silent partner, no voice in the matter whatever. Do you ever think of this, you who drink? Do you ever think that you are supporting the rum-seller, with his fine clothes on, his soft white hands, upon which glistens the diamond ring which you have bought with your hard earned wages,

and then do you think of the wife and children at your own home, without a second dress for a change or shoes for their feet, and scarcely bread to keep the wolf from the door. Will you be a silent partner in an unlimited company any longer? Will you compel your wife and children to be silent partners in such a company, who cares nothing for your welfare, nothing for the welfare of the tender and loved ones of your home, cares nothing for the welfare of the nation to which you help make up, if only their design is accomplished, their own selfish end is secured, and their coffers well filled with the earnings of the workingmen, women and children. Will you do it? Did you ever think of this before dear reader? If not, think of it now, now is the time. Now! you cannot go back to the past, for the past can never be recalled. Wait not for a more convenient season, now is the time. We repeat it, did you ever think over the matter? That, being a drinker of ardent spirits, you become a silent partner in the business. Now stop right here and consider what the business amounts to that you have become a silent partner in, without authority to say one word in connection with running the business, only as fast as you get a dime, or even a nickel, you must pay your dues, or you are no longer a partner, and yet you have no voice. The business amounts to just this: It makes the rum-seller rich, the rum drinker poor; it supports the rum-seller's family in luxury, the rum drinker's family in poverty; it puts fine clothes on the backs of rum-seller's

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wife and children, rags on those of the drinker ; it gives the rum-seller's family a fine house wherein to dwell, the drinker's family a shanty ; it causes more crime and supports it than all other known sources ; it causes insanity, and fills our county houses with paupers ; it builds distilleries and breweries for the rich manufacturers, and the poor unfortunate drinker pays for them ; in fact, to use the vulgar expression, it makes galoots of nearly all who make, buy, sell or use the burning compound, and burning it is. It burns the clothes from the backs of the drinker and his family, and it burns the stomach, the system, the body and soul. It also makes thousands of homes desolate and destitute ; it takes the bright smiles that once hung around promiscuously upon the faces of family ; the father, the mother, the children's faces are all devoid of the sunny smiles that once glowed with happiness and contentment ; it fills the world with dishonorable actions and the people with discontent ; it stops not alone at the cabin or cottage, but often fills the mansion with discontent, and the hearts of its inmates with gloom and sadness. Brawls and disturbances are bred through its influence ; it is a constant companion of the rioter. What idea can any fair minded man form than to acknowledge that he is as well a silent partner to crime as well as to the whisky ring, when he does not cease to support the traffic wherein there lies so much evil and is the parent to all crime. Five hundred and ten millions of dollars pays for bread which the fifty millions of people in the



United States consume in one year, while the drink expense of the same people for the same length of time, amounts to nine hundred and seventy-six millions of dollars, and will be the result if there is no change in the program of the rum traffic, for by a careful estimate during the next twenty-five years the population on this continent will amount to one hundred million, and at the close of a century from now, there will be at least three hundred million people in the United States. Let me ask what is to be the character of that population?

You cannot shirk the responsibility, nor can I shirk it. Columbus, two hours before midnight, said to Pedro Gutierrez: "Look, look! See the light on the shore; that must be a continent!" He saw his greatest hopes were about to be realized, he saw the dawn of a new era in the glory of a living name, his great anxiety for fame was about to be realized; then the greatest spark of his ambition was kindled into a flame that spread lustre about him, giving him a name that shall live in the hearts of the American people while the American continent shall exist. Oh! that some Columbus might arise to foretell the dawn of a new era in the history of the American people. There must be lights placed along the shore or the ship of State must eventually strand on the rocks of intemperance. Our government is in a quandary over the liquor question; one class of its people seems to be trying to barricade the traffic by a high license law, while another would be satisfied with the trade on a free basis, while a third section



wishes the manufacture and sale of the abominable, hellish, damnable stuff banished from our institutions altogether, that our country may be rid of the basis and foundation of universal crime and our statutes be untarnished, unstained and unspotted by the sanction of the sale of the unholy poison in our land. 'Tis a blot upon our good name. Yes! it is a blot upon the fame of the boasted "free America."

## CHAPTER X.

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Now comes the struggle for freedom. Which shall win, right or wrong? The standard of truth and justice is planted on American soil. Shall it take root and grow, or shall it be smothered by the seeds of dissension and rum, the curse of the world? There are two sides to the question—right or wrong, home or hotel, school-house or saloon, liberty or despotism, freedom or slavery, drunkenness or sobriety, life or death. Which will you choose? Make your choice to-day. O, friends, let your brain be unmuddled by rum, and make your choice to-day; assist to cultivate the standard of liberty, truth and justice, and hoist the flag of freedom to its highest pinnacle in behalf of suffering humanity, and trample the standard of error and crime beneath your feet. Put it down, down! trailing in the dust never to rise again. Let the glorious sunshine of peace and prosperity of a sober people fill the hearts of the nation, and show to nations abroad that the people of America are in earnest concerning the welfare of their country and the interest of the whole people, and

also that they mean the banishment of the last vestige of intoxicating drink from our soil, and that those who have left their homes across the seas and embarked in the liquor business shall find some other employment more respectable, or return to their native land and deal out the fluid poison to their own countrymen in their native climate, where they were endowed with the principle of selling that which does no one any good, but many much harm, for we find in viewing the statistics that nine-tenths of the licenses granted in the United States are held by foreigners, and we do not hold them morally responsible, any more than the officers who grant the licenses; and still there is another class in existence who are far more responsible in a moral sense than either of the former. That class is the Christian people, of any or all parties, who elect men to office who favor the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drink in any form and then retire to their homes and offer up long and eloquent prayers for the cause of temperance and those who are the sufferers from the effects of rum. Such milk-and-water temperance people as these would freeze up in July, only for the barrel of cider or demijohn of whiskey in their cellar to keep up the fever heat in the circulation of their actions. Altogether too thin! Vote as you pray, or else drop one or the other. Be honest, and show your colors; be a man or a monkey; either a friend or a foe. Which side are you on? If you are not certain, open your Bible and read these words: "Woe unto him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also." *Read and reflect.*

We shall now enter into the summing up how matters stand in relation to the number of licenses granted in the United States, the nationality of the holders, the standard of their characters, their sex, etc.; also the number of State prisons, penitentiaries, county prisons, insane asylums, poor-houses, the number of convicts, inmates of asylums, and paupers; also the cost of building the prisons, asylums and poor-houses, and the cost to maintain the occupants, the cost of the criminal courts, besides the suffering that cannot be computed by numbers. In New York State and county prisons the number of convicts and inmates, sentenced and awaiting sentence, now exceeds eight thousand. The cost of keeping eight thousand for board alone for one year, at three dollars a week, amounts to one million, two hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars. We will say nothing of clothing furnished; but an estimation of the cost in the courts of trying each criminal at the paltry sum of thirty dollars each amounts to but a trifle less than a quarter of a million, and one million is a light estimate for paying the officials and under-officers who superintend these prisons. Footing up, we find two and a quarter millions expended, besides incidental expenses for preliminaries and postponements of trials, to which there seems no end, and nine cases out of every ten can be cited back to their commission of crime while the perpetrators were under the influence of liquor.

Besides the two and a quarter millions expended in New York State, outside of the cities of New York and Brook-

lyn, caring for the criminal branch, there comes on the list the insane and the paupers, which costs the people nearly two millions more. *Farmers, pay your taxes, grumbling.* If you have been voting in favor of selling strong drink, stop your fault-finding, for you have helped the business on that is a curse to the nation, to our whole people, a curse to society, a curse to individuals, a curse to the taxpayer, and above all, a curse to the drinker and his family, and you, voters and taxpayers, must pay the bill. Then, in addition to the four and a quarter millions annually for you to pay, look at the enormous expenditure and cost of building our State prisons, county jails, asylums and county poor-houses; and we have not taken into consideration the paying of the keepers of the asylums and poor-houses, who have all got to be paid from the taxes collected from your hard earnings, while by the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread. But let me say to you, work on, toil on! the taxes must be paid, and you must pay them; if you would make the burden lighter, you must throw it from your own shoulders by your ballots. Many of our tax-payers never even stop to consider the cause of the heavy drainage upon them by way of taxes, and yet they are voting it upon themselves, not because they are drunkards, but because they like the privilege of taking "a little suthin" on a cold day, or on a hot day, or on a stormy day, or when the day arrives to wash sheep, when they send the hired man into the water to wash the sheep. So it is with many. They claim as an excuse, a little once

in a while does them a little good, forgetting that in voting for license for the sake of getting that little, they help to set it before thousands who will not be satisfied with a little, but indulge in its constant use and abuse, whereby they ruin themselves and their families, and bring their families to poverty, want and beggary; they at last become subjects of charity and the poor-house, hence the tax-payer must suffer the penalty of his transgression by *helping to foot the bill*. And then, when we take into consideration the enormous amount of ninety-six millions of dollars that is paid out for strong drink in one year in the State of New York, is it at all strange that there is so much drunkenness, misery, want, poverty and crime, which comes in addition to the heavy taxes to foot the bill. Who foots it? The tax-payer. Then grumble. The State of Pennsylvania is not far behind the Empire State. The liquor bill of the Keystone State amounts to seventy-eight million dollars, besides what the moonshiners smuggle into the market, which, if I am correctly informed, is no small amount. Ohio and Michigan come next in rank in the liquor traffic, as well as in furnishing criminals, convicts, and subjects for the gallows, for its office work. They, too, furnish their portion of lunatics and paupers, which, as a matter of course, their support must be paid out of the taxes collected from those owning and holding real estate, and those mainly the voting class, such as farmers and mechanics, many of whom are owners and are paying taxes on farms and city property heav-



ily mortgaged. The burden of taxes, or majority of them, falls heavily upon the farmers, while their votes, in addition to the wild and floating vote of the city rummies, carries the elections in favor of the rum traffic and leaves the tax-payer to settle the cost out of his hard-bought wealth, and the politician will laugh in his sleeve and say, "What short-sighted idiots the tax-payers are; they vote away their wealth, vote away their hard-earned money that should be treasured up for old age, when the elasticity of the limbs is gone and with faltering step the aged are tottering upon the brink of their departure." Why! can't you see, dear reader, when the case is so plain a one, that when you vote for license you vote for that which leads to crime and supports it in its every phase. In my opinion, we may as well license crime as to license that which leads directly to it. For behold! when we vote for a license to sell intoxicating drink we are putting the cup to our neighbor's lips to make him drunk, and when he is drunk he becomes reckless and dashes headlong into violations of the law, which is a crime either of a high or low order.

"'But, like misers' gold, when death draws on apace;  
 Like lovers' kiss, when parting is at hand;  
 Like yearning looks that seek a loved one's face,  
 As ebbs the last of life's retreating sand—'  
 So clings the drunkard to the poisoned bowl,  
 And waits some some fairy children to break the spell,  
 But waits too long; at length his ruined soul  
 Sinks down to ruin and a burning hell."

So it is with the moderate drinker, waiting for a better time to leave off taking a social glass with his friends;

but friends flock around him, and they all indulge in a social glass, one after another. At length the party becomes merry; in other words they become drunk, and another golden opportunity of reforming has passed, never to be recalled. From one step to another they are drawn into the stream, the current is accelerated, the vortex of ruin is neared, the thundering of its mighty waters is heard, but alas! too late. There is no retreat; the gulf is in sight, but down, down, they are plunged into the everlasting abyss of ruin. They have met the inevitable fate of the moderate drinking drunkard, the turbid waters have buried them in disgrace, and they leave the tarnished name of a drunkard, as a legacy to their friends, family and kindred. Voters, you are in the same boat. If you are not drinking the poison yourselves, you are voting to set it up before others. For whom are you paving the downward road to drunkenness. You cannot find a convenient time for separating yourselves from the corrupt party to which you have belonged; they are a strong party; you have waited for the time to come, but waited in vain. There is no time like the golden now. If there is any light in you let it shine forth before the world. Though you stand alone others will see the light you hold up, and hasten to flock around it, coming out from the darkness into light. Did you ever sit at an open window in the dusk of evening when every leaf was at rest, when the busy cares of the day were thrown aside, when the cattle upon the hillsides had laid down to their rest,

and the hum of the busy bee was stilled, and watch with care the comparative stillness of the night? Not a sign of any living creature met your view, not the flutter of a wing. The unlighted lamp stands upon the table near you. You hear the light footstep of that loving wife or daughter. Behold, she comes with matches in her hands, and lights the lamp. There is light; quick as thought around that lamp, flutter thousands of insects; they have seen the light and hasten out of darkness. The moral—"Embrace the light and hold it up to the world, and thousands will flock to your assistance." Hold up your light to the rescue of others. Some poor doubting wayfarer may perchance be seeking light, and like many thousands be groping their way in the dark rut of partisanship, only waiting for some one to hold up the light while they are ready to embrace it. If the smallest, the most insignificant insect at the first gleam of light is ready to embrace it, why should not man, the most noble of God's work, fly to the light when held up to them? We will admit there are reasons why, or excuses that people may make, but none based upon a solid foundation. Some see the light and will not embrace it because their deeds are dark and they prefer dark places to conceal them. Others see the light and think they will embrace it in the future, but the time has not quite yet arrived. They think they see in the near future some place of honor awaiting them. Perhaps some lucrative office in their imagination looms up before them, and not until they have met with the re-

verse of disappointment will they turn away from the illusion. Again, others cling like the drowning man to a straw, to party name, regardless of the fact of their ignorance as to political economy, while very many look upon any source of wealth as an object to be sought for, regardless of the consequences, while a few may err in judgment as to what course to pursue in order to relieve the country of the accursed tyrant, "rum," that holds the people in the iron chains of death, and our nation in bondage. Friends to humanity, there is but one way; the way is to seize upon the opportunity of the golden now, and join the army of temperance reform and fight rum in its strongholds through the means we have in our own hands, "the ballot," tear away from party prejudice and strike for the new world, a world of light, a world of peace, a world of happiness. Linger not beneath the dark clouds of misery, want and woe.

## THE GOLDEN NOW.

If you a rich harvest would reap at last,  
Wait not to sow till the seed-time's past.

*Now* is the time; thrust in the plow:

Now is the time the *Golden Now*.

Strike, swordsman, strike! 'tis seed-time now;

Scatter your seed, put in your plow;

The seed-time will not always last;

Scatter your seed ere the seed-time's past.

Strike, blacksmith, strike! while the iron is hot.

The hours fly swift though "you heed them not."

'Tis time to bring your plans about,

Ere the iron is cold, and the fire goes out.

Strike, musician, strike! if you would play  
 The sweetest cords of melody  
 That pour forth like the breath of June;  
 Strike while the harp's in sweetest tune.

Strike, swordsman, strike! there's no time to waste,  
 The foe approaches you in haste;  
 Strike, swordsman, ere your strength is spent,  
 And the sabre through your heart is sent.

Strike, seaman, strike! ere the the furious blast  
 Has torn the canvas from the mast;  
 Strike, seaman, strike! ere the angry waves  
 Have buried you in watery graves.

Strike, oarsman, strike! ere your little boat  
 Shall spring a leak and cease to float;  
 Strike, boatman, strike! bend to your oar,  
 Ere your boat goes down far out from the shore.

Strike, reapers, strike! the ripening grain  
 Cries with shrill voice for valiant men;  
 Seed-time is past, put in the plow,  
 Thrust in your sharpened sickle \*now.

Strike! all you who in sorrow toil,  
 Strike! old and young, sons of the soil;  
 Strike! rich and poor; strike! bond and free,  
 Strike! all; strike now! for liberty.

Strike! all ye toilers of the earth;  
 Strike now for freedom; give joy new birth.  
 Let the news go forth over land and sea,  
*Our banner waves; our land is free.*

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\*"I am not singing the 'Sweet By and By,' but the 'Sweet Now and Now,'"

—*Sam Jones.*

## CHAPTER XI.

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The murder of the Rev. G. C. Haddock, Sioux City, Iowa, March, 1887, may be to the cause of Prohibition what Owen Lovejoy's murder was to abolition of slavery, viz: A joint taken from the backbone of its strength. John Arnsdorf and ten others were charged with the murder of Mr. Haddock. Their names are as follows: John Arnsdorf, the brewer; Paul Leader, Fred Murchrath, Jr., H. L. Sherman, Henry Peters, George Treiber, Louis Plath, the brewery driver; H. L. Leavitt, Albert Koshnitzki, alias, "Bismark;" Sylvester Grande, alias, "Steamboat Charley;" Peters, Treiber and Plath fled from the city soon after the murder, and are still fugitives. Koshnitzki, Leavitt and Grande also absconded, but were arrested and brought back. All confessed, and all named Arnsdorf as the one who killed Dr. Haddock.

The murder of Rev. George C. Haddock, Pastor of the Methodist Church of Sioux City, made him a martyr, and the temperance crusade was considered from that moment a righteous cause. The crime was to Prohibition what the



assassination of Lovejoy was to abolition in 1856. The Sioux City pastor's contention was for the vindication of the law, he being at the time actively engaged in getting evidence against the saloon-keepers. Sioux City, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was considered the most lawless of any in Iowa, and men had flocked there with no other intention than of being better entrenched in their nefarious business of liquor selling, than they would be anywhere else. The first commercial industry of the city was whisky selling. Probably no State in the Union has such a rigorous enforcing clause as that in the Prohibitory statute of Iowa. Anyone, even a stranger, can file information against a saloon and the court is required to issue an injunction against that saloon. The Prohibitionists had been working at a disadvantage, because few men would engage in the business of informing, and the organization was obliged to depend upon the women. When the Rev. George C. Haddock heard of this, he immediately wrote to the League that he would enter the field as informer. Haddock was fifty-eight years old, and rough knocks had made him an athlete, and he was fearless as a lion. He had taken active part in the Prohibition fight in Wisconsin, and was once assaulted there by a mob and left in the street terribly wounded. He afterwards spoke again in the same place and defied his assailants, but was unmolested. He was deposed from his pulpit at Fort Dodge, Iowa, in supporting Cleveland for President, and he then went to Sioux City. When he entered upon the

work of informing against saloons he alarmed the dealers by his vigorous work, and the number of informations filed was soon double what it had been. He was threatened, but he went ahead without flinching.

Dr. Haddock was killed on the night of August 3d, on a street corner in Sioux City, about two blocks from Jung's saloon, where it is alleged the ten men met and formed the conspiracy to take his life. It was near where the Doctor kept his horse. He had been riding that evening and having put up his horse he started for his home. On the corner in the shadow of a high fence that surrounded a vacant lot, were the men to compass his assassination. The names are given above of those who met the Doctor and committed the deed. Doctor Haddock turned the corner into the murderous ambush. Arnsdorf put his hand in his pocket and walked out to meet the Doctor. He stepped to the left side of the minister, but Haddock was on the alert and turned suddenly. At that instant there was the sharp crack of a pistol shot, and with a groan the Doctor fell to the pavement. The ball had entered back of and just below the right ear. Haddock died almost instantly. Harry L. Leavitt, one of the men jointly indicted with him for the murder, confessed that he saw Arnsdorf fire the fatal shot. The jury, however, rendered a verdict of acquittal as to all the persons accused. A whisky-bought jury will convict or acquit according as instructed, any criminal, no matter of what magnitude the crime may be, whether proved guilty or innocent.

My God, has our country come to this? An enlightened land, a Republican form of government. What! A land of churches and a Christian people. Men and women who pray long, loud and earnestly for God and the Savior of the world, and upon which hangs the salvation of your eternal lives, to send the influence of His holy spirit from His heavenly courts to drive the sin-cursed stain of rum from our own fair land. Will you, will you, vote with the old parties, who are striving to barricade the liquor traffic to that degree that no legislative body can disturb or prohibit? What care you for old party schemes, when the liberty of our country, the freedom of our nation, and the welfare, peace and happiness of our families and the future generations are at stake?

## THE DEMON OF WOE.

“ There’s a terrible demon lurking around,  
And he scatters abroad the seeds of death ;  
And millions of slaves in thralldom bound,  
Crazed with the fumes of his poisoned breath ;  
For the demon laughs while his victims rave,  
’Ere he tumbles their carcasses into the grave.

“ In the dens of pollution, dishonor and shame,  
The madhouse, the almshouse, the pesthouse, the jail,  
Myriads are rotting—have bartered their name,  
And sold to the demon both body and soul ;  
And even in mansions of splendor sublime,  
He revels in glee mid corruption and crime.

“ He plucks from the cheek of fair beauty the rose,  
And he mildews the heart that was good ;

Where peace once was smiling there's discord and woes,  
 Want, destruction, and rapine and shedding of blood;  
 Though array'd in the city in glitter and glare,  
 To poor orphans he brings the sad wail of despair.

“ He roams far out on the trackless main,  
 And spreads death and calamity there;  
 He fires with madness the captain's brain,  
 Then down goes the ship amid black despair;  
 And the mariners brave in oblivion sleep,  
 And their white bones lie on the bed of the deep.

“ Thousands are prostrate and bound by his spell,  
 And grief to the depths of affliction is stirred,  
 Beauty, manhood, learning and valor have fell,  
 And the ravings of madness around us are heard;  
 And the terrible monster whose deeds thus appal,  
 Is the demon of hell, called alcohol ! ”

At Dayton, Ohio, George Zeigler, a middle-aged man, on the offer of one Alexander, attempted to drink all the whisky the latter could pay for. Zeigler took twenty-two drinks in a comparatively short time, from the effect of which he died in a few hours. Thus there are many, very many who die in the same condition, leaving

#### A DRUNKARD'S WILL.

I die a wretched sinner, and I leave to the world a worthless reputation, a wicked example, and a memory that is only fit to perish. I leave to my parents, sorrow and bitterness of soul all the days of their lives. I leave to my brothers and sisters, shame and grief and the reproach of their acquaintances. I leave my wife a widow and broken heart, and a life of lonely struggling with

want and suffering. I leave to my children a tainted name, a ruined position, a pitiful ignorance, and the mortifying recollection of a father who, by his life, disgraced humanity, and at his premature death, joined the great company of those who are never to enter the kingdom of peace and restfulness.

Christian people, when you kneel, don't forget to pray for God to speed the temperance ball, then vote that way.

THEY'RE GOOD FELLOWS, ONLY THEY DRINK."

" Upon the dark sea of intemperance  
 How many sad wrecks we deplore ;  
 Our barks that from energy's harbor,  
 The hopes of futurity bore.  
 How many a shallop of promise  
 Has gone to that terrible brink ;  
 How often we hear the expression,  
 ' They're good fellows, only they drink.'

" I know a young man—perhaps you do,  
 A young man of family and pride,  
 Who now and then loses his balance,  
 And leans to the staggery side.  
 Society knows his offenses,  
 But at them benignantly winks,  
 And says in a whisper of pity,  
 ' He's a good fellow, only he drinks.'

" Of course she will have to renounce him,  
 Her duty is pointed, though sad ;  
 But then she will always feel sorry  
 To see him go on ' to the bad.'  
 She always will mourn for his downfall,  
 As lower and lower he sinks,

And say with expressive emotion,  
    'He's a good fellow, only he drinks.'  
"Just glance at the toppers around you,  
    And see if you cannot descry  
Among them a few who were moulded  
    For something more noble and high.  
To speak to your neighbors about them,  
    They'll tell you at once what they think,  
'We're sorry for Joe and for Harry,  
    They're nice fellows, only they drink.'  
"Alas! for our best and our bravest,  
    The snare of the tempter is wide,  
And many will fall who are gifted  
    By nature to govern and guide.  
The agents of darkness are near us,  
    With hearts that are blacker than ink,  
Forever enticing and luring,  
    Our 'good fellows' downward to drink.  
"Then let me implore you, my brothers,  
    To take a more resolute stand;  
'Tis time we were striving in earnest  
    To banish this curse from our land.  
O let us be bold in this warfare,  
    Nor from our great principles shrink,  
Till rum is forever abolished,  
    And none of our 'good fellows drink.'"



## CHAPTER XII.

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There was a time in the history of our beloved America when the office of the man chosen by the people to frame our laws and execute them, sought the man to fill the place. Men who felt themselves unfit or incompetent to perform their tasks with the ability to fill a place of trust in a wise and judicious manner, declined with honor to accept the position tendered them. Time has brought a change. The office no longer seeks the man to take the highest position in State and nation, but men, from the highest to the lowest grade in society, are garbling over the places to fill, regardless of their fitness to enact or administer the laws to govern the whole people. Salaries have been raised ridiculously high, hence a scramble for the office, and the race is run with slang, money and corruption. Many have their price without regard to honor, justice, liberty or the shame that ever hangs around the traitor. They will barter away the rights of their constituents, and sell into thralldom the rights and liberty of the the whole people.

Readers of this work, let me say to you, we want men to fill our halls of legislation and the benches of our judicial courts, as well as our offices of execution, who will not trample upon the rights of the laboring class and favor the greedy millionaire. We want men who will stand firm to the principles laid down in the platform upon which they are elected; men who cannot be swayed from principle by the influence of corrupt gold. We want brave men; men who dare to battle with opposition, when opposition is corrupt. We want men who dare mount the war-horse and ride to fame, to glory, to liberty or to death; men who will move on in one massive column, like the sweeping waters of the mighty river that cannot be held in check. Then we may look for victory, and victory once achieved, our country is safe. What if every saloon in the United States, and every other place where liquor is sold or given away for drinking purposes, could be closed and kept closed for one year, can any man estimate the advantage that would result both to the laboring men and the capitalists? The closing up of these drinking holes would be a saving to the laboring men of this country of not less than \$500,000,000 every year, for that is the amount, according to the most reliable statistics, the laboring men spend annually for intoxicating drinks. The saving of this \$500,000,000 to the laboring men would certainly greatly improve the condition of the men and their families. It would not only relieve them from the physical and moral effects caused by drink and drunken-

ness, but it would add to their homes many of the comforts and conveniences of which they are now deprived. It would give them more wholesome food, better clothes, and good homes, instead of hovels, to live in. The effect on capitalists and manufacturers would be equally relieved. Stagnation in trade would give way to activity. Idle capital, which has for so long a time been stored away in bank vaults, would find investment. Prices of labor and the products would be improved.

The following is a document laid down in a medical work written by John C. Gunn, M. D., author of "Gunn's Domestic Medicine."

"Children take more of the mental constitution and temperament of the father than of the mother. And that the physical constitution is derived from, or controlled almost exclusively by, the mother, appears, from close observation, to be fully evident. Hence, we may properly reason, and I, from a long experience in practice, know it to be true, that if a father be dull, heavy and stupid habitually, from the effects of liquor, or even at the time of generation, the child will partake of his mental temperament to a greater or less degree. I will here quote one or two facts in elucidation of my opinion. Some years ago I was the attending physician of a gentleman in Virginia, who occupied a distinguished office [under the government, was highly respected, and belonged, as a common phrase expresses it, to 'one of the first families of Virginia.' He married a lady of twenty-two years of age, inheriting from



DILAPIDATED HOME—RUINED.

ASYLUM—MOTHER ENTERS.

Listen while I plead for the disconsolate mother who is now entering the home of the lunatic, the hapless orphan, and the broken hearted and distracted wife. I come with tears of distracted love, and the anguish of the wounded heart, pleading in behalf of suffering virtue abandoned for revel and riot. This bad habit is distinguished from all others by the ravages it makes on the reason, faculties and intellect. Multitudes of people are bereft of half their intellectual energy, by indulgence in the drinking habit, and thousands of wives and mothers are driven to insanity by cruel treatment caused by the intoxicating cup. It devours and wastes the vitality of the most powerful; and de-thrones the reason of thousands. Never drink it, and it never will harm you! There's poison in the flowing bowl; there's danger in the rum-cask! Death and destruction follow closely in their wake! "Touch it not!"



both her parents a most vigorous constitution, combined with great personal beauty, but dull mental temperament. Her husband was thirteen years her senior, and also blessed with perfect health, and possessed all the qualifications of a gentleman, save one, sobriety; for he was a periodical drunkard. This propensity he inherited from his father. His ungovernable thirst for alcoholic stimulants, or monomania, (for in truth it might be called such,) generally occurred every nine months, and the approach of this peculiar susceptibility usually produced a most depressed state of mind. How often has he exclaimed, as strongly impressed with the belief that the result would be fatal, ' Worlds would I give, if I possessed them, if I could get rid of this influence—this morbid thirst for liquor—this poison of hell; but, alas! I have no power to resist it.' Overcome by this instinctive impulse of the mind, he would take his jug of whiskey to his room and there drink to excess, until a general exhaustion of the whole nervous system took place, or until delirium tremens was the consequence. I have seen him suffer frequently in the convulsive spasms until the perspiration would start from every pore, until nature was overcome by these terrible paroxysms, and the enfeebled sufferer sink into madness from a diseased state of the brain. It was not uncommon of him to solicit restraint on perceiving a tendency to the recurrence of such a mania, rather than to expose those he loved to the risk of being injured. A breath of air, or a ray of sunlight, a



motion, a sound, or the sight of any object, would excite the fiercest convulsions. How often I have heard him make the most solemn promises to his wife of entire reformation. Again and again I have seen this talented and kind-hearted man bowed for days to the very earth, under a sense of this transgression. But, alas! after recovery, he went forth to commit the same sin. And yet, in this terrific disease he would often exclaim: 'Blessed Savior, take this cup of affliction from me and let me sit at thy feet, clothed in my right mind! Cast out this demon which I cannot subdue! O God, give me power by faith to overcome this temptation, this dreadful propensity, this thirst for liquor.' In proof of the consequences of this unnatural indulgence in liquor and injurious effects of his intemperance, his wife bore unto him three children; the first was sickly and weak, weighing only two pounds at birth, which lived but a few weeks; the second, a female, born an idiot, in a lunatic asylum. At the time of the writing of the history of the case, the third, a son, who at the age of fifteen became, like his father, a periodical drunkard, licentious and reckless, indulgent in all his appetites and devoted to liquor to a degree almost unparalleled."

The Doctor says: "I was present at the birth of these three children."

Now, is not this strong evidence that the father stamped his character upon his children most perfectly? Then look at the subject in its true light and see how

many pure-hearted and lovely women have drooped in spirits and health and their happiness been destroyed, when they have learned, too late, that they have been united to a drunkard, or a profligate and licentious man. Prosperity may shower its bright gifts on man; wealth and art may combine to beautify and embellish his habitation; science and literature may elevate his understanding and refine his taste; the good and the great may court his society; he may be exalted to the highest place in the gift of his countrymen; of what avail are all these advantages, if his home presents a scene of corroding anxiety or humiliating mortification, caused by feeble, sickly, or inefficient and badly organized children? Not until the public mind is fully awakened to the importance of the laws which govern a healthy action of mind and body, and also the hereditary descent of intellectual and moral qualities, can domestic happiness be predicted to a moral certainty, or approximate a more perfect state. That order and law govern all matter, animate and inanimate, is too well established to admit of a doubt. Shall it, then, be said that so important a subject as the physical and mental constitution of our children is a mere matter of chance, the only department of creation not subject to fixed and invariable laws? Every just appreciation of the wisdom and goodness of a beneficent creator forbid it! The law is irrevocable; on the heads of the transgressor follows the punishment. It is written, "The sins of the parent shall visit the children." Then how essential that

the father, as well as the mother, be pure in thought and free from vice, as they have so strong an influence upon the disposition and temperament of unborn generations. Why, then, should parents, who profess the highest motives and affection for their children, not reflect on the dreadful consequence of conferring on their offspring this inheritable vice, intemperance. The parent who yields to this habit may undoubtedly confer, in many instances, a desire which may be easily called into action by circumstances or an impulsive feeling, which wars against reason and even a consciousness that it is wrong.

Coleridge said that the history of man preceding his birth would probably be far more interesting, and contain events of greater moment than all that follow it. The ground work of all history is laid in embryo, and the seeds of evil there begin to take root, and to vegetate in a genial soil long before they open their leaves to the sky. We cannot aim too highly, nor hope too ardently, since the largeness of God's promises is proportioned to his own power to bestow, and man's capacity to receive; and, therefore, the prospects of the confiding spirit are as bright as heaven and as boundless as eternity.

There are many, very many cases of regret. Too often it comes to us too late. When health is lost, honor is gone, lives have perished, friends have fled, companions have sunk down under the burden of despair and died.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other earthly bereavements are trifling. The wife, she who fills so large

a space in the domestic heaven ; she who is busied, so unwearied in laboring for the precious ones around her—bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside the coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above that sweet form, save those your hand may have unintentionally planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your utmost light. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is gone. The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals of the grave. The heart whose very beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from her petals, that the verdure around her grave may be kept green and beautiful. Many a husband may read this in the silence of a broken home. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no dear face to look up into the eye of love, no trembling lips to murmur the kindest feelings of the heart. Ah ! how sad, how lonely you feel for the idol of your heart. The little one whose nest death has rifled, gazes in wonder at your solemn face, puts up its tiny hands to stay the tears, and then nestles back to its father's breast, half conscious that the wing that sheltered it most fondly is broken forever.

### CHAPTER XIII.

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When we cast our eyes back through the dim arch of the past, and recall to mind our warmest friends, we are led to inquire, "Where are they now?" Ours is an immortal friendship, for it rests on an imperishable basis. It is not only union so long as we travel together, but union, too, in our everlasting rest.

Dear reader, think candidly of the matter, think of the cruelty that is brought about through the imprudent and careless use of intoxicating drink. It is an evil that destroys thousands of human beings every year and should be banished from our land and that speedily. Think of the wives it has made widows, children orphans, and maniacs of many among all classes and of all ages. It fills our asylums with lunatics and our prisons with convicts and furnishes the gallows with subjects for its office work; it brings starvation, want and beggary in thousands of families where peace and plenty once reigned.

We again declare, "Rum and its allies are the basis and platform of universal crime." They are the corrupt-



ing influences in society, in politics and in our legislatures. They are the illusions that draw the youth of the land into the fatal snare of intemperance, step by step, under the bewitching smiles of intrigue which the rum-seller dons; the dazzling glare of the rum-bottle, with its sparkling contents; the streaming rays of the polished mirror flashing its brilliant light upon the imagination like gliding phantoms on the wall. It only reminds us that all these lift the youthful spirit higher, that the fall may be more effective.

## THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,  
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;  
One was ruddy and red as blood,  
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.  
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:  
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;  
I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,  
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth  
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight;  
Then I was king for I ruled in might.  
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,  
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;  
I have blasted many an honest name;  
I have taken virtue and given shame;  
I have tempted the mouth with a sip, a taste,  
That has made his future a barren waste.  
Far greater than a king am I,  
Or any army beneath the sky.  
I have made the arm of the driver fail,  
I have sent the train from the iron rail;



I have made good ships go down at sea,  
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me ;  
For they said, ' behold how great you be !  
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,  
And your might and power are over all.'  
"Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,  
" Can you boast of deeds as great as mine ?"  
Said the water glass, " I cannot boast  
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host ;  
But I can tell of a heart once sad,  
By my crystal drops made light and glad ;  
Of thirsts I've quenched, and brows I've laved ;  
Of hands I've cooled, and souls I have saved ;  
I have leaped through the valley and dashed down the mountain,  
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,  
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.  
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,  
I have made the parched meadow grow fertile with grain ;  
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,  
That ground out the flour and turned at my will ;  
I can tell of manhood debased by you,  
That I have lifted and crowned anew ;  
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid ;  
I gladden the heart of man and maid ;  
I set the wine-chained captive free,  
And all are better for knowing me."  
These are the tales they told each other,  
The glass of wine and its pale brother,  
As they sat together, filled to the brim,  
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—Selected.

William Brooks was killed and Joseph Reynolds fatally injured at a church festival, near Louisville, Ky. Some drunken negroes entered the church and provoked a row

with the above result. Everybody knows that the result of strong drink is crime.

We hope our readers will bear in mind the fairness with which we discuss the subject. We do not wish to heap odium upon the heads of our fellow-men. Far from this. It is the principle of the traffic of which we speak, and but few disagree with us upon the subject. Any and all agree that the traffic must be confined to a certain extent. Of course I will agree to that as well; but who can set a limit? We must set limit to the solitary confinement of the criminal. Why? Because the criminal is dangerous. Then we answer the reason why we should confine the liquor question. Because it is a criminal offender, and a dangerous one. We should deal out capital punishment in the fullest extent; hang it, behead it, kill it; it is a murderer. It kills, it devastates, it gnaws the vitals of man, it brutally kills him; it brings ruin, misery, want and misfortune to his family, and it saps the life and vigor from the nation.

When we look over the statistics of the vast amount of wealth that is drawn into the channel of the drink traffic, and the amount of crime, poverty and misery it brings, I am astonished to think that a christian people will tolerate the business for even one year, and say the time has not yet come to tamper with the liquor question. Let me ask, were there a rattlesnake in yon field, would you kill it now, or would you wait until it had bitten all your children and then kill it? Read the above poem and note its truth. Below we give a few facts in figures, which will not lie:

Annual report of the Sheriff of the State of New York for the year ending October 30, 1888. Made to the Secretary of State of the State of New York, pursuant to chapter 728, session laws of 1886. The following is reported:

	Sums Ex- pended for Pris- oners' Board.	Salaries of officers in charge	Medical Attend- ance.	Prison- ers' Cloth- ing.	Beds and Bedding	Light and Fuel	Furni- ture and Repairs
Albany.....	\$13149 50	\$1,700 00	\$259 00	\$4 00	\$631 50	\$1776 50	\$586 86
Allegany.....	1,264 67	54 00	25 00	16 00	8 00	49 00	16 00
Broome.....	3,086 57	351 50	62 00	18 00	11 00	241 45	56 16
Chemung...	5,856 75	603 31	91 50	35 00	82 84	150 00	450 00
Cheungo....	1,589 16	90 75	27 87	50 00	48 50	75 00	4 25
Clinton.....	1,500 00	.....	25 00	25 00	.....	200 00	120 00
Cortland....	533 00	113 25	23 75	8 00	47 00	141 75	4 00
Columbia....	887 25	280 00	100 00	35 38	200 00	250 00	50 00
Delaware....	966 00	66 27	312 00	62 50	15 25	73 75	78 50
Dutchess....	1,800 00	1,140 00	10 50	534 00	150 00	1,200 00	400 00
Erie.....	3,982 15	1,500 00	314 50	.....	441 53	750 00	1,066 23
Essex.....	742 50	25 50	26 75	1 38	16 50	62 00	95 32
Fulton.....	510 00	60 50	25 00	13 00	11 00	275 00	70 00
Genesec....	50 00	50 00	.....	.....	.....	115 00	.....
Greene.....	634 50	40 50	25 00	34 00	15 00	202 00	60 00
Hamilton...	83 50	1 00	269 25	100 00	.....	.....	.....
Herkimer...	2,500 00	84 00	511 00	100 00	35 00	200 00	1000 00
Jefferson....	4,118 56	691 88	270 00	63 15	125 00	375 00	155 00
Kings.....	50,439 69	4,200 00	515 00	1,223 50	214 38	2,333 02	574 62
Livingston..	1,350 50	150 00	400 00	50 00	65 00	200 00	150 00
Montgomery.	1,548 00	524 50	29 50	100 50	140 75	142 00	25 00
Monroe.....	3,281 10	475 50	91 00	105 75	368 95	376 53	605 65
New York...	7,134 43	3,300 00	400 00	.....	700 00	1,068 00	.....
Ontario.....	2,166 01	404 98	29 00	51 00	254 00	346 35	306 03
Orleans.....	750 63	360 00	92 50	34 00	15 00	196 00	15 00
Otsego.....	1,324 59	300 00	44 00	.....	.....	440 00	.....
Putnam.....	430 17	15 07	5 00	47 75	1 60	217 50	36 10
Rockland....	1,064 00	67 50	12 00	32 75	39 00	263 50	3 00
Saratoga....	3,080 00	273 00	50 00	135 00	175 00	45 00	300 00
Schoharie...	928 70	55 74	10 75	26 45	36 71	150 00	.....
Schuyler....	866 62	78 75	21 50	25 00	3 00	15 00	125 00
St. Lawrence.	2,500 00	365 00	36 00	45 00	25 00	425 00	200 00
Seneca.....	311 50	20 50	.....	.....	.....	25 00	10 00
Sullivan....	685 00	22 50	25 00	50 00	39 00	75 00	170 00
Suffolk.....	1,203 39	35 50	25 00	50 60	147 98	105 50	225 90
Tioga.....	1,477 00	309 25	.....	.....	.....	200 00	.....
Tompkins....	937 00	59 75	5 00	17 30	46 20	184 07	130 95
Ulster.....	7,340 37	412 50	350 00	1,332 86	548 50	480 00	.....
Warren.....	208 85	11 25	.....	4 75	6 75	3 00	65 00
Washington..	1,100 16	75 63	20 00	78 37	57 00	242 23	130 00
Wayne.....	1,150 00	422 00	35 00	50 00	60 00	150 00	75 00
Westchester..	6,240 00	1,700 00	628 32	202 00	245 45	635 00	203 82
Wyoming....	655 92	69 00	10 00	18 50	57 36	70 00	81 00
Yates.....	940 00	500 00	104 00	24 70	90 00	237 50	25 00
	132,683 74	21,199 39	5,952 69	4,773 09	3,797 76	15,257 70	5,675 80

We find in figuring up from actual reports from the sheriffs of forty-four counties in the Empire State, that the cost of maintaining the prisoners in those counties amounts to the sum of one hundred and eighty-nine thousand, two hundred and forty dollars and sixteen cents, besides the amount spent in making arrests and the cost of trial. All this in the Empire State, whose motto is *Excelsior*. We compare the figures of the same counties in the year of 1886, and find crime has increased, and the expenses of caring for prisoners has increased to double the amount of those figures, amounting in the last year to three hundred and seventy-eight thousand, four hundred and eighty dollars and thirty-two cents. This is all in a Christian land and rum is the foundation of eight-tenths of all the crime committed, and men are licensed to sell it by a Christian people.

The liquor debt of 1886, in the State of New York, amounted to ninety-six millions of dollars, while that of Pennsylvania was seventy-eight millions of dollars. Ohio, Illinois and Michigan are not far behind, if any, according to their population. While the liquor debt of the United States in 1886 amounted to nine hundred and seventy-six millions, nine hundred and seventy-six thousand, four hundred and nineteen dollars, the cost of maintaining the inmates of the prisons, asylums and poor-houses in the United States would more than buy bread and meat for the population of the United States. While the cost of rum exceeds twice the cost of bread for the American

people, the cost of bread for one year is but an expense of five hundred and six millions of dollars. The money chewed up and smoked out in tobacco in one year in the United States amounts to six hundred millions of dollars.

The number of pounds of tobacco grown in the United States in 1886 was four hundred and sixty-nine millions, eight hundred and sixteen thousand, two hundred and three, while the number of bushels of wheat produced the same year in the United States was but four hundred and fifty-nine millions, four hundred and seventy-nine thousand, five hundred and five. The cost of beef and pork consumed in the United States the same year was but four hundred and forty-five millions of dollars.

Kind reader, could the amount of money paid out for drink be withheld from the traffic, the amount of crime would be lessened, our prisons would not be needed, our poor-houses could be levelled to the earth, our asylums would become measurably vacant, our homes would grow up in thrift and riot and revelry would die out; corruption would be driven from our political parties, our schools would flourish in every quarter of the land, the disturber would not infest our streets; all would meet and move harmoniously together. There would be no shades of sorrow hanging upon the brow of the lonely wife as she watched carefully over the little ones, fearing the approach of her drunken husband, that oft times had promised reform, but was led on by the subtle influence, until the



### STRONG DRINK BROUGHT ME TO THIS !

What will my poor mother do? She always taught me to shun bad company, and above all other places of evil, to keep away from *saloons*, which she declared would inevitably lead young men to ruin, prison and the gallows! Little did I think that I should ever fall a victim to the fell destroyer, and so soon become a subject of the dark and gloomy cell of a prison! But alas! too late. I heeded not her warnings and I was led on from one step to another, an easy victim of dissipation, a graduate in crime, and now enter the home for criminals, behind the bars, and within the dingy walls of State prison. First cider, then beer and whiskey. What then? Conviction of crime! *Strong drink does it every time, there's no escape!*





wife, discouraged and disheartened, had sunk down in despair to die broken-hearted, watching faithfully over her little treasures, till the last gleam of hope had fled forever.

## OUR LAST APPEAL.

Voters of the United States, the time is fast approaching when we shall be called to meet to decide an all important question, one upon which hangs the destiny of our nation and the welfare of its people, and it is for you to turn the scales in favor of justice and liberty, or tip the balance in favor of the reign of terror. Our country is now ruled by the whiskey monopoly. The old parties are arrayed against each other with their banners floating out upon the breeze, each claiming protection. Dear reader, let me ask you, is it protection for the laboring man? Is it protection for the homes of thousands of families that are suffering from the cruel effects of rum? We answer no, it is protection for the tariff of that damnable stuff that makes demons of men and a pandemonium of our halls of legislature, and has already driven the country to the vortex of ruin. Voter, do not be deceived, vote as you pray; the old party organs declare that every vote you cast for a Prohibition candidate is helping the candidate who is in opposition to their policy; it is false. Do not be led by false lights which only draw those that follow them into the pit of corruption and they become lost and all perish in the body politic. Is it not just as good logic to declare they would count for an enemy on

the right or on the left alike? Remember when you are at the ballot box you are fighting for your own flag, your own rights, your own liberties and your own homes, and that all opposers are enemies to the cause you have espoused.

Remember the Republican dodge in the New York Legislature, when asked by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to submit a Prohibition amendment in the State Constitution to the people. For the sake of deceiving the voters to draw them to their support in the coming campaign, they did introduce a bill to that effect; but when the leaders found the bill was liable to find its way through both Houses and go before the people, nineteen of its supporters voted dead against it, defeating the measure by a majority of one only. When they do this, what won't they do to deceive? Voters, do not wait for the Prohibition craft to sail around promiscuously to pick you up; volunteer to man the ship of State with able seamen. She is a staunch vessel and will eventually knock the stuffing out of the rotten hulks of the old party crafts that are floating about without rudder or helm to steer them except the vile scandal that hangs promiscuous at their mast-head. The Prohibition ship is built of sound material. Each plank is of the soundest oak; her spars are of American pine; she is manned by able seamen; her captain and officers are skillful mariners, and the flag she carries at her mast-head is an emblem of liberty, and signifies death to alcohol, and freedom to the Ameri-

can people. Voters, do not offer as an excuse, that you vote with your old party because the Prohibition party is young and feeble, and cannot elect their man. Remember when Christ came to establish his church, He had but a few followers. But soon the little spark was fanned into a blaze, and judaism took a tumble and the fragments are scattered, never again to be rebuilt. The fire of Prohibition is burning to that extent, that the fumes of alcohol shall soon become extinct and shall no more be scented in our land. Let us build the funeral pyre for the fell destroyer that has blighted so many, once happy, American homes. Let us sound the tocsin of war against our most bitter foes, rum and its allies, and fight to the bitter end, until victory has crowned our efforts. Then shall go forth the glorious news throughout the land, and be heard and re-echoed back from the hillsides and valleys, echoing down along the streams and floating on the breeze far out o'er the broad ocean, telling to nations of the globe that rum has taken its everlasting fall, and America is free. Voters, is there not manhood enough about you, to be willing to dispense with the poison that you can do without, and vote against the tariff for the sake of putting the vile stuff out of the reach of those who grasp the fatal cup and swallow its poison contents, with the following words upon their lips :

Wretch that I am how often have I swore  
While rum was sold that I would drink no more;  
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run,  
And see the folly that I cannot shun.

First cider, then beer, winding up with stronger drink, the poor-house, the prison, the gallows and a drunkard's grave, with a criminal's record left for friends to read and reflect over.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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Reader, it is the host of manufacturers and dealers in intoxicating drink that is arrayed against humanity. You will find these the supporters of the dens of vice and immorality, such as the gambler, the harlot, the convict, the politician and the libertine. But the lines are being drawn; purity against corruption; right against wrong. Reader, which side are you on? Now is the time to make your choice. Which will you protect, the rum-seller in his hellish traffic, or the homes of fifty millions of people? Voters, it is for you to decide by your ballot whether you will rivet the shackles of rum and heavy taxes upon the American people, the dangers of crime and infamy upon the people, or banish forever the growing evil, that deep-rooted curse, that blasts the prospects of many a loving wife, and makes desolate many a bright and happy home. Voters, the rum-sellers will tell you it is taking away their rights. We will answer this point by admitting that it *is* taking away their rights to make drunkards of men and paupers of their families. Readers of this work,



I speak through these pages to millions of people, who, by birth and adoption have chosen to live and die on American soil, making it their homes in life, and their eternal resting place in their last long sleep in death. 'Tis the land of their choice, whose broad acres, rich and fertile, stretch out from the Atlantic coast toward the setting sun. Whose climate is salubrious, and whose fields are teeming with fruits, vegetables and grain, used by every civilized nation on the globe. A land whose mountains, valleys and plains are equal in richness of mines to any in the known world. A land possessing resources of self support, independent of the outside world, and in many cases supplying the outside hungry world with bread, beef, bacon and cotton. A land of which we once boasted as being a land of light and liberty; and the voice of the people was the supreme law of the land. A land where the stranger was welcomed to its peaceful shores, and could retire at night without fear of being robbed of what little wealth they possessed, or being hurled into eternity by the cruel hand of the midnight assassin, ere the dawn of morning. A land where locks were not known or needed; a man's word once pledged by him was law; a note once given was a contract not to be broken; a land where the Sabbath was rarely broken, and the young girl was as safe from harm by the ruthless hand of the villain, as the infant in its mother's arms; the sound of honest labor was heard throughout the land wherever the workshop existed; there was nothing known of strikes or riots

among the busy throng of workmen, by dissatisfied, drunken disturbers. Our places of holding elections were considered temples of honor, where men went to deposit their ballots under honest convictions, for honest candidates, electing men who filled places of trust with credit to themselves, and satisfactory to the people whom they represented. In place of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, large factories have found their way to assist in the rapid work of clothing the millions. Vast machine shops have sprung up for manufacturing machinery for gathering the immense quantities of golden grain that spread like a broad ocean in the vast expanse of our cultivated fields. The old, slow and tedious mode of traveling in the stage coach is forgotten in the lightning speed that we are hurled across the continent over the iron rail, drawn by the iron horse that never tires; the old manner of communicating with friends, or in business matter, which consumed weeks of time, now is spoken in as many seconds, the human voice carried from shore to shore with the velocity of lightning itself; our communication around the world is swift as thought; our churches, with their domes and spires pointing heavenward, are numbered by tens of thousands. Yes! this is an enlightened land, with a Christian people to rule and govern, to make our laws and enforce them. But, gentle reader, listen to the mutterings from the pen of the author, while he makes note of a few facts concerning the doings of a Christian American people. A vile serpent has appeared in the

garden, the Eden of America. The name of this serpent is *strong drink*. Its mission is to destroy. Fostered by a Christian people who vote in favor of license, high or low. Licensing men to pour out the poisonous liquid of death, to any and all who will swallow the liquid fire of Hell. That serpent of destruction, the fiery-eyed monster, is lurking in our land, in every State, in every city, borough and town, and we may safely assert, in almost every household. Beginning first with the cider barrel, next the wine cask, lastly the rum keg, the beer and whiskey barrel. Beginning with the cider barrel in the home and at the fireside, the serpent begins gently to influence the youth of the household into the broad road of ruin that lies open before them ready to receive all who follow the dragon of despair along the slippery paths of youth, until the beer and whiskey barrel looms up to crown the victim with its everlasting curse. The serpent, whose hiding place is in the cider barrel, the rum cask, the decanter, and pocket flask, the beer glass, and the goblet, draws cautiously its fatal cords at first, but once within its grasp it tightens its coils around its victims, and from the fatal coil there is no retreat. Fathers and mothers, remember the influence you set before your children goes with them through life. To use the words of the illustrious Pope: "'Tis education forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent, the tree inclines." Many may be drawn from the paths of peace by the influence of later years, but the gentle caresses and teachings of

parents will cling to memory when childhood has grown to manhood and womanhood, in spite of all that has intervened. Well do I remember the caresses, the tears, the anxious hope, the earnest fears and kind attention my parents heaped upon me, when I was a little white-haired, careless boy, though my parents have long since gone to their long rest, and the writer's hair is streaked with silvery tint of years that's come and gone; well do I remember the warnings of a kind father and loving mother, whose every precept was warning to shun the path of vice. Parents, beware of the influence you place before your children. You stand in relation to your children as the oak to the ivy. You as the oak, your children as the tender vine clinging to you for support in their tender years, learning lessons of wisdom or folly, according to the training they receive at your hands. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is debasing. It stingeth like an adder whose bite is death. Over two hundred thousand licenses granted by the authorities, and sanctioned by courts of the United States and of several States. And the law makes those holding licenses good moral characters, for it says explicitly, persons holding licenses must be possessed of good moral characters; but many of the holders we fear would, if weighed in the balance, be found wanting. So we will proceed to weigh a few of the many. In New City alone there are some over sixteen thousand licenses for selling drink; twelve thousand of these places are gambling dens and brothels;

five thousand of this number have been in State prison, three thousand have been confined in the police stations, and four thousand have been confined in county prisons; only four thousand escaping the clutches of the law. These are the "cast of characters" that play their part in the drama of "ruin," as star characters. The question arises, "Who makes them so?" Let me tell you, dear reader, they are christened "stars," by the ballots of a Christian people, who pray for God to banish the curse of rum from the land, and vote in favor of licensing these characters to sell rum, the cause of nearly all the crime committed. Thinking to bring a revenue into the treasury for the purpose of lightening the burden of taxes, forgetting the cost of trying criminals, building prisons to confine them in, and expense of keeping them, besides the amount of poverty, pauperism and the heavy taxes they are compelled to pay to keep up the expense of the poorhouses and asylums, which is brought about by the nefarious traffic in intoxicating drink. These license holders are the people who are let loose upon this nation to curse us with pauperism and crime, idiocy, insanity and death. Why do we send missionaries to the islands of the seas, for the purpose of converting those that never knew anything of the outrage and crime, and who in all their barbarity would shrink in shame from doing what is carried on in almost every city and town in the home of those that come to teach them piety? Why not rid our own country of the great evil that exists among us, that



brings so much cursedness and crime within our own domiciles? Let us wake up from the lethargy that hangs about us; let us declare that we will protect the homes and industries of the American people in such a manner that peace may reign where confusion once disturbed; happiness may be realized in every breast where misery and woe once filled their troubled hearts; that the homes of the destitute shall be filled with the good things of earth, and want and suffering shall not be known through the cruel effects of rum.

The time has come when we, as voters, must determine whether or not men shall be allowed to deluge our own fair land with rum. The land that we have chosen for ourselves and families as our home; the land where many of us were cradled in our infancy; the land of our home in our youthful days, and the land that shall be our home in old age, and our last resting place when our last fluttering pulse shall cease to beat. Consider well a few important questions that will not be out of place: Have you children you wish to have ruined? Have you friends you wish to have ruined? Do you wish to ruin your own happiness? If not, then do not favor the traffic that is the basis of universal crime. Now is the time to seal the destiny of the future; in the traffic lies the destruction of your fellow men. If you wish to overrun our country with murder and theft and crime of every grade, there is no surer way than to let strong drink be master. If you have peace, prosperity, happiness and safety, the traffic



must be abolished. Think of the thousands of families that to-day are suffering from the sins of drunken fathers. Many a kind and loving wife, many a helpless child before whose innocence the brightest star on the brow of night grows dim, is suffering from cold and hunger, starvation staring them relentlessly in the face, with not one morsel of bread with which to drive the wolf from the door. Comrades, fall in line; let us unite like the waters of many rivers, forming a mighty ocean that cannot be held in check, and rush on to the work that lies before us with a courage that shall prove us heroes and not cowards, that our work shall be well done, that rum shall be forever swept from our land, and those who now manufacture and sell it, shall look upon its absence as a blessing and not as a curse, and they be among the first to convert the breweries and malt-houses into colleges and schoolhouses.

Kind reader, it is with the highest regard for the rights and liberties of mankind, with sympathy for all, and malice toward none, and a profound regard for truth and justice to all, and an earnest desire for the welfare of the children of our nation, and finally for the people of the whole world with its generations to come throughout all time, that has induced me to undertake the task of collecting historical facts and gathering statistics of the cost, crime and inconsistency of the use and effects of intoxicating drink. Let me again call your attention for a few moments to a time in the history of America when the

effect of strong drink was not known. The Puritans left their native land in search of freedom. They built themselves homes in the forest away from oppression, away from the stench of rum, away from debauchery and crime. But, alas! mark the change; rum has invaded our land; its strongholds are barricaded by the ballots of the people, and it is dealing out death and destruction at a fearful rate. There must be some remedy applied, and that very soon, or the liberties of the people will become irretrievably lost. Our government is already controlled by rum power.

Voters, rise in your might, or you must soon be compelled to witness the downfall of free institutions and look upon our once peaceful and happy homes as places of debauchery and crime. To-day rum stands as the ruling power behind the throne of wealth. Listen, my friends! A new sound breaks in upon our ears. 'Tis not the roar of cannon, or the shrill blast of the war bugle to call soldiers to the field to fight a foreign foe. It is the heart-rending moan of pity that is wafted on the air, coming from thousands of homes that have been made desolate and whose inmates have been made victims of starvation and crime by the ruthless and uncompromising enemy that is stalking in our land, supporting riot, revelry and ruin. The name of this wicked foe, is Rum! Rum has invaded our country and is making its inroads into our nation, seizing its victims and hurling them to destruction at a fearful rate; and with it has

come extravagance and recklessness, treachery and crime. It has brought crime without stint, dishonesty without limit. It has no respect for race, color, or sex. It brings all who swallow the deadly poison, down beneath its vital touch. Under its influence men become reckless; through recklessness they become disorderly and dishonest. Many of our statesmen come upon the floor in the halls of legislation in wild excitement under its influence, offering measures which are likely to become laws to which the people must submit, whether just or unjust. Voters, will you suffer it to be so?

I have often, in my travels, seen men under the influence of strong drink, who did not appear fit for common bar-room society. We see men in all grades of society, when once they have become addicted to strong drink, unfitted for the positions they fill, even from the beggar to the statesman. It has found its way among the Senators and Representatives and they become degraded; like the serpent in Eden, its subtle influence is felt and our Paradise is lost. Voters, fly to the rescue! The conflict is irrepressible. Let us conquer the fiery-eyed monster ere its poisonous venom is felt in every home in America. At present there is no peace, no safety, no spot wherein we can find refuge; our legislators have become corrupt, our standing armies demoralized, our seamen careless, our people boisterous, and thousands of the fair sex reckless. Our ladies stand in fear daily of insults as they walk the streets of our cities; in our

homes in the rural districts, our families are subject to insults and abuse by the vulgar, drunken tramp. The peace and quietude of our churches is made to feel its effect, as can be seen in our cities and towns; low, vile rum-holes have found their way and are nestled beneath the shadows of the walls, or within a stone's throw of the temples of worship. Who is there among my readers that will not support the cause of honor, peace, manhood, safety and happiness? We will not drag out these pages to weary our readers, but will close, leaving our readers to ponder over our closing remarks.

## CHAPTER XV.

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In closing our work we earnestly appeal to the people to whom this shall come greeting, in the name and cause of suffering humanity to read and reflect. Bear in mind that the aid you bestow upon the sufferer is pouring oil upon wounds, and lightens the burden of suffering. Listen with attention while we speak of a few of the evils that arise from the effects of strong drink. It not only destroys the health but inflicts ruin wherever it goes. On a recent Saturday night a count was made in two hundred saloons in London, and it was found that between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock they were visited by forty-eight thousand eight hundred and five men, thirty thousand seven hundred and four women, and seven thousand and nineteen children, or in all, by eighty-six thousand seven hundred and eight persons. It was also found that in one of the best quarters of the city one thousand two hundred and fifty well-dressed women entered at twelve saloons between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock, one thousand one hundred and twenty-two of whom took malt, and the balance took spirituous liquors, which in every case they drank over the bar. In none of

the saloons were there screens before the doors and windows, as in American drinking places. London has a population of three millions, eight hundred and thirty-two thousand, four hundred and forty-one inhabitants. It has sixteen thousand drinking places, and it is not to be wondered that there is so much drinking going on in this great metropolis of Great Britain. There is a striking feature of the great city in our own, the great Empire State. There are nearly as many drinking places in New York city as in London, although the population of New York city is only about one third the number, or one million, two hundred and six thousand. This all in our own beloved America, in the Empire State, whose motto is "Excelsior." It does excel; in drink, in revelry, in crime, it rivals all other States; also in corrupt influences in elections and in the halls of legislation, it outstrips any and everything we can find on record. Nothing but the recording angel's pen is equal to the task of keeping track of the cost, the crime, the want, the misery, the poverty, the rottenness of our license laws that are twisted in such shape that they are appealed from time to time, and court to court, until the tax-payer loses sight of the way and manner they are conducted until he is faced by the stern, unrelenting collector to settle the whole bill. The tax-payers pay the bills, from which there is no retreat; it's sink or swim; pay the bills or you are sold out and your family is turned into the streets to beg, steal or starve.

We have already spoken of the nine hundred and sev-



enty-six millions of dollars, the drink debt of the United States, the cost of rum and its allies, and now, when we come to figure up the cost of crime and bringing of criminals to justice, and to feed and clothe them, it takes eight hundred millions more to clean up the stench of crime, nine-tenths of which is committed through and under the influence of intoxicating drink. We declare it a curse to the country, a curse to the people, and a curse to the world at large, and the people who uphold its traffic and aid and abet in carrying on the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, men who vote for measures to protect the trade, are no better than the man or woman who sells or makes it.

Let me say right here, the manufacturer and the dealer who sells it, get rich out of the traffic; the drinker gets poor, poverty stricken, wretched, forlorn, discouraged, *drunk*, crazy and finally ruined, and all the tax-payers get out of the job is the heavy burden of taxes which they *must settle!*

Besides all this, let us take into consideration what it leads to besides the paying of the bills, which is but a small portion of the evil that is growing upon the nation and upon the people of the whole world. To make the case unmistakably plain to the voter, who should study carefully before he casts his ballot in favor of any measure, we will tell you in plain words what the use of intoxicating drink does, and they are facts that we are going to speak and reasonable men will not deny them.

Intemperance not only destroys the health, but inflicts ruin upon the innocent and helpless ; for it invades the family and social circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all around ; it cuts down youth in all its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength ; sickness, not health, death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers friendless, and all of them beggars. It produces fevers, feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites disease, imparts pestilence, embraces consumption, cherishes dyspepsia, and encourages apoplexy and paralytic affections. It covers the land with idleness and poverty, disease and crime ; it fills our jails, supplies our almshouses and furnishes subjects for our asylums ; it engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots ; it condemns law, spurns order ; it crowds the penitentiaries and furnishes the victims for the scaffold ; it is the life-blood of the gambler, the food of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary and assassin, the friend and companion of the brothel ; it countenances the thief, respects the liar, and esteems the blasphemer ; it violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy ; it defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence ; it incites the father to butcher his innocent

children, helps the husband to kill his wife, and aids the child to grind the paricidal axe. It burns man, consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, corrupts elections, poisons our institutions, and endangers our government; degrades the citizen, corrupts the legislator and dishonors the statesman. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and now, as with all the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has inflicted upon the human race.

Here comes a sad case of a youth, a noble, generous youth, from whose heart flowed a living fount of pure and holy feeling which spread around and fertilized the soil of friendship, and warm and generous hearts crowded around and enclosed him in a circle of pure and gentle happiness. The eyes of women brightened at his approach and wealth and honor smiled to welcome him to their circle. His days sped onward, and as a summer's brook sparkles all joyous on its gladsome way, so sped he on, blithesome amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms; a being, fair and delicate and pure, bestowed the harvest of her heart's young love upon him. The car

of time rolled on, and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly happiness. The serpent of inebriation crept into the Eden of his heart. The pure and holy feelings which the God of nature had implanted in his soul became polluted by the influence of the mis-called social cup. The warm and generous aspirations of his soul became frozen and callous within him. The tears of the wretched, the agony of the afflicted wife, found no response within his bosom. The pure and holy fount of universal love within his heart, that once gushed forth at the moanings of misery, and prompted the hand to administer unto the requirements of the wretched, sent forth no more its pure and benevolent offering. Its waters had become intermingled with the poisoned ingredients of spirits and the rank weeds of intemperance had sprung up and choked the fount from which the stream flowed. The dark spirit of poverty had flapped his wings over his habitation and the burning hand of disease had seared the brightness of his eye, and palsied the elasticity of his step. The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fled when the wintry winds of adversity blew harshly around his dwelling. Pause, gentle reader. Go to yon burial place, and ask who rests beneath its lowly surface. Soft and silent comes the answer. The mouldering remains of a drunkard. One who possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness; the days of whose boyhood were hallowed by high and noble aspirations; the hours

of whose early manhood were unstained by care and crime ; the setting orb of whose destiny was enshrouded in a mist of misery and degradation. He saw the smile of joy sparkling in the social glass. He noted not the demon of destruction lurking at the bottom of the goblet. With eager hand he raised the poisoned glass to his lips, and he was ruined.

It is liquor that mars the whole consistency and blights the noblest energies of the soul ; it wrecks and withers forever the happiness of the domestic fireside ; it clogs and dampens all the generous and affectionate avenues of the heart ; it makes a man a drone in the busy hive of society, an encumbrance to himself and a source of unhappiness to all around him ; it deprives him of his natural energy, and makes him disregard the wants of the innocent beings who are nearest to him and dependent upon him ; it transforms gifted man into a brute and causes him to forfeit the affections and break the heart of the innocent and confiding being whom God has made inseparable with himself, and who should look up to him for protection and comfort ; it causes him contemptuously to disregard the kind admonition of a loving wife.

Liquor ! Oh, how many earthly Edens hast thou made desolate ! How many starved and naked orphans hast thou cast upon the cold charities of a cold, unfriendly world ! How many graves hast thou filled with broken-hearted, confiding wives ! What sad wrecks hast thou made of brilliant talents and genius ? Would to high



Heaven that there was one universal temperance society and all mankind were members of it. The glorious cause of freedom would be advanced, and myriads of bare-footed orphans and broken-hearted wives would chant praises to Heaven for the success of the temperance cause. The lost would be reclaimed and bleeding hearts healed. O, thou mighty transformer of intellectual and generous-hearted man into all that is despicable!

The effect which the habit of drunkenness produces in offspring is one which, on account of false delicacy and ignorance, has seldom been presented before society with that clearness and, in fact, truth which the nature of the case demands. Science and general intelligence at the present time have greatly changed the public taste, and the topics which a few years ago could only be found investigated in medical works and occasionally hinted at in public prints, are now wisely and anxiously listened to with profound interest and attention by large, refined and respectable audiences. In presenting the subject we are led by motives of benevolence to not only individuals and families, but humanity itself.

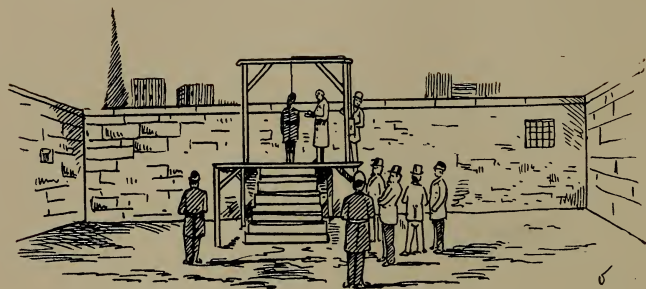


## CHAPTER XVI.

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It is now found that to benefit mankind we must commence at the foundation, the root and origin of the evil, and that to obviate any particular evil the best way is to inform the reason and address the judgment and thus force conviction on the understanding and the heart. The deleterious effects of drunkenness are demonstrated from fact. In regard to posterity, a knowledge of constitutional deformity in the child in consequence of the intoxication and intemperate habits of the parent should convince us that the use of spirituous liquors must be injurious to the race in producing effects destructive to the health, intelligence and long life. They accelerate and pollute all the fluids in the system, and by that reaction which is sure to follow, leave every muscle, and bones themselves, affected with disease. In a few years we see the whole man changed, his erect and manly form has assumed a swinish and beastly bearing, and so great is the change that the most familiar friend who has been absent, on being brought suddenly into his presence,





THE GALLOWS ENDS ALL.

From the cider-barrel, through the channel of strong drink until the gallows ends a career of crime.

The temptations and delusions of this adversary of peace, the treacherous arts by which it flatters us from the path of rectitude and the syren song by which it lures us into its foul embrace, surpass the powers of description. The cursed fascinating, fatal charm by which it binds the faculties, captivates the hearts, and perverts and paralyzes the understanding, is a matter of astonishment. Before the danger is discovered escape is hopeless and the willing victim irretrievably lost.

My mother's entreaties and warnings I neglected, the advice of friends I slighted. I visited saloons, I mingled with low, ill-bred, drunken society, and soon became a hardened criminal. The blood of my fellow man is upon my hand, and I must now expiate my crime upon the gallows, which ends a life of misery and crime, to which I am brought through the influence and effects of strong drink.

O, beware! Youth and age, beware; it flatters you on, but all who drink it must inevitably sink down beneath its vital touch.

scarcely knows him. Now, should we not reasonably suppose that that which affects the whole man or woman, must naturally affect embryonic existence? That the drunken father or mother must become the authors of a misformed progeny? That there must be radical derangement in the functions of the brain and nerves themselves? Most assuredly; and to this cause alone is to be attributed, in some degree, the more irritable nerves and short life of the present race.

Now with these facts before us, what hazard does the lady run who becomes associated with a drunken husband, of having her children, if not objects of disgust and deformity, yet, on account of seminal pollution, an irritable, brainless race, of low feelings and propensities, and, therefore, objects of pitiable compassion and forbearance. Is the authority of such men as Gall, Caldwell, and Burton, all celebrated doctors, to be despised or held in disregard? Are these teachings of common sense not to be regarded? Are these matters of fact, observation, and our experience to be condemned? We pity the beautiful and fascinating girl, the noble generous and refined lady, who has become associated with a hot-headed, foul-mouthed, beastly, drunken husband; but we compassionate them still more at having to rear a set of simple, irritable and ungovernable children, as the legitimate fruit, the primogenital fruit, of a drunkard's love. For the sake of the race, the drinker of ardent spirits should be separated from the domestic bed and

board, and the wife, on establishing the fact of habitual intemperance, be entitled to a divorce. Maternal drunkenness should condemn to perpetual celibacy, seclusion from all connubial endearment in the relationship of life. A drunken mother, a drunken father, a drunken husband, a drunken wife, are fountains of seminal pollution, and a country's curse! Flee from the inebriate, ye fair ones, as you would a deadly malaria, polluting equally the body and soul. Independent of a pernicious example, there is death poisoning the very fountain of human nature itself. The sins of parents are thus visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. No system of education or grace itself, can eradicate this evil. The nervous, imbecile child will be nervous and idiotic still. Dr. Combe, in his "Constitution of Man," has an illustration of the laws of organic life, in the case of a young couple who, drunk with wine, spent the evening of their first and last interview in a licentious manner, and the fruit of their illicit intercourse was a drunken, idiotic child. Under all circumstances of this kind and all cases of drunken parents, the children become wine-bibbers, and are more or less tainted with lunacy or idiocy. Dr. Gall believes drunkenness a hereditary cerebral disease and notices a family who, throughout three generations, were individually the victims of the vice. Burton, the greatest of all observers, in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, "If a drunken man begets a child, it will never likely have a good brain."

Several years ago a highly respectable lady, well educated and tenderly brought up, became attached to and married a young gentleman, at that time in commercial business and with fine prospects. They lived together for a time, happy and prosperously. An opportunity then offered and the husband was induced to visit the western country and became the proprietor of a hotel. While in this business he unfortunately became intemperate in his habits and so neglected his business that he was obliged finally to remove to another section of the country. He again established himself in another hotel where, after a brief career, the fiend intemperance still dogging his footsteps, he was again compelled to sell out and remove. His next location was still further west where a few friends once more re-established him, his wife clinging to him through all his vicissitudes with all the tenacity of a woman, and the faint but constantly beaming hope that he could yet reform and resuscitate his almost lifeless fortunes. For the third time, however, strong drink obtained the mastery. He was sold out and again compelled to try the south-west. He passed down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, his wife still clinging to him, and finally proceeded into Texas. Here he rallied for a little time, but the period was brief, for intemperance and the climate, acting together, soon put an end to his earthly career. His poor wife at the time had two children with her, one a boy of three and a half years of age, the other an infant of only twelve months,



and not a dollar wherewith to buy them food. Her situation was terrible indeed, especially when we remember her early education, kindly bringing up, and the doting fondness with which she clung, in every misfortune, to her ever kind but misguided and ruined husband. Appreciating her situation, a few charitable people engaged a passage for the widow and her little family on board a schooner bound for Philadelphia. They had been out but a few hours before the unfortunate woman, overcome by distress, anxiety of mind and the condition of her children, was seized with a violent fever, and died a raving maniac. Her little infant was torn from her death-clasp with difficulty.

The fate of the poor mother must indeed be lamented by every feeling heart. Her body was thrown into the sea and the little orphans are now in the care of friends who were acquainted with the mother in her girlhood days.

Temperance is a lofty virtue; it is a noble cause; and let it be held in everlasting remembrance that intemperance is a most fatal and destructive vice. The temptations and delusions of this adversary of our peace, the treacherous art by which it flatters us from the paths of rectitude, and the siren song by which it lures us into its foul embrace surpass the powers of description. The cursed, fascinating, fatal charm by which it binds the faculties, captivates the heart, and perverts and paralyzes the understanding, is a matter of the profoundest aston-

ishment. Before the danger is discovered escape is hopeless, and the willing victim irretrievably lost. Floating gently down a smooth, delightful current toward the brink of a tremendous cataract, he sees no necessity of resisting its force, perceives not its increasing velocity, nor reflects that he is approaching the danger. Every moment the power and inclination to resist diminish, while the danger is increased. The victim approaches, perceives the dashing, hears the roaring, and feels the trembling; the current is accelerated; it becomes irresistible; he is hurried to the brink; the abyss yawns; he is swallowed in the vortex and lost forever.

Is the charm irresistible? Does the malady admit of no cure? Is the calamity inevitable? Can nothing be done by the people to prevent it? Yes; let them beware that they never countenance the manufacture or sale of ardent spirits by voting in its favor. This admonition is honest, faithful and reasonable. You will pardon my zeal, for it is in the cause of humanity. I am pleading for disconsolate mothers, hapless orphans, and the broken-hearted and distracted wife. I come with the tears of disappointed love, and the anguish of the wounded heart. I plead in the name and behalf of suffering virtue, neglected and abandoned for revel and riot. I almost imagine as I write that I hear a voice from the dark and dismal mansions of the dead, saying; "Oh! ye sons of dissipation and excess! Ye prodigals who riot and wanton with the gifts of bounteous providence! Come and be-

hold the companions of your revels, the victims of your folly." See the father's pride and mother's joy snatched from their embrace and hurried along to an untimely grave. See the flower of youth and beauty shedding its fragrance and displaying its glory; but ere the morning dew has escaped on the breeze it sickens, withers and dies. Here the object of virtuous affection; there the promise of connubial bliss; this the hope of his country, and that the encouragement and consolation of anxiety; all poisoned by intemperance; all doomed to a premature death. Look at the facts and be admonished.

The following fact, as related by Prof. Sewall, is a warning to men who drink ardent spirits:

"A man was taken up dead in the streets of London after having drank a great quantity of whiskey. He was carried to a hospital, (Westminster,) and dissected. In the ventricles of the brain was found a considerable quantity of limpid fluid, impregnated with whiskey, having both the sense of smell and taste, and even the test of inflammability. The liquid appeared as strong as one-third whiskey."

What strong infatuation is it that tempts men to drink alcoholic liquors to excess, when facts, reason, nature and common sense are continually warning them of the inevitable train of disasters and evils consequent therein? When our senses warn us of the immediate danger of a precipice close at hand, have we not prudence to avoid it, clinging to life as we do with a cowardly tenacity? And

when physicians demonstrate to us the poisonous, deadly influence of strong drink upon the system, and all experiences illustrate the truth, why have men not sense and consistency to forsake the miserably foolish indulgence of drinking poison.

Above all, let me urge on those who would bring out and elevate their higher nature, to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors. This bad habit is distinguished from all others by the ravages it makes on the reason, the intellect; and this effect is produced to a wonderful extent, even when drunkenness is escaped. Not a few men called temperate, and who have called themselves such, have learned, on abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, that for years their minds had been clouded, impaired by moderate drinking, without suspecting the injury. Multitudes in our cities are bereft of half their intellectual energy by a degree of indulgence which passes for innocent. Of all the foes of the working class, this is the most deadly. Nothing has done more to keep down this class, to destroy their self respect, to rob them of their just influence in the community, to render profitless the means of improvement within reach, than the use of ardent spirits as a drink. They are called on to withstand this practice, as they regard their honor, and would take their just place in society. They are under solemn obligations to give their sanction to every effort for its suppression. The people ought to regard as the worst enemies of their rights, dignity and influence, the men

who desire to flood the city and country with distilled poison; making drunkards of men, paupers of their families, and the rum-seller the ruler of the nation.

Familiarity with an evil disarms fear and begets carelessness. If to-day the drink curse was an unknown thing, but to-morrow the blighting, withering touch of that bloody hand, intemperance, was to be felt, and reaching up from Hell, was to strike its deadly blow, the nation would mourn! Every hearthstone in the land would be wet with tears of wives, mothers and children; every home an altar from which heart-pleadings would ascend to Almighty God to stay the devilish work!

But, behold, for a moment; stop and see!

Who is this that comes in regal array?

Look at his jeweled crown, his glittering robe, the retinue of courtly followers and the army obeying his command with such precision! "Hold! who art thou, and by whose authority dost thou set up thy standard on this soil of peace, this beautiful land of ours, and why this armed host?

"Sir I am a king, a potentate, and by the power of one who claims omnipotence—equality with God—I am commissioned to come as an invader to stamp out its beauty and crush beneath my heel the sweet flowers whose fragrance fills the air; and parallel with the health-giving streams issuing from your mountain-sides, I shall spread a broad, black stream, upon whose bosom shall ride the grim monster, death, and the waters of which, on either



side shall blight and blast everything they touch! Aye, and not this only, but I come to sow discord; to create dissension; to disrupt homes; to separate husband and wife; to teach children rebellion; to make parents cruel; to root out natural affection. I shall enter the bright and happy home and steal from the parent's side the joy of their life, and step by step I'll lead him on the downward path! Now, look at him; follow him if you will. See; the companion of brawlers, the plaything of harlots! Ha! Ha! He is in the toils! look again. Hear the clinking of his money upon the gambler's table; see the hands as they deal the cards; watch the shadows as they play upon his face, and the cold, stony stare of his eye reveals the art by which I have transformed this innocent boy into a man of utter heartlessness. A thief! Oh, yes, the descent is an easy one. You see, it is down! Down! Down! Hear the mother cry, 'Oh, my God, give me back my boy!' It will avail her not. Mercy is not in my hand. I only deal out death and damnation. Was that a pistol shot? Yes; I have led him on. He became a puppet in my hands. I have moulded and shaped him to my will, and kicked him about like a football. You will find him to-day in a murderer's cell. See him sink into the corner. Is it a hideous dream of the past, a horrible nightmare? No, no, it is pitiless reality. Now he sees the different steps were but the milestones along the pathway of life, and he awaits the swiftly-approaching *to-morrow* when his life shall pay the forfeit on the scaffold. Now,



let his broken-hearted mother die, his loving sister hang her head in shame, his gray-haired father walking in sorrow to the grave and cursing the day when God gave him the boy. This is not all. All over the land the wail of the widow shall be heard, and the pattering of the little feet on the floors of your orphan asylums shall witness *my* work, and the eight hundred thousand homes in your beautiful land which know not the meaning of the word home, shall testify of my strength and my hate, backed by my supporters, who say by their ballots that I am king. I shall rule, and my subjects *must suffer!* The agencies I put into the field shall be such that your jails, prisons and scaffolds will be the monuments erected in honor of the victories won by me and my allies. I shall enter the brain—the temple of thought—and cause man to become like a laughing hyena, and the insane asylums shall be filled with those I have singled out as my victims. Yes, let them rave and howl. I have let pandemonium loose and here in your lunatic retreats I have set up the throne of his satanic majesty. Think you I stop here? No! Day and night the voice shall roll on. Leaden may be the fall of my foot, but it shall crush with the heel of iron. The poison in my cup shall be poured over the land and while the wail of woe is heard in every breeze, while the echo of the maniac's laugh resounds through the corridors of his cell-room and the felon's groan is smothered within the prison's walls, satan's imps shall chuckle and make the pit of hell reverberate with de-

moniacal glee over the thousands I send to the gallows, and while you sing the song whose volume you think will reach the throne of the Eternal, 'peace on earth and good will to all men,' I will answer back, it is a lie! For, behold! The glimmering blade, your ballots, is crimson with human gore, and while these men struggle in the clutch of death, their souls are swung into eternity. How, say you, shall they pass the pearly gates into paradise? Now, hear the voice of command: Forward! My army is in motion. Like the fields of golden grain falling before the scythe of the mower, so fall human victims before my conquering ranks. They go down by scores, by hundreds, by thousands. Trample them down; crush out their struggle for life; stay not the tide of blood; laugh at their groans; mock at their prayers; stifle their cry for deliverance. See them fall! Let the nation mourn, let hearts break, and people go mad; my hand shall not rest nor grow weary, nor my sword be put in its scabbard, for the annual harvest of eighty thousand souls *must* be gathered to feed the flames of hell."

Friends, this *is* the mission of King Alcohol, the prolific progenitor of all evil passions, the scorpion of destruction sounding its trumpet calling its hosts to ruin and death! "I am your leader! Your king! I rule! And you *must* submit."

If you wish to know who is the most degraded and the most wretched of human beings, look for a man who has practiced this vice so long that he curses it and clings to

it ; that he pursues it because he feels an evil spirit driving him on towards it, but, reaching it, knows its cruel sting, and cowardly and sneakishly edges his way to the bar, begging in a fit of despair for one more drink. "One glass more and I am done!" Beware of this once. It has led thousands to ruin.

With a parting farewell, I hope to hear in your future reply the sound of your voices as one through the ballot-box, that the echo may reach the eternal dome of high Heaven, that rum has met its everlasting fall, and the banner of freedom floats over every American home.

We shall now give our attention for a few moments to those who are indolent in political matters, for fear of offending their political opponents, who are paying members of their business. We wish to call the attention of those who think they should hold themselves aloof from the great political question of the day, such as clergymen, merchants, mechanics and others, who seek to please those upon whom they are dependent in business transactions, who, as a rule, belong to different political factions. We often hear them say, "It is not policy for me to dabble in politics because my customers would take exceptions and go elsewhere to get their work done." Or the clergyman will say, "My flock is divided in their views ; it will not do to offend either ; they are paying members and I deem it best to keep rather quiet and say as little about the matter as possible. Of course, the flock is of different opinions, and I must have white wool

and I must have black wool and I must have wool of a different shade, or my supply will be scant; so I must keep in the dark as to which I need the most. I believe in temperance, but it is policy for me to say but little upon the subject. I will pray, loud and long, for God to banish the evil from the land, but, oh, my party expects me to vote with them until the temperance party gets strong enough to carry their point; then will be time for me to join their party."

Reader, reflect a moment, and consider that it is the ballot that rules our nation, and the rum-power is putting forth every effort in their power and are building a monopoly, a power in politics, that is morally ruining the nation and plunging it into dissipation and crime. Remember that indolence in politics is akin to treachery, as the selfish indolence of good men furnishes the most effective opportunity for ambitious bad men to accomplish their nefarious purposes. The indolence of good men and the treachery of bad men are equally dangerous, and unless both are finally overcome by the awakened intelligence and virtue of the people, either the ravages of anarchy or the enthronement of despotism is inevitable. All intelligent citizens, while enjoying the protection of law and the numerous benefits of our christian civilization, surrounded with the comforts of a home, enjoying the assured security of their lives and property, with the flag of their own country, as the emblem of liberty, justice and patriotism, floating over them, ought to be willing

and even anxious to bear their share of the public burdens by giving their attention to its political character and stability; but by shirking behind their professions of sympathy or the selfish position of non-partisan, and in this way lazily and cowardly neglecting their legal rights and political obligations, more especially when great moral questions are before the people for settlement, they become craven traitors to their country; and those who love their homes and American institutions, with an honest indignation ought to shame and frown on these delinquent, lazy cowards as dead-beats in our body politic, whose example and influence are misleading and disheartening, and, like the deadly upas tree, insidiously invite and contribute to the death and destruction of all that is good, true, and beautiful in our government."

'Tis sad to reflect,—

The dark waters have closed over me, but out of the black depths of despair, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous stream: "The death of the drunkard is a sad one. There is no comfort on that dying pillow; no sweet repose; no voice of friendship, bidding adieu; no lighting up of joy in the departing spirit; no smiles of satisfaction, expressive of a happy future; no anticipation of bright angels bearing the departing spirit to fields of sunshine, where no dark storm-clouds ever enter; no chilling winds, or cruel frosts to blight the tender flower. But the dark shadow of despair has taken the place of the smile and



tells unmistakably, there is no peace. Every wife, and child of the drunkard is calling in tones of pity; their appeals, coming from bleeding hearts through long suffering, extreme poverty, and abuse, appealing to the manhood of true Americans to wage war against the traffic in the deadly poison, that is unmistakably the curse of the country and the ruin of thousands of its talented geniuses. And let me say, kind reader, there are thousands of widowed mothers and orphans who have been made victims of misery through the cruel effects of strong drink, whose sufferings and poverty is speaking in thunder-tones, appealing to every lover of peace to fly to the rescue of the thousands that are ready to follow in the wake of the many stranded wrecks.



## CHAPTER XVII.

SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Numbers 19, 20 and 934.—October Term, 1887.

PETER MUGLER, Plaintiff in Error, } In Error to the Su-  
No. 19.                    *vs.*                } preme Court of the  
          THE STATE OF KANSAS.        } State of Kansas.

PETER MUGLER, Plaintiff in Error. } In Error to the Su-  
No. 20.                    *vs.*                } preme Court of the  
          THE STATE OF KANSAS.        } State of Kansas.

THE STATE OF KANSAS, *ex rel.* }  
J. F. Tufts, Assistant Attorney- }  
General of the State of Kansas, }  
for Atchison County Kansas, *Ap-* }  
*pellant.*                                } Appeal From  
No. 934.                    *vs.*                } the Circuit Court  
HERMAN ZIEBOLD AND JOSEPH } of the United States  
HAGELIN, partners as Ziebold & } for the  
Hagelin.                                } District of Kansas.

(December 5, 1887.)

Mr. Justice Harlin delivered the opinion of the Court.  
These cases involve an inquiry into the validity of cer-

tain statutes of Kansas relating to the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor. The first two indictments, charging Mugler, the plaintiff in error, in one case, with having sold, and in the other, with having manufactured spirituous, vinous, malt, fermented, and other intoxicating liquors in Saline County, Kansas, without having the license or permit required by the statute. The defendant, having been found guilty, was fined, in each case, one hundred dollars, and ordered to be committed to the county jail until the fine was paid. Each judgment was affirmed by the Supreme Court of Kansas, and thereby, it is contended, the defendant was denied rights, privileges, and immunities guaranteed by the constitution of the United States.

The third case—Kansas *vs.* Ziebold and Hagelin—was commenced by petition filed in one of the courts of the State. The relief sought is: 1. That the group of buildings in Atchison County, Kansas, constituting the brewery of the defendants, partners as Ziebold & Hagelin, be adjudged a public nuisance, and the Sheriff or other proper officers be directed to shut up and abate the same. 2. That the defendants be enjoined from using, or permitting to be used, the said premises as a place where intoxicating liquors may be sold, bartered or given away, or kept for barter, sale or gift, otherwise than by authority of the law.

The defendants answered, denying the allegations of the petition, and averring: First. That said buildings

were erected by them prior to the adoption by the people of the State of the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for other than medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes, and before the passage of the prohibitory liquor statute of that State. Second. That they were erected for the purpose of manufacturing beer and cannot be put to any other use; and if not so used, they will be of little value. Third. That the statute under which said suit was brought is void under the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

Upon the petition and bond of the defendants the cause was removed into the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Kansas, upon the ground that the suit was one arising under the Constitution of the United States.

A motion to remand it to the State Court was denied. The pleadings were recast so as to conform to the equity practice in the courts of the United States; and, the cause having been heard upon bill and answer, the suit was dismissed. From that decree the State prosecutes the appeal. By a statute of Kansas, approved March 3, 1868, it was made a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for any one, directly or indirectly, to sell spirituous, vinous, fermented, or other intoxicating liquors, without having a dram-shop, tavern, or grocery license. It was also enacted, among other things, that every place where intoxicating liquors were sold in vio-

lation of the statute should be taken, held, and deemed a common nuisance; and it was required that all rooms, taverns, eating-houses, bazaars, restaurants, groceries, coffee-houses, cellars or other places of public resort, where intoxicating liquors were sold in violation of law, should be abated as public nuisances. Gen. Stat., Kansas, 1868, Chap. 35.

But, in 1880, the people of Kansas adopted a more stringent policy. On the second of November of that year, they ratified an amendment to the State constitution, which declared that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors should be forever prohibited in the State, except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes.

In order to give effect to the amendment, the legislature repealed the act of 1868, and passed an act, approved February 19, 1881, to take effect May 1, 1881, entitled "An act to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, scientific and mechanical purposes, and to regulate the manufacture thereof for such excepted purposes." Its first section provides "That any person or persons who shall manufacture, sell, or barter any spirituous, malt, vinous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor; provided, however, that such liquors may be sold for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, as provided in this act." The second section makes it unlawful for any person to sell or barter for either of such

excepted purposes any malt, vinous, spirituous, fermented, or other intoxicating liquors without having procured a druggist's permit therefor, and prescribes the conditions upon which such permit may be granted. The third section relates to the giving by physicians of prescriptions for intoxicating liquors to be used by their patients, and fourth, to the sale of such liquors by druggists. The fifth section forbids any person from manufacturing, or assisting in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in the State, except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, and makes provision for the granting of licenses to engage in the business of manufacturing liquors for such excepted purposes. The seventh section declares it to be a misdemeanor for any person, not having the required permit, to sell or barter, directly or indirectly, spirituous, malt, vinous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors; the punishment prescribed being, for the first offense, a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than twenty nor more than ninety days; for the second offense, a fine of not less than two hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than sixty days nor more than six months; and for every subsequent offense, a fine of not less than five hundred nor more than one thousand dollars, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than three months nor more than one year, or both such fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

The eighth section provides for similar fines and punishments against persons who manufacture, or aid, assist or abet the manufacture of any intoxicating liquors without having the required permit.

The thirteenth section declares, among other things, all places where intoxicating liquors are manufactured, sold, bartered or given away, or kept for sale, barter, or use, in violation of the act, to be *common nuisances*; and provides that upon the judgment of any court having jurisdiction finding such place to be a nuisance, the proper officer shall be directed to shut up and abate the same. Under that statute, the prosecutions against Mugler were instituted. It contains other sections in addition to those above referred to; but as they embody merely the details of the general scheme adopted by the State for the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for the purposes specified, it is unnecessary to set them out. On the 7th of March, 1885, the legislature passed an act amendatory and supplementary to that of 1881. The thirteenth section of the former act, being the one upon which the suit against Ziebold & Hagelin is founded, will be given in full in a subsequent part of this opinion. The facts necessary to a clear understanding of the questions, common to these cases, are the following: Mugler and Ziebold & Hagelin were engaged in manufacturing beer at their respective establishments, (constructed specially for that purpose,) for several years prior to the adoption of the constitutional



amendment of 1880. They continued in such business in defiance of the statute of 1881, and without having the required permit. Nor did Mugler have a license or permit to sell beer. The single sale of which he was found guilty occurred in the State, and after May 1, 1881, that is after the act of February 19, 1881, took effect, and was of beer manufactured before its passage. The buildings and machinery constituting these breweries are of little value if not used for the purpose of manufacturing beer; that is to say that if the statutes are enforced against the defendants the value of their property will be very materially diminished.

The general question in each case is, whether the foregoing statutes of Kansas are in conflict with that clause of the fourteenth amendment, which provides that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." That legislation by a State prohibiting the manufacture within her limits of intoxicating liquors, to be there sold or bartered for general use as a beverage, does not necessarily infringe any right, privilege or immunity secured by the constitution of the United States, is made clear by the decisions of this court, rendered before and since the adoption of the fourteenth amendment; to some of which, in view of questions to be presently considered, it will be well to refer. In the License Cases, 5, How, 504, the

question was, whether certain statutes of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, relating to the sale of spirituous liquors, were repugnant to the constitution of the United States.

In determining that question, it became necessary to inquire whether there was any conflict between the exercise by Congress of its power to regulate commerce with foreign countries, or among the several States, and the exercise by a State of what are called police powers. Although the members of the court did not fully agree as to the grounds upon which the decision should be placed, they were unanimous in holding that the statutes then under examination were not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, or with any act of Congress. Chief Justice Taney said: "If any State deems the retail and internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice, or debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether, if it thinks proper." Mr. Justice McLean among other things, said: "A State regulates its domestic commerce, contracts, the transmission of estates, real and personal, and acts upon internal matters which relate to its moral and political welfare. Over these subjects the federal government has no power. The acknowledged police power of a State extends often to destruction of property. A nuisance may be abated. Everything prejudicial to the health or

morals of a city may be removed." Mr. Justice Woodbury observed, "How can they (the States) be sovereign within their respective spheres, without power to regulate all their internal commerce, as well as police, and direct how, when and where it shall be conducted in articles intimately connected either with public morals or public safety or public prosperity?" Mr. Justice Grier, in still more emphatic language, said: "The true question presented by these cases, and one which I am not disposed to evade, is whether the States have a right to prohibit the sale and consumption of an article of commerce which they believe to be pernicious in its effects, and the cause of disease, pauperism, and crime. \* \* \* Without attempting to define what are the peculiar subjects or limits of this power, it may safely be affirmed, that every law for the restraint or punishment of crime, for the preservation of the public peace, health, and morals, must come within this category. \* \* \* \* It is not necessary, for the sake of justifying the State legislation now under consideration, to array the appalling statistics of misery, pauperism, and crime which have their origin in the use or abuse of ardent spirits. The police power, which is exclusively in the States, is alone competent to the correction of these great evils, and all measures of restraint or prohibition necessary to effect the purpose are within the scope of that authority."

In *Bartemeyer vs. Iowa*, 18 Wall. 129, it was said that prior to the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment,

State enactments regulating or prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors raised no question under the Constitution of the United States; and that such legislation was left to the discretion of the respective States, subject to no other limitations than those imposed by their own constitutions or by the general principles supposed to limit all legislative power. Referring to the contention that the right to sell intoxicating liquors was secured by the Fourteenth Amendment, the court said that, "So far as such a right exists, it is not one of rights growing out of citizenship of the United States." In *Beer Co. vs. Massachusetts*, 97 U. S. 33, it was said, that, "as a measure of police regulation, looking to the preservation of public morals, a State law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is not repugnant to any clause of the Constitution of the United States." Finally, in *Foster vs. Kansas*, 112 U. S. 206, the court said that the question as to the constitutional power of a State to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors was no longer an open one in this court. These cases rest upon the acknowledged right of the States of the Union to control their purely internal affairs, and, in so doing, to protect the health, morals, and safety of their people by regulations that do not interfere with the execution of the powers of the general government, or violate the rights secured by the Constitution of the United States.

The power to establish such regulations, as was said in *Gibbons vs. Ogden*, 9, Wheat. 203, reaches everything

within the territory of a State not surrendered to the national government. It is, however, contended that, although the State may prohibit the manufacture of intoxicating liquors for sale or barter within her limits, for general use, as a beverage, "no convention or legislature has the right, under our form of government, to prohibit any citizen from manufacturing for his own use or for export, or storage, any article of food or drink not endangering or effecting the rights of others." The argument in support of the first branch of this proposition, briefly stated, is, that in the implied compact between the State and the citizen certain rights are reserved by the latter, which are guaranteed by the constitutional provision protecting persons against being deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, and with which the State cannot interfere; that among those rights is that of manufacturing for one's use either food or drink; and that while, according to the doctrines of commerce, the State may control the tastes, appetites, habits, dress, food and drink of the people, our system of government, based upon the individuality and intelligence of the citizen, does not claim to control him, except as to his conduct to others, leaving him the sole judge as to all that only affects himself.

It will be observed that the proposition, and the argument made in support of it, equally concede that the right to manufacture drink for one's personal use is subject to the condition that such manufacture does not endanger or affect the rights of others.



If such manufacture does prejudicially affect the rights and interests of the community, it follows, from the very premises stated, that society has the power to protect itself, by legislation, against the injurious consequences of that business.

As was said in *Munn vs. Illinois*, 94 U. S. 124, while power does not exist with the whole people to control rights that are purely and exclusively private, government may require "each citizen to so conduct himself, and so use his own property, as not unnecessarily to injure another."

But by whom, or by what authority, is it to be determined whether the manufacture of particular articles of drink, either for general use or for the personal use of the maker, will injuriously affect the public?

Power to determine such questions so as to find all, *must* exist somewhere, else society will be at the mercy of the few, who, regarding only their own appetites or passions, may be willing to imperil the peace and security of the many, provided only they are permitted to do so as they please. Under our system that power is lodged with the legislative branch of the government. It belongs to that department to exert what are known as the police powers of the State, and to determine, primarily, what measures are appropriate or needful for the protection of the public morals, the public health, or the public safety. It does not at all follow that every statute enacted ostensibly for the promotion of these ends, is to be ac-



cepted as a legitimate exertion of the police powers of the State. There are, of necessity, limits beyond which legislation cannot rightfully go. While every possible presumption is to be indulged in favor of validity of a statute, (Sinking Fund Cases, 99 U. S. 718,) the courts must obey the constitution rather than law-making departments of the government, and must, upon their own responsibility, determine whether, in any particular case, these limits have been passed. "To what purpose," it was said in *Marbury vs. Madison*, 1 Cranch, 137, 167, "are they limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing, if these limits may, at any time, be passed by those intended to be restrained?"

The distinction between a government with limited and unlimited powers is abolished, if those limits do not confine the persons on whom they are imposed, and if acts prohibited and acts allowed are of equal obligation." The courts are not bound by mere forms, nor are they to be misled by mere pretenses. They are at liberty—indeed, are under a solemn duty—to look at the substance of things, whenever they enter upon the inquiry whether the legislature has transcended the limits of its authority. If, therefore, a statute purporting to have been enacted to protect the public health, the public morals, or the public safety, has no real or substantial relation to those objects or is palpable invasion of rights secured by the fundamental law, it is the duty of the courts to so adjudge, and thereby give effect to the constitution.

Keeping in view these principles, as governing the relations of the judicial and legislative departments of government with each other, it is difficult to perceive any ground for the judiciary to declare that the prohibition by Kansas of the manufacture or sale, within her limits, of intoxicating liquors for general use there as a beverage, is not fairly adapted to the end of protecting the community against the evils which confessedly result from the excessive use of ardent spirits.

There is no justification for holding that the State, under the guise merely of police regulations, is aiming to deprive the citizen of his constitutional rights; for we cannot shut out of view the fact, within the knowledge of all, that the public health, the public morals, and the public safety may be endangered by the general use of intoxicating drinks; nor the fact, established by statistics accessible to every one, that the idleness, disorder, pauperism and crime existing in the country are, in some degree at least, traceable to this evil. If, therefore, a State deems the absolute prohibition of the manufacture and sale, within her limits, of intoxicating liquors for other than medical, scientific, and manufacturing purposes, to be necessary to the peace and security of society, the courts cannot, without usurping legislative functions, override the will of the people as thus expressed by their chosen representatives. They have nothing to do with the mere policy of legislation. Indeed, it is a fundamental principle in our institutions, indispensable

to the preservation of public liberty, that one of the separate departments of government shall not usurp powers committed by the constitution to another department. And so, if, in the judgment of the legislature, the manufacture of intoxicating liquors for the maker's own use, as a beverage, would tend to cripple, if it did not defeat the effort to guard the community against the evils attending the excessive use of such liquors, it is not for the courts, upon their views as to what is best and safest for the community, to disregard the legislative determination of that question. So far from such a regulation having no relation to the general end sought to be accomplished, the entire scheme of prohibition, as embodied in the constitution and laws of Kansas, might fail, if the right of each citizen to manufacture intoxicating liquors for his own use as a beverage were recognized. Such a right does not inhere in citizenship.

Nor can it be said that government interferes with or impairs any one's constitutional rights of liberty or of property when it determines that the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks, for the general or individual use, as a beverage, are, or may become, hurtful to society and constitute, therefore, a business in which no one may lawfully engage. These rights are best secured, in our government, by the observance, upon the part of all, of such regulations as are established by competent authority to promote the common good. No one may rightfully do that which the law-making power, upon reasona-

ble grounds, declares to be prejudicial to the general welfare. This conclusion is unavoidable, unless the Fourteenth Amendment of the constitution takes from the States of the Union those powers of police that were reserved at the time the original constitution was adopted. But this court has declared, upon full consideration, in *Barber vs. Connelly*, 118 U. S. 31, that the Fourteenth Amendment had no such effect. After observing, among other things, that that amendment forbade the arbitrary deprivation of life and liberty and the arbitrary spoliation of property and secured equal protection to all under like circumstances, in respect as well to their personal and civil rights as to their acquisition and enjoyment of property, the court said: "But neither the amendment—broad and comprehensive as it is—nor any other amendment, was designed to interfere with the power of the State, sometimes termed its police powers, to prescribe regulations to promote health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people, and to legislate so as to increase the industries of the State, develop its resources, and add to its wealth and prosperity." Undoubtedly the State, when providing by legislation for the protection of the public health, public morals, or public safety, is subject to the paramount authority of the constitution of the United States, and may not violate rights secured or guaranteed by that instrument, or interfere with the execution of the powers confided to the general government. *Henderson v. Mayor of New York*, 92 U.

S. 259 ; Railroad Co. v. Husen, 95 Id. 465 ; New Orleans Gas Light Co. v. Louisiana Light Co., 115 Id. 650 ; Walling v. Michigan, 116 Id. 446 ; Yick Wo v. Hopkins, 118 Id. 356 ; Morgan's Steamship Co. v. Louisiana Board of Health, Id. 455.

Upon this ground—if we do not misapprehend the position of defendants—it is contended that, as the primary and principal use of beer is as a beverage ; as their respective breweries were erected when it was lawful to engage in the manufacture of beer for every purpose ; as such establishments will become of no value as property, or, at least, will be materially diminished in value if not employed in the manufacture of beer for every purpose, the prohibition upon their being so employed is, in effect, a taking of property for public use without compensation, and depriving the citizen of his property without due process of law. In other words, although the State, in exercise of her police powers, may lawfully prohibit the manufacture and sale, within her limits, of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, legislation having that object in view cannot be enforced against those who at the time, happened to own property the chief value of which is fitness for such manufacturing purposes, unless compensation is first made for the deminution in value of their property, resulting from such prohibitory enactments. This interpretation of the Fourteenth Amendment is inadmissible. It cannot be supposed that the States intended by adopting that amendment to impose



restraints upon the exercise of their powers for the protection of the safety, health, or morals of the community.

In respect to contracts, the obligations of which are protected against hostile State legislation, this court in *Butchers' Union Co. vs. Crescent City Co.*, 111 U. S., 751, said that the State could not, by any contract, limit the exercise of her power to the prejudice of the public health and the public morals. So in *Stone vs. Mississippi* 101 U. S., 816, where the constitution was invoked against the repeal by the State of a charter granted to a private corporation to conduct a lottery, and for which that corporation paid to the State a valuable consideration in money, the court said: "No legislature can bargain away the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants \* \* \* Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of its power to provide for them." Again, in *New Orleans Gas Co. vs. Louisiana Light Co.*, 115 U. S. 650, 672: "The constitutional prohibition upon State laws impairing the obligation of contracts does not restrict the power of the State to protect the public health, the public morals, or the public safety, as the one or the other may be involved in the execution of such contracts. Rights and privileges arising from contracts with a State are subject to regulations for the protection of the public health, the public morals, and the public safety in the same sense and to the same extent as are all contracts and all property, whether owned by natural persons or corporations."



The principle that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, was embodied, in substance, in the constitutions of nearly all, if not all, of the States at the time of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment; and it has never been regarded as incompatible with the principle, equally vital, because essential to the peace and safety of society, that all property in this country is held under the implied obligation that the owner's use of it shall not be injurious to the community. *Beer Co. vs. Mass.*, 97 U. S. 32; *Commonwealth vs. Alger*, 7 Cush. 53. An illustration of this doctrine is afforded by *Patterson vs. Kentucky*, 97 U. S. 501. The question there was as to the validity of a statute of Kentucky, enacted in 1874, imposing a penalty upon any one selling, or offering for sale, oils and fluids, the product of coal, petroleum, or other bituminous substances which would burn or ignite at a temperature below 130° Fahrenheit. Patterson having sold within that commonwealth a certain oil, for which letters-patent were issued in 1867, but which did not come up to the standard required by said statute, and having been indicted therefor, disputed the State's authority to prevent or obstruct the exercise of that right. The court upheld the legislation of Kentucky upon the ground, that while the State could not impair the exclusive right of the patentee or of his assignee in the discovery described in letters-patent, the tangible property, the fruit of the discovery, was not beyond control in the exercise of her police

powers. It was said: By the settled doctrines of this court the police power extends, at least, to the protection of the lives, the health, and the property of the community against the injurious exercise by any citizen of his own rights. State legislation, strictly and legitimately for police purposes, does not, in the sense of the constitution, intrench upon any authority which has been confided, expressly or by implication, to the national government. The Kentucky statute under examination manifestly belongs to that class of legislation. It is, in the best sense, a mere police legislation, deemed essential to the protection of the lives and property of our citizens." Referring to the numerous decisions of this court guarding the power of Congress to regulate commerce against encroachment under the guise of State regulations, established for the purpose and with the effect of destroying or impairing rights secured by the constitution, it is further said: "It has, nevertheless, with marked distinctness and uniformity, recognized the necessity growing out of the fundamental conditions of civil society, of upholding State police regulations, which were enacted in good faith and had appropriate and direct connection with that protection to life, health and property, which each State owes to her citizens." See also *United States vs. Dewitt*, 9 Wall, 41; *License Tax cases*, 5 Id. 462. *Pervear vs. Commonwealth*, Id. 475. Another decision, very much in point upon this branch of the case, is

Fertilizing Co. *vs.* Hyde Park, 97 U. S. 659, 667, also decided after the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment. The court there sustained the validity of an ordinance of the village of Hyde Park, in Cook County, Illinois, passed under legislative authority, forbidding any person from transporting through that village offal or other offensive or unwholesome matter, or from maintaining or carrying on an offensive or unwholesome business or establishment within its limits. The Fertilizing Company had, at large expense, and under authority expressly conferred by its charter, located its works at a particular point in the country. Besides, the charter of the village, at the time, provided that it should not interfere with parties engaged in the transporting animal matter from Chicago, or from manufacturing it into a fertilizer or other chemical product. The enforcement of the ordinance in question operated to destroy the business of the company and seriously to impair the value of its property. As, however, its business had become a nuisance to the community in which it was conducted, producing discomfort, and often sickness, among large masses of people the court maintained the authority of the village, acting under legislative sanction, to protect the public health against such nuisance. It said: "We cannot doubt that the police power of the State was applicable and adequate to give an effectual remedy.

That power belonged to the States when the federal constitution was adopted. They did not surrender it, and

they all have it now. It extends to the entire property and business within their local jurisdiction. Both are subject to it in all proper cases. It rests upon the fundamental principle that every one shall so use his own as not to wrong and injure another. To regulate and abate nuisances is one of its ordinary functions." It is supposed by defendants that the doctrine for which they contend is sustained by *Fumpelly vs. Green Bay Co.*, 13 Wall. 168. But in that view we do not concur. That was an action for the recovery of damages for the overflowing of the plaintiff's land by water, resulting from the construction of a dam across a river. The defense was that the dam constituted a part of the system adopted by the State for improving the navigation of Fox and Wisconsin Rivers; and it was contended that as the damages of which the plaintiff complained were only the result of the improvement, under legislative sanction, of a navigable stream, he was not entitled to compensation from the State or its agents. The case, therefore, involved the question whether the overflowing of the plaintiff's land, to such an extent that it became practically unfit to be used, was a taking of property within the meaning of the constitution of Wisconsin, providing that "the property of no person shall be taken for public use without just compensation therefor."

This court said it would be a very curious and unsatisfactory result, were it held that, "if the government refrains from the absolute conversion of real property to the

uses of the public, it can destroy its value entirely, can inflict irreparable and permanent injury to any extent, can, in effect, subject it to a total destruction without making any compensation, because, in the narrowest sense of that word, it is not taken for the public use. Such a construction would pervert the constitutional provision into a restriction upon the rights of the citizen, as those rights stood at the common law, instead of the government, and make it an authority for the invasion of private rights under the pretext of the public good, which had no warrant in the laws or practices of our ancestors."

These principles have no application to the case under consideration. The question in *Pumpelly vs. Green Bay Company* arose under the State's power of eminent domain; while the question now before us arises under what are, strictly, the police powers of the State, exerted for the protection of health, morals, and safety of the people. That case, as the court said, in *Transportation Co. vs. Chicago*, 99 U. S. 642, was an extreme qualification of the doctrine, universally held, that "acts done in the proper exercise of governmental powers, and not directly encroaching upon private property, though these consequences may impair its use," do not constitute a taking within the meaning of the constitutional provision, or entitle the owner of such property to compensation from the State or its agents, or give him any right of action. It was a case in which there was a "permanent flooding of private property," a "physical invasion of the real



estate of the private owner, and a practical ouster of his possession." His property was, in effect, required to be devoted to the use of the public, and, consequently, he was entitled to compensation. A prohibition simply upon the use of property for purposes that are declared by a valid legislation, to be injurious to the health, morals, or safety of the community cannot, in any just sense, be deemed a taking or an appropriation of property for the public benefit. Such legislation does not disturb the owner in the control or use of his property for lawful purposes, nor restrict his right to dispose of it, but is only a declaration by the State that its use by any one for certain forbidden purposes, is prejudicial to the public interests. Nor can legislation of that character come within the Fourteenth Amendment, in any case, unless it is apparent that its real object is not to protect the community, or to promote the general well-being, but, under the guise of police regulation, to deprive the owner of his liberty and property, without due process of law.

The power which the States have of prohibiting such use by individuals of their property as will be prejudicial to the health, the morals, or the safety of the public, is not and, consistently with the existence and safety of organized Society, cannot be burdened with the condition that the State must compensate such individual owners for pecuniary losses they may sustain by reason of their not being permitted, by a noxious use of their property, to inflict injury upon the community. The exercise of



the police power by the destruction of property which is itself a public nuisance, or the prohibition of its use in a particular way, whereby its value becomes depreciated, is very different from taking property for public use, or from depriving a person of his property without due process of law. In the one case, a nuisance only is abated; in the other, unoffending property is taken away from an innocent owner. It is true that when the defendants in these cases purchased or erected their breweries, the laws of the State did not forbid the manufacture of intoxicating liquors. But the State did not thereby give any assurance or come under any obligation that its legislation upon that subject would remain unchanged. Indeed, as was said in *Stone vs. Mississippi*, 101 U. S., the supervision of the public health and the public morals is a governmental power, "continuing in its nature," and "to be dealt with as the special exigencies of the moment may require;" and that "for this purpose the largest legislative discretion is allowed, and the discretion cannot be parted with any more than the power itself." So in *Beer Co. vs. Massachusetts*, 97 U.S. 32: "If the public safety or the public morals require the discontinuance of any manufacture or traffic, the hand of the legislature cannot be stayed from providing for its discontinuance by any incidental inconvenience which individuals or corporations may suffer." It now remains to consider certain questions relating particularly to the thirteenth section of the act of 1885. That section—which takes

the place of section 13 of the act of 1881—is as follows :

“Sec. 13. All places where intoxicating liquors are manufactured, sold, bartered, or given away in violation of any of the provisions of this act, or where intoxicating liquors are kept for sale, barter, or delivery in violation of this act, are hereby declared to be common nuisances, and upon the judgment of any court having jurisdiction finding such place to be a nuisance under this section, the sheriff, his deputy, or under-sheriff, or any constable of the proper county, or marshal of any city where the same is located, shall be directed to shut up and abate such place by taking possession thereof and destroying all intoxicating liquors found therein, together with all signs, screens, bars, bottles, glasses, and other property used in keeping and maintaining said nuisance, and the owner or keeper thereof shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of maintaining a common nuisance, and shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days nor more than ninety days. The attorney-general, county attorney, or any citizen of the county where such nuisance exists, or is kept, or is maintained, may maintain an action in the name of the State to abate and perpetually enjoin the same. The injunction shall be granted at the commencement of the action, and no bond shall be required. Any person violating the terms of any injunction, shall be punished as for contempt, by a fine of not less than one

hundred nor more than five hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court." It is contended by counsel in the case of *Kansas vs. Ziebold & Hagelin*, that the entire scheme of this section is an attempt to deprive persons who come within its provisions of their property and of their liberty without due process of law; especially, when taken in connection with that clause of section fourteen (amendatory of section 21 of the act of 1881,) which provides that "in prosecutions under this act, by indictment or otherwise \* \* \* \* \* it shall not be necessary in the first instance for the State to prove that the party charged did not have a permit to sell intoxicating liquors for the excepted purposes." We are unable to perceive anything in these regulations inconsistent with the constitutional guarantees of liberty and property. The State having authority to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for other than medical, scientific, and mechanical purposes, we do not doubt her power to declare that any place, kept and maintained for the illegal manufacture and sale of such liquors, shall be deemed a common nuisance, and be abated, and, at the same time, to provide for the indictment and trial of the offender. One is a proceeding against the property used for forbidden purposes, while the other is for the punishment of the offender.

It is said that by the 13th section of the act of 1885,

the legislature, finding a brewery within the State in actual operation, without notice, trial, or hearing, by the mere exercise of its arbitrary caprice, declares it to be a common nuisance, and prescribes the consequences which are to follow inevitably by judicial mandate required by the statute, and involving and permitting the exercise of no judicial discretion or judgment; that, the brewery being found in operation, the court is not to determine whether it is a common nuisance, but, under the command of the statute, is to find it to be one; that it is the liquor made, or the making of it, which is thus enacted to be a common nuisance, but the place itself, including all the property used in keeping and maintaining the common nuisance that the judge having thus signed without inquiry—and it may be, contrary to the fact and against his own judgment—the edict of the legislature, the court is commanded to take possession by its officers of the place and shut it up; nor is all this destruction of property, by legislative edict, to be made as a forfeiture consequent upon conviction of any offense, but merely because the legislature so commands; and it is done by a court of equity, without any previous conviction first had, or any trial known to the law.

This certainly is a formidable arraignment of the legislation of Kansas, and if it were founded upon a just interpretation of her statutes the court would have no difficulty in declaring that they could not be enforced without infringing the constitutional rights of the citizen. But

those statutes have no such scope and are attended with no such results as the defendants suppose. The court is not required to give effect to a legislative "decree" or "edict," unless every enactment by the law-making power of a State is to be so characterized. It is not declared that every establishment is deemed a common nuisance because it may have been maintained prior to the passage of the statute as a place for manufacturing intoxicating liquors. The statute is prospective in its operation, that is, it does not put the brand of a common nuisance upon any place, unless, after its passage, that place is kept and maintained for purposes declared by the legislature to be injurious to the community. Nor is the court required to adjudge any place to be a common nuisance simply because it is charged by the State to be such. It must first find it to be of that character; that is, must ascertain in some legal mode whether since the statute was passed the place in question has been, or is being so used to make it a common nuisance.

Equally untenable is the proposition that proceedings in equity for the purposes indicated in the thirteenth section of the statute are inconsistent with due process of law. "In regard to public nuisances," Mr. Justice Story says, "the jurisdiction of courts of equity seems to be of a very ancient date, and has been distinctly traced back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The jurisdiction is applicable not only to public nuisances, strictly so called, but also to purpessures upon public rights and property.



\* \* \* \* In cases of public nuisances, properly so called, an indictment lies to abate them, and to punish the offenders. But an information, also, lies in equity to redress the grievance by way of injunction." 2 Story's Eq., §§ 921,922. The ground of this injunction in cases of purpresture, as well as of public nuisances, is the ability of courts of equity to give a more speedy, effectual and permanent remedy than can be had at law. They cannot only prevent nuisances that are threatened, and before irreparable mischief ensues, but arrest or abate those in progress, and, by perpetual injunction, protect the public against them in the future; whereas courts of law can only reach existing nuisances, leaving future acts to be the subject of new prosecutions or proceedings. This is a salutary jurisdiction, especially where a nuisance affects the health, morals or safety of a community. Though not frequently exercised, the power undoubtedly exists in courts of equity thus to protect the public against injury. *District-Attorney vs. Lynn and Boston R. R. Co.*, 16 Gray, 245; *Attorney-General vs. N. J. R. R.*, 3 Green's Ch. 139; *Attorney-General vs. Tudor Ice Co.*, 104 Mass. 244; *State vs. Mayor*, 5 Porter, (Ala.) 279,294; *Hoole vs. Attorney-General*, 22 Ala. 194; *Attorney-General vs Hunter*, 1 Dev. Eq. 13; *Attorney-General vs. Forbes*, 2 Mylne and Craig, 123, 129 and 133; *Attorney-General vs. Great Northern R. R. Co.*, 1 Dr. and Sm. 161; *Eden on Injunctions*. 259; *Kerr on Injunctions*, (2d Ed.,) 168.



As to the objection that the statute makes no provision for a jury trial in cases like this one, it is sufficient to say that such a mode of trial is not required in suits in equity brought to abate a public nuisance. The statutory direction that an injunction issue at the commencement of the action is not to be construed as dispensing with such preliminary proof as is necessary to authorize an injunction simply because one is asked, or because the charge is made that a common nuisance is maintained in violation of law. The statute leaves the court at liberty to give effect to the principle that an injunction will not be granted to restrain a nuisance, except upon clear and satisfactory evidence that one exists. Here the fact to be ascertained was, not whether a place kept and maintained for purposes forbidden by the statute, was *per se*, a nuisance—that fact being conclusively determined by the statute itself—but whether the place in question was so kept and maintained. If the proof upon that point is not full or sufficient, the court can refuse an injunction or postpone action until the State first obtains the verdict of a jury in her favor. In this case, it cannot be denied that the defendants kept and maintained a place that is within the statutory definition of a common nuisance. Their petition for the removal of the cause from the State court and their answer to the bill admitted every fact necessary to maintain this suit, if the statute, under which it was brought, was constitutional. Touching the provision that the prosecutions, by indictment or otherwise, the State

need not, in the first instance, prove that the defendant has not the permit required by the statute, we may remark that, if it has any application to a proceeding like this, it does not deprive him of the presumption that he is innocent of any violation of the law. It is only a declaration that when the State has proven that the place described is kept and maintained for the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors—such manufacture or sale being unlawful except for specified purposes, and then only under a permit—the prosecution need not prove a negative, namely, that the defendant has not the required license or permit. If the defendant has such license or permit, he can easily produce it, and thus overthrow the *prima facie* case established by the State.

A portion of the argument in behalf of the defendants is to the effect that the statutes of Kansas forbid the manufacture of intoxicating liquors to be exported, or to be carried to other States, and upon that ground, are repugnant to the clause of the constitution of the United States giving Congress power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States. We need only say, upon this point, that there is no intimation in the record that the beer which the respective defendants manufactured was intended to be carried out of the State or to foreign countries. And, without expressing an opinion as to whether such facts would have constituted a good defense, we observe that it will be time enough to decide a case of that character when it shall come before

us. For the reasons stated, we are of opinion that the judgments of the Supreme Court of Kansas have not denied to Mugler, the plaintiff in error, any right, privilege, or immunity secured to him by the Constitution of the United States, and its judgment, in each case, is, accordingly, affirmed. We are, also, of opinion that the Circuit Court of the United States erred in dismissing the bill of the State against Ziebold & Hagelin. The decree in that case reversed, and the cause remanded, with directions to enter a decree granting to the State such relief as the act of March 7, 1885, authorizes.

It is so ordered.

DISSENTING OPINION.

Mr. Justice Field delivered the following opinion :

I concur in the judgment rendered by this court in the first two cases, those coming from the Supreme Court of Kansas. I dissent from the judgment in the last case, the one coming from the Circuit Court of the United States. I agree to so much of the opinion as asserts that there is nothing in the Constitution or laws of the United States affecting the validity of the act of Kansas prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors manufactured in the State, except for the purposes mentioned. But I am not prepared to say that the State can prohibit the manufacture of such liquors within its limits if they are intended for exportation, or forbid their sale within its limits, under proper regulations for the protection of the health and morals of the people, if Congress has authorized their

importation, though the act of Kansas is broad enough to include both such manufacture and sale. The right to import an article of merchandise, recognized as such by the commercial world—whether the right be given by act of Congress or by treaty with foreign country—would seem necessarily to carry the right to sell the article when imported. In *Brown vs. Maryland*, 12 Wheat. 447, Chief Justice Marshall, in delivering the opinion of this court, said as follows: “Sale is the object of importation, and is an essential ingredient of that intercourse of which importation constitutes a part. It is as essential an ingredient, as indispensable to the existence of the entire thing, then, as importation itself. It must be considered as a component part of the power to regulate commerce. Congress has a right not only to authorize importation, but to authorize the importer to sell.”

If one State can forbid the sale within its limits of an imported article, so may all the States, each selecting a different article. There would then be little uniformity of regulations with respect to articles of inter-state commerce. And we know it was one of the objects of the formation of the federal constitution to secure uniformity of commercial regulations against discriminating State legislation. I reserve the expression of any views on this point, and only refer to them now lest I shall hereafter be deemed concluded by a general concurrence in the opinion of the majority.

I do not agree to what is said with reference to the case

from the United States Circuit Court. That was a suit in equity brought for the abatement of the brewery owned by the defendants. It is based on clauses in the 13th section of the laws of Kansas, which are as follows; "All places where intoxicating liquors are manufactured, sold, bartered, or given away in violation of any of the provisions of this act, are hereby declared to be public nuisances; and upon the judgment of any court having jurisdiction finding such place to be a nuisance under this section, the sheriff, his deputy, or under-sheriff, or any constable of the proper county, or marshal of any city where same is located, shall be directed to shut up and abate such place by taking possession thereof and destroying all intoxicating liquor found therein, together with all signs, screens, bars, bottles, glasses, and other property used in keeping and maintaining said nuisance; and the keeper thereof shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of maintaining a common nuisance, and shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days nor more than ninety days. The attorney-general, county attorney, or any citizen of the county where such nuisance exists, or is kept, or is maintained, may maintain an action in the name of the State to abate and perpetually enjoin the same. The injunction shall be granted at the commencement of the action, and no bond shall be required."

By a previous section all malt, vinous, and fermented



liquors are classed as intoxicating liquors, and their manufacture, barter, and sale are equally prohibited. By the 13th section, as is well said by counsel, the legislature—finding a place where such liquors are sold, bartered, or given away, or kept for sale, or barter, or delivery—in this case a brewery, where beer was manufactured and sold, which, up to the passage of the act, was a lawful industry—without notice or hearing of any kind, declares it to be a common nuisance; and prescribes what shall follow, upon a court having jurisdiction finding such place to be a nuisance. The court is not to determine whether the place is a common nuisance in fact, but is to find it to be so if it comes within the definition of the statute, and, having thus found it, the executive officers of the court are to be directed to shut up and abate the place by taking possession of it; and as though this were not sufficient security against the continuance of the business, they are to be required to destroy all the liquor found therein, and all other property used in and maintaining the nuisance. It matters not whether they are of such a character as could be used in any other business, or be of value for any other purposes. No discretion is left in the judge or in the officer.

These clauses appear to me to deprive one who owns a brewery and manufactures beer for sale, like the defendants, of property without due process of law. The destruction to be ordered is not as a forfeiture upon conviction of any offense, but merely because the legislature has commanded the court so to direct. I cannot see upon



what principle the legislature, after closing the brewery, and thus putting an end to its use in the future for manufacturing spirits, can order the destruction of the liquor already manufactured, which it admits by its legislation may be valuable for some purposes, and may be lawfully sold for those purposes; nor can I see how the protection of the health and morals of the people of this State can require the destruction of property like bottles, glasses, and other utensils, after the liquor is emptied from them. They might then be used for harmless purposes. It has heretofore been supposed to be an established principle, that where there is a power to abate a nuisance, the abatement must be limited by its necessity, and no wanton or unnecessary injury can be committed to the property or rights of individuals. Thus, if the nuisance consists in the use to which a building is put, the remedy is to stop such use, not to tear down or demolish the building itself. *Babcock vs. City of Buffalo*, 56 N. Y. 268; *Chenango Bridge Co. vs. Page*, 83 N. Y. 189. The decision of the court, as it seems to me, reverses the principle. It is plain that great wrong will often be done to manufacturers of liquors if legislation like that embodied in this 13th section can be upheld. The Supreme Court of Kansas admits that the legislature of the State, in destroying the values of such kinds of property, may have gone to the utmost verge of constitutional authority. In my opinion it has passed beyond that verge and crossed the line which separates regulation from confiscation.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### CLOSING REMARKS.

The foregoing decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest court and final tribunal to which the American people can appeal for safety in case of wrongs committed against them by insignificant, inferior courts or legislative bodies, in the cases in point in regard to the question of the manufacture of and traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage being a common nuisance, the great cause and producer of nearly all the crime committed, the poverty and misery endured by multitudes of families, wives, widows, orphans, and many aged and helpless people, in our opinion is a wise and just decision, and will be rewarded by Heaven's most noble and best gifts: "Sweet peace of conscience, Heavenly rest."

We have given the decision verbatim as delivered by Mr. Justice Harlin as the opinion of the highest court of the American republic. It was decided with but one dissenting voice, viz.: that of Mr. Justice Field. But let us remember that Mr. Field concurred in the judgment of

the court in the first two cases, those coming from the Supreme Court of Kansas ; only dissenting in the last case, the one coming from the Circuit Court of the United States. Perhaps to many of our readers this decision may be tiresome, it being somewhat lengthy, while with others it may play a conspicuous part in the drama of our work, it being an official copy of the decision rendered by the highest authority in our national government. The copy of the late decision reaching us as we are drawing our work to a close, we have several reasons for applying it to the closing of the work we have already penned : First, there are very many people that the official copy would not otherwise reach , again, there are many who read the newspapers credulously, applying often a misconstruction of its intents ; in other cases many daily and weekly periodicals publish simply extracts of the decision, and we would not say but that they would publish such clauses as would best meet their political views ; but our last and one very prominent reason is to show that we do not stand alone in our political views upon the "great question of the day." Besides the thousands of friends of humanity that walk hand in hand with us, we are supported in our endeavors to crush out from our beautiful land the traffic in the deadly poison that brings crime, poverty, pauperism, insanity, drunkenness, prostitution, destruction of property, bringing bankruptcy and financial ruin to thousands of business men, and final disaster and ruin to mechanical geniuses. Backed by the highest unbiased

judicial authority of one of the greatest, and most noble, and most powerful nations of the globe, we rest assured that our work will stand the scrutinizing power of the keen-eyed critic. And we further quote Judge Dixon's charge to the grand jury, Paterson, N. J., January term, 1888, which is the following :

**GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY:** There is nothing of special importance to which to direct your attention at this time, except one matter that is ever present and ever demanding our careful scrutiny and most earnest consideration. I speak now of the violation of the law regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is an old story and a very sad one. There is no class of crime on the calendar that is responsible for more ruined fortunes, wrecked lives and blasted homes. This is conceded, and yet there is no class of crime that is more difficult to reach. Violations of the law in this regard are permitted to go unpunished, year after year, with scarcely a single exception. This is because the Grand Juries of the county fail to detect as jurors what must be patent to them as individuals—that the law is constantly and openly set at defiance; or else, detecting, they fall short of the performance of their sworn duty by failing to present the violations of the law of which they have, or may have full knowledge. It is to be hoped that you, gentlemen, will inaugurate a new policy—not tortuous but straight; not truckling but independent; not evasive but earnest and manly. It is to be hoped, gentlemen, that you will

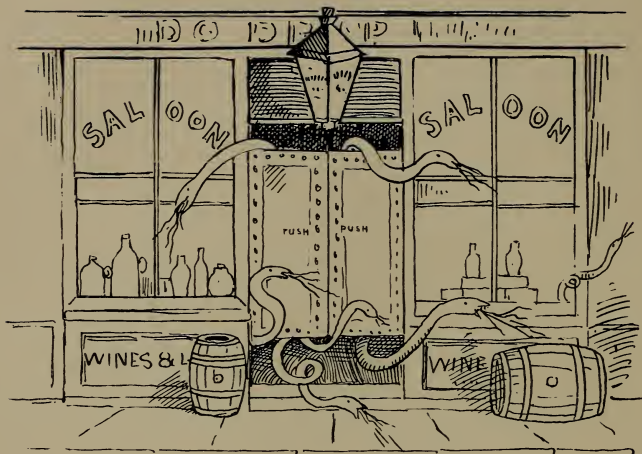
perform your duty and fulfil your sworn obligations to the community without fear or favor. If you will but do this, if you will inaugurate a new era and succeeding Grand Juries will persevere in the same course, violators of the law will find the struggle an unequal one and in the end will be compelled to succumb. I earnestly trust that you may do this thing. You may now retire to your deliberations.

## THE QUICKSANDS OF LIFE.

How many sad wrecks of misfortune  
Stalk daily through hamlet and town,  
Whose poverty beckons compassion,  
But meets with a cold-hearted frown ;  
Who, once basked in the sunshine of riches,  
Wealth, and friendship hung over their door ;  
But, alas ! who can tell in the sunshine ;  
Of the dark clouds, that are waiting in store ?  
Who can tell, when the dazzling temptations  
Of wealth, and fame, hang high in their view,  
Which shall be crowned as the victors,  
Or shall they be many, or few.  
The race is for all. Who shall win ?  
Then let us with care guard our footsteps,  
Ere the maelstrom has drawn us within.  
The beer-glass causes many to shudder and weep,  
Muddles the brain, and tangles the feet,  
Burns the clothes from the victim's back,  
And sends them staggering in the street.  
Not only this, but further along,  
The wolf from his den sends a deadly howl,







THE SNAKE'S DEN.

The saloon is the primary educating place of the youth; it fits them for plunging deeper into vice, that they may, all the sooner, become adepts in the art of theft, graduating in the science of crime, dispelling all feelings of generosity and refinement, leading the young and innocent into the path of recklessness, drawing the coil tighter and tighter, until the victim feels he is completely in the fatal snare, from whence there is no retreat. Many, oh! how many, have been led from their homes through the channel of *strong drink*, away from tender affections and influences of a loving mother, an affectionate father, the tender and loving embrace of brothers and sisters, and all the endearing ties of fondness for home and friends, into the dark abyss of misery and crime, to end their lives within the gloomy walls of a prison or upon the gallows, while many find, when too late, they are registered on the pauper's list, and at last help to swell the number that fill drunkards' graves.

As the rum-bottle chimes a chorus to the song  
Of the rum-cask, and the flowing bowl.

The evils that are crowding around us,  
Are burnished and polished so bright,  
That it closes the eyes of the many ;  
The few from the danger take flight.  
The wolf in the garb of deception,  
In the fleece of the lamb, comes out from his den,  
With the flashing goblet in hand, and sparkling wine,  
He ruins the fortunes of men.

Why should anxious mothers cease to weep  
For careless, youthful sons, who're led astray,  
When on the right and on the left,  
They have fallen by the way.  
She sees upon a youthful face,  
The smiles of joy, and the shadows play,  
But sinks in sorrow when she sees  
The sands beneath his feet give way.

Angel of light, we call thee down from heaven,  
To drive the dark spirits away;  
Let the demon Rum be driven from our homes,  
Let night be turned to-day.  
Let the archangel's trumpet sound,  
And call the nation's home,  
If we must live beneath the shades and curse,  
Of wicked, cruel rum.

The curse of rum has stamped it's seal  
Upon our nation's flag ;  
Who will not fight, or stand for right,  
To rule with laws that know no gag ?  
Let freedom ring from every tongue,  
Let every sword (ballot) for right be drawn ;

Let hearts unite and ballots count ;  
Let the bugle sound at early dawn.  
Let the news go forth from sea to sea,  
That our army is in motion ;  
And light shall shine in every home,  
From ocean down to ocean ;  
Let the voice, the pen, the ballot be  
The weapons in each hand,  
To drive the cursed stench of rum  
From this our native land.

And of sons make noble men ;  
Free from riot, brawls and strife,  
And from the quicksands, place their feet  
On the rock of sober life.  
Then shout for freedom in silver tones ;  
Let the blast be shrill and long ;  
And let our hands and hearts be joined  
In union, good and strong,

Paterson, N. J., Feb., 1888.


The above poem was written in Paterson, N.J., where the author was stopping for a few weeks. The city has nine hundred licensed places to sell strong drink.

#### RUM-SELLERS AND RUIN.

And now, we think we have said enough on the subject to convince any liberal, fair-minded person ; so we will close by showing up the licensed saloon in the true light and character of its work.

Wishing to get a living without hard work, I have started a prosperous business by leasing commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's Block, corner of Ruin Street and Per-

dition Lane, (next door to the undertaker's,) where I shall manufacture drunkards, paupers, and lunatics, beggars, criminals, "dead beats," for sober and industrious people to support. Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, painful diseases, disgraceful quarrels, riots and cold-blooded murders. My liquors are warranted to rob some of life; many of reason; more, of property; and all, of peace; to make fathers, fiends; wives, widows; and children, orphans. I shall cause mothers to forget their infants, children to grow up in ignorance; young women to lose their priceless purity and smart young men to become loafers, swearing, gambling, skeptics, and lewd fellows of the baser kind. Lady customers supplied with beer, as good as the best "home-brewed," which will not intoxicate them, but only make them stupid, slack, lazy, coarse, and quarrelsome.

 Sunday customers will please enter at the back door. Boys and girls are the raw material of which I make drunkards, &c. Parents may help me in this work by always sending their children for the "home-brewed article." At two hours notice I am able to put husbands in condition to reel home, break the furniture, beat their wives, and kick their children out of doors. I shall also fit mechanics to spoil their work, be discharged and become tramps. If one of my regular customers should decide to reform, I will, with pleasure for a few pennies, induce him to take just one glass more, or by offering him "free drinks," tempt him to start again on

The Road to Ruin. The money he would spend in bread and other things for his family, will buy luxuries for mine. And then, when his money is gone I will persuade him to run in debt, for I can collect the bill by attaching his wages. Orders promptly filled for fevers, scrofula, consumption, or delirium tremens.

In short, I will do my best to help bring upon all my regular customers, debt, disgrace, disease, despair and death in this world, and in the next, pangs of the second death. The above may also be obtained of my high-toned agent, Mr. Frank De Seaver, druggist, corner of Main street and Shoddy avenue, who keeps a full line of (im) pure brandies, wines, liquors, and all the popular drinks (especially) called cordials, tonics and bitters, for medicinal purposes only. Having closed my ears to pity, and having made a league with Satan and sold myself to work iniquity, and having paid for my license, granted by a professed christian people, I have a right to bring all the above evils on my friends and neighbors for the sake of gain! Some have suggested that I display outside the door assorted specimens of my art, but that would blockade the street! Excellent samples of my manufactures may be seen inside almost any time, or at the station houses every morning, in the poor-houses, asylums, and prisons, every day, and very, very many times on the gallows. Call early and late, and, don't forget the place.

JUDAS SUREDEATH.

29 Ruin street, Rum River.

State of In-toxi-cation, U. S. A.

Kind reader, we come with an earnest, and last appeal in behalf of suffering humanity, asking you carefully and candidly to consider what is good, what is better, what is best, for the enjoyment, for the prosperity, for the peace and happiness of the American people. Asking you to weigh the matter carefully and candidly in the balance of your best judgment, and act accordingly.

After a careful survey of the liquor-traffic, and the great and many evils arising from its use and effects, would it not be one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind, if strong drink could, and should, be banished from the face of the earth? Many of our readers will answer in the affirmative, with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, while others will still cling to the old "fogy" maxim, if it is used with caution it is good, or, it is good in its place; while some will say, it saved my life upon one occasion, and I think it should be kept in certain places, for certain purposes. Perhaps, dear reader, these may be solid facts; at least we will admit them to be stern facts; if it is used with caution it is good,—to temper the palate to crave the taste, and paralyze the brain to that extent that the line of caution cannot be determined and you are lost in the cautious use of what you considered harmless. Others will claim, if a little is good, more is better; and they, too, are engulfed in its ruin before they are aware of the swiftness of the current upon which they are borne; to those who think it ought to be kept in certain places because it may have, at some time, stimulated to action the



patient while sinking and the influence of disease, we would most respectfully say to such of our readers, that where it has saved the life of one, under such circumstances, it has killed ten thousand under circumstances of a far different character, and it is kept in certain places and does its nefarious work ; and it is kept in those certain places, for certain purposes, which is are follows : It is kept at certain places for the purpose of getting wealth, by taking the money from the drinkers and robbing their families of food, clothing, shoes, and all the necessaries and comforts of life, and bringing misery, poverty, brawls, disturbance, wretchedness, insanity, and crime in thousands of American homes. It is kept in those certain places, such as brothels, where revel and riot know no bounds ; where the young and innocent are enticed into fatal snares of the wicked by the flashing allurements that are offered through the sparkling wine. It is kept in certain places, where our legislators meet to spend their leisure hours in their nightly revels, and they our law-makers, who enact laws to govern the American people.

Yes, dear reader, there is too much of the diabolical stuff kept in certain places, and where is your excuse ? It will not cure the headache, or heartache, but causes both. It is a curse to the nation and destroys the people, and blasts thousands of once peaceful and happy homes. To those who believe strong drink is good in its place, read carefully the following lines, entitled "Whiskey in its Place."

The following verses were written on hearing an old man make the remark that whiskey was good in its place :

## WHISKEY IN ITS PLACE.

“ Good in its place ! Where is its place ?  
Thou fiend that cursed the human race.  
Where is that place ? Oh, let me tell ;  
For I have learned thy secret well.

Show me thy place where you have been,  
And there’s the place where crime is seen ;  
Show me the place your presence blights,  
And there’s the place for brawls and fights.

Go, see the graves that you have filed ;  
Go, see the blood that you have spilled ;  
Then tell me that there is a place  
Where you should show your demon face.

Go, ask the drunkard’s wretched wife  
What’s been the terror of her life ;  
What turned her raven locks to snow,  
And laid her wretched husband low ?

See how she looks, by God forsaken ;  
See her by want and sorrow shaken ;  
See her hide in deep disgrace,  
Then say no more about your place.

Go, hear the orphans cry for bread.  
Go, hear the widow mourn her dead ;  
Go, see the drunkard’s haggard face,  
And ask of them, where is the place ?

Ask the pauper at the poor-house door,  
What makes his heavy heart so sore ?  
He’ll say while tears run down his face,  
Because he had for you a place.

Go, see the place where demons lurk ;  
Go, watch them at their devilish work,  
As they with knives each other chase,  
And there, vile whiskey, is thy place.

There's where the gallows finds its food ;  
There's where the prison gets its brood ;  
There's where crime and poverty embrace,  
While rushing on their headlong race.

Whiskey, thy vile and stifling breath  
Has laid many a lofty form in death ;  
Your fiery tongue, like scorpion's sting,  
Misery and death and sorrow bring.

Tell not to me that hateful lie,  
Nor seek thy havoc to deny ;  
For you the human souls debase,  
Thou art death and shame in any place."

—*Elmira Sunday Tribune.*

#### IMPORTANT FIGURES.

Col. Switzer, of the National Bureau of Statistics, states that at the request of the National Druggists' Association he has just concluded an investigation as to the proportion of the liquor consumed yearly in this country, used in the arts and manufactures. He has found that this percentage, instead of being fifty per cent., as has been claimed, or even thirty, was only seven and one-half per cent. Col. Switzer also said the annual consumption of strong drink in the United States averaged an annual cost of forty-seven dollars to every man, woman and child.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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### A CHAIN OF CRIMES.

It is a crime to aid a man in committing crime. Drunkenness is a crime. The man who sells the liquor aids the man to get drunk, and, therefore commits a crime. The government that grants a license or permits the sale of liquor, aids the liquor dealer in committing a crime, and, therefore, commits a crime itself. The voter who votes to license a man to sell liquor, commits a crime; and so on. Rum, in the majority of cases, is the first cause of crime,—sin, sorrow, poverty, the expenses of the city and State, the populating of all the criminal and charitable institutions, and the support of a tremendous number of sixth-rate politicians. Is there no remedy for all of this? The people are beginning to say: “Yes, try prohibition.”

Already life insurance companies are refusing to issue policies to members or employees of any brewing company. As in the case of the North Western Life Insurance company which has its headquarters in Milwaukee. This stand taken by shrewd business men in the interest of thei

business, does not seem to harmonize very well with the advertisement of the Milwaukee brewers, who declare their beer to be non-intoxicating, healthful, refreshing and invigorating, conducive to health, prosperity and happiness, and beneficial alike for old and young, male and female."

But oh! Beware, there is death lurking at the bottom of the mash-tub, the rum-cask, the whiskey barrel, the wine-bottle, and beer-glass. There is but one remedy; Touch not, taste not. It kills in the end.

Thirty-five years among different classes of people; people of all nations, of all shades of color and character, as well as religious and political differences, radical and liberal, has led me to believe that a pen picture from life scenes, drawn by one who is unselfish, unbiased, and unprejudiced, with motive strictly pure, would not be out of place in a work that all readers should, and undoubtedly very many will, become interested in perusing its pages. The author's father, G. G. Blankman, educated by the Holland Government, in the city of Amsterdam, on graduating had his choice, to enter the navy, or take his chances in private life; his father before him at the time being owner and captain of one of the largest class of merchant vessels, offered, and advised the then, young and promising son, a position as first mate which he accepted, and for several years ploughed the rough ocean, sailing to different and distant parts of the globe, carrying merchandise of every kind from the coarsest lumber,

the products of Norway and Sweden, to the more delicate products, the finest silks, and the luscious fruits of the Indies. Later, the father and son became noted as successful whalers, catching the sperm-whale among the ice in the Arctic ocean. They were known as "Dutch Whalers," they being native Hollanders. The author's father afterwards accepted a position as captain of a merchant-trading vessel, of which he later became sole owner. The history of Holland speaks of the author's grandfather as a brave officer who commanded a Dutch man-of-war, and engaged in several naval battles in the war between Holland and Great Britain.

But, pardon me, as I am not writing a history of the family, only a sketch to show the opportunity to study the different scenes and note facts which have come under the author's own observation. The writer can boast that he never knew or never heard of there being a drunkard in the family, on the father's or the mother's side; but one circumstance I must record with regret. While my father was captain and owner of his vessel, he brought a cargo of rum and West India molasses from Demerara to New York. There seemed to be a disposition, or a sort of mania, in the family for a sea-faring life, and through the channel of that heredity the author himself is tainted with a love for water life, and has seen and met with many of the roughs of travel on land and sea; having devoted the greater portion of my life in traveling in different states, territories, provinces and countries, in cities,



towns, boroughs, and the rural districts; have had an opportunity of witnessing the effects and influence of strong drink upon the individual, society, the domestic fireside, the body politic, and the people of different nations. The cases are isolated where it has not had a demoralizing effect to a greater or less extent, and were the great evil subdued or driven out of existence, our penal institutions would crumble into insignificance, and sink into obscurity; the bow of peace would span the globe, and a halo of light would hang over every home; and love, joy and peace would reign in every household.

But alas! Is it so to be? The fiery-eyed monster is among us; and has he come to stay? Years have come and gone since the introduction of ardent spirits to the shores of our beloved America, and it has spread with the rapidity of prairie fires on the western plains, reaching its unrelenting hand into the circle of nearly every civilized home, into camp and cabin of the colored citizen; indeed, it has far advanced and outstripped the rapid march of civilization and forced by the ruthless hand of the trader into the camp of the wild and barbarous sons of the wood, to spread dismay and disorder among the dusky sons and daughters of the forest. It is not only among the ignorant, the poor, the low, the ill-bred, the colored people, and the dusky Indian that its disturbing influence is felt, but the rich, the refined, (so-called,) the aristocratic, and very many who move in the most lofty circles of society are made to feel its vital effects, and

succumb to its destroying influence. It robs them of their wealth, disturbs their peace, drives out sweet smiles, and banishes forever the sunshine of contentment. Not only this, but our political parties are measurably held under its terrible influence, and our legislators become corrupt through the influence of the wealth the rum-power holds in their hands. I might cite cases without limit where homes are broken up, children led astray, families separated, and murders committed through excessive use of the death-essence of strong drink. But for a time we will let that subject rest, and speak of a few of the incidents of city life.

I spent a portion of the past winter in New Jersey. I visited several cities within the borders of the State. Among the rest, I spent some time in the city of Paterson. I was informed by good authority, there were nearly nine hundred places where strong drink was sold under a license, and the only water used in the city is a small stream called the Passaic River, and the supply from the stream is mostly used by the breweries, and for milling purposes. Sunday seemed to me to be the day mostly devoted to drinking, especially by the police force, or a portion of those on duty; the come-in-at-the-side-door seemed to be well understood by all.

A little incident occurred while I was boarding at the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Hotel in the city; It was rented and kept by one Ernst Muller, a Swiss dutchman who claimed to be a graduate from some college in

his native country, but from his love of drink we come to the conclusion that he might also be a graduate of some brewery, or wine-cellar. I had been boarding nearly two months at his house, when by some means he ascertained that I was writing a work on the evils of intemperance. The discovery was made on Saturday. On the Monday following he came to me as dinner was nearly ready, saying, "Mr. Plankman, I vas so mad ven I hear you vas demberance man, dot I cood not stand 'em any more. You vas von shentleman, but you vight 'ginst my peesness und I don'd like 'em, not much, aint id?"

Reader do you ask what was my reply? I simply said: "Mr. Muller, your bill-of fare in your dining room is good enough for a king; with that I am satisfied; but your poison swill in your bottles I do not consider it policy to drink and I will not drink it! and, again, as in your case, it drives out good sense and muddles the brain. It lowers man far below the brute; it destroys the health of the drinker, and robs their families of what is justly their own, making hell of home, paupers of their wives and children, and miserable drunken wrecks of themselves."

Hoboken, another city of vice, is horrible to contemplate. On Sabbath morning, if you choose, you can walk in at the front door and get your drinks; attend church, then, if you desire to do so; you can play billiards as long as you wish, or you can stand on the church steps and listen to the cracking of the balls on the billiard tables till

the dawn of another day. On my way home, my business called me to Washington, N. J., a borough of four thousand inhabitants and by the way a no-license town. I put up at the Washington Hotel, kept by Mr. James Nolan. Numerous calls were made for a bottle of lager. Mr. Nolan's answer would be: "I have no right to sell less than a quart. You must take two bottles instead of one," thus forcing double the amount on his customer in order to evade the penalty of the law they care nothing for.

O! New Jersey, shake the dust from your feet, and shame the Empire State, which is wallowing in the mire. I came near forgetting one little borough in the State where I stayed over Sunday. It was Boonton, a no-license town of some twelve hundred inhabitants. I arrived in the evening at eight o'clock, and was directed to the United States hotel. The proprietor told me it was a no-license town, and he would not keep travelers on any terms whatever. So I walked on in the darkness, and dark it was too. I inquired of a stranger, who pleasantly informed me of the whereabouts of a temperance boarding house, kept by a widow. I found quarters in the house, where everything seemed pleasant. What met my gaze on the Sabbath was a fierce struggle between a policeman and a drunken man, the policeman using his club until the drunken man was literally covered with blood. In the evening following, when the boarders came to the boarding-house, they were everyone of them drunk. New Jersey is still in the dark. It seems very

strange that people who claim to be intelligent will indulge in the foolish habit which muddles the brain, destroys the intellect, and kills in the end.

Listen! Macey Warner, who was hanged in Jefferson, Indiana, made the following speech: "If any of you ever take a glass of whiskey, before you put it to your lips, think of Macey Warner, and look into the bottom of the glass and see if you cannot see a rope in there?" There is one great fault, or mistaken idea, that too many people drift into; (*viz.*), they look too late; when they discover the snakes, they are in their boots, they are all around them, and they cannot be driven away. They encircle their victims, bring them tighter and tighter in their folds, till the last hope of freedom is given up in despair and all is lost! What then? A terrible death and a drunkard's grave is the closing scene of a life of wretchedness and suffering.

A short chapter on High License ought to be sufficient to convince any fair-minded person that it is not advancing the cause of temperance, nor checking in the least the sale of intoxicating drink. It may have a tendency to close a portion of the saloons that are kept by the poorer class of people; yet, while it closes that class, it throws the field open to those who are abundantly able to pay the expense of a higher license, giving the rich a chance to monopolize the trade and forcing the poorer class out of the business altogether; or else they become violators of the law, which only forms a wall, or barricade, between



the license-holder and the people, by selling without a license altogether. And, as we have said before, if it is a crime, or if it leads to crime, it should not be established by law; if it is not, and does not lead to crime, it does not need to be protected by law. Then, why give the rich privileges that the poor man cannot reach, in the commercial world, outside of buying and selling? Or, in other words, a poor man cannot traffic in a certain commodity to a small extent, without paying a high license, the same as the man who has his millions, and is capable of carrying on the same business to any extent. The local-option license law is, in our opinion, no better than a high license law would be. For the "Tree of Intemperance" is very much like unto a tree of any other kind that bears its fruit according to the pruning and cultivation it receives. The high license advocates, for fear the tree will cease to bear fruit luscious to the taste and flattering to the eye, as far as regards wealth to the manufacturers and dealer, and for fear the axe will be laid to the root of the tree and it shall be ruined for their nefarious purpose, have begun cutting back the ends of the twigs from the branches, that it shall not make so great a show, but will bear more abundant the fruit that brings shame, disgrace, and dishonor, with its rich harvest. The local-optionist only applies the axe to now and then a dry limb of the tree, by cutting off occasionally a town, only that the vile stuff may be imported from an adjoining town by the gallon, keg, or barrel to be drank at leisure at home, then to be refilled and drank from until empty again.



Dear reader, the only hope for safety is to revolutionize the government by the ballot, and make laws and enforce them, that shall declare the traffic ruinous to the health and morals of the people, and that the breweries, and distilleries shall not exist, and the traffic shall be driven from our shores. There are but very few men who are selling strong drink, whom I have conversed with, who will not admit it is rather a degrading business, but wind up by saying there is money in the traffic, or I would not engage in the business. They seem to estimate wealth above all other considerations, knowing it robs the victim of everything that is pure ; of peace, health, honor, credit ; and plunges him headlong into despair, disgrace, poverty, and a drunkard's grave. And then, there are many people who profess to be temperance advocates, who never agitate the subject of temperance, or ever look beyond their own welfare ; they will stand up in churches and tell to the audience how they coincide with the temperance views of the speaker who was last upon the floor, but when they come to the great question at the polls they shirk their responsibility by keeping silent on the subject, or voting out right for license, and yet they offer up long prayers in behalf of the starving wives and beggared children of the drunkard, for whom they have voted to sustain a license to sell him the ruinous drink that has brought upon the drinker and his family drunkenness and starvation. To such as those, let me ask again : did you ever listen to a sermon preached from the text? "Woe

unto him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips and maketh him drunken also."—Habakkuk, 11 chap. ; or "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Proverbs, xx-1 "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself ; but the simple pass on, and are punished."—Proverbs, xxii-3. For such people, the above would be appropriate texts for the funeral sermons of the friends of the people voting to sustain licenses to sell ardent spirits, which is the most inveterate foe and unmistakable destroyer of the human race. It is far worse than the fire-brand in a bale of cotton.

## TOUCH NOT THE POISON DRUG.

Touch not the deadly drug ;  
 There's poison in the flask,  
 And scorpions with the sting of death,  
 Are bred in every cask.

The glass may flash with dazzling light,  
 The wine with age grow-red ;  
 But serpents from the drink curse grow  
 And fill the dying bed.

The tallest forest oaks,  
 From little acorns grow ;  
 From rivulets and smaller streams,  
 The largest rivers flow.

So from the smallest glass of wine,  
 The curse of drink will grow,  
 And blast the hope and craze the brain,  
 Bring ruin, pain and woe.

Then touch it not, taste it not ;  
Guard every step with care,  
Touch not the deadly poison drug  
For death is lurking there.

1st. What license means.

It is important that, in the first place, we should get a perception of all that is meant by the word license. The underlying idea is that of permission, or allowance. A hackman's license, for instance, permits him to engage in the business of cab-driving ; a marriage license permits two persons to be legally united in wedlock, and a liquor license permits a person to sell intoxicating liquors. The permission or allowance always carries with it the idea of right.

When a parent or teacher permits a child to do a certain thing, the child instinctively feels that the thing itself is right and not wrong. Similarly, when the law licenses or permits anything to be done, it teaches that what it permits is correct in principle and expedient in practice. Again, the authority which permits a thing to be done will and must protect and support the person it permits against all that would annoy or harrass him. If one permits his boys to go fishing, he must protect them to the extent of his power against all who prevent or interfere with their sport. So, when the law licenses or permits any business to be carried on, it is bound to protect the person licensed.

The license of permission is generally coupled with cer-

tain conditions which the person must obey, and penalties are attached to the violations of those conditions.

When, therefore, a community or a country issues licenses it does three things :

1st. It calls the dram-shop into existence and permits its work.

2d. It declares that the dram-shop is correct in principle and expedient in practice.

3d. It pledges its authority to the protection of the dram-shop, in its congenial and permitted work.

What it is we license.

Before a community calls an institution into existence, declares it right, and pledges protection to it, the people should carefully consider what are its aims and effects.

1st. It provides nothing useful. No fabrics to wear, foods to sustain the body, no implements of labor, no books to inform the mind, no article of comfort for the home. Nothing that adorns civilization, elevates society, or adds a single impulse of good to the community, can be found on its shelves or within its four walls.

If every dram-shop in America should be burned tomorrow, the country would not lose a single iota in all that goes to clothe, feed, develop and beautify her millions.

2d. It encourages idleness. A dram-shop immediately reduces "loafing" to a fine art. It is a convenient place to "drop into." Some of the "boys" are always on hand. There is constantly something to hear or see. Games for

the idle hour are ever ready. Drinks are forthcoming at any moment, and stories and songs fill in the intervals. All are invited and welcome to stay. And thus the dram-shop is continually turning the active and industrious into the idle and shiftless. Thus it is a standing peril to the children in its neighborhood.

3d. It is a school for tipping. The principal object of the dram-shop is to get sober people to tittle, and tippers to drink to excess. It exists for no other purpose. If it succeeds in doing this, its gains increase; if it fails, it starves and dies.

Unless it is able to turn sober children into drinking men and women, it must cease with the present generation. So its aim is to debauch each generation of children. It greedily eyes the school and home and sets itself to trap the innocent.

The "Stand" is chosen in the most public resorts; the temptations are made as alluring as possible, and the bar-keeper is selected with this point in view; the host puts on his blandest manner—all to influence custom, that is, to induce sober people to tittle and tippers to drink more and more. In no other way can they reap their harvest of gain.

4th. It breeds disorder, vice, poverty and crime. We would scarcely ever hear of a brawl or fight, if it were not for the dram-shops. When people are cool and collected, and masters of themselves, there is almost perfect peace and quiet. But the dram-shop changes all these conditions.

It collects in heated rooms all sorts of characters, the vicious and the innocent. It frenzies them with strong drink, launches them into the wildest disorder and the bloodiest quarrels. Nine-tenths of all the crimes against good order, decency and the person, are the traceable outcome of the dram-shops. Thus, idleness breeds mischief; the vicious corrupt the innocent; the vulgar, indecent and blasphemous gradually poison purity; wages are squandered, self-respect is lost, passions are inflamed and the seeds of crime sown broadly. No words can portray the mischief and misery that brood and breed in the dram-shops of our country. If malicious ingenuity had racked its brain for a thousand years, it could have devised no more thorough and efficient agency of corruption than the saloons.

5th. It antagonizes every influence of home, school and church. The saloon rivals the home, and in innumerable instance robs it of loved ones, breaks it up and ruins it irretrievably.

There is no community cursed with a dram-shop, but can point to one or more ruined homes as monuments of its terrible and deadly antagonism. The saloon nullifies the work of the school. It renders parents indifferent to the education of their children; it brings poverty and rags, and so keeps little ones from schools, or it drives them out on the streets to beg and steal. A large percentage of the children of our country are grown up in utter or comparative ignorance because of such hindering and



corrupting influences. The saloon blocks the path of the church. The christian church spends millions of dollars to-day in the field of foreign missions, sends out hundreds of missionaries, and makes thousands of converts each year. But for every one convert she makes in other lands, the saloon destroys full one hundred souls in christian countries. And here among our pulpits and by the very side of preachers, it is safe to say that the dram-shops lead as many downward as the churches lead upward.

We are asked, then, to license, either high or low, an institution which provides nothing useful or beautiful; causes and encourages idleness; teaches tipping and drunkenness; breeds disorder, vice, poverty and crime; antagonizes our homes, schools and churches. Can we, dare we, call such institutions into existence, set them up in our midst, sanction their work, and protect them in it? Are the interests of our homes, our society, our children and our neighbors to be sacrificed to such a demand?

And for whose interest?

That one in five hundred may become a rum-seller and make a lazy living at the expense of all we hold dear; that the other four hundred and ninety-nine may bear the burden and suffer the misery.

WHAT THE VOTER DOES BY LICENSING THE SALE OF STRONG  
DRINK.

Christian voter, before you cast your ballot for the dram-shops, please think that by licensing it you compromise with wrong. Suppose a man comes to you and says:

“Sir, you have a nice boy growing up there. I will pay you one hundred dollars if you will give me the liberty to teach him to drink ardent spirits. I will not compel him, but simply use attractive display, and persuade him.”

You indignantly repel the awful proposition. But a friend standing near says, “You might as well take the hundred dollars; if you refuse, he will get your boy in some secret and illicit way, and teach him to drink. Your boy will learn to drink all the same, and you will have the hundred dollars.” And yet you repel with perfect abhorrence, the suggestion that you should allow any one for a money consideration, to attempt the ruin of your boy. But when a man goes to your corporation and says, “I will give you one hundred dollars, if you will allow me to teach as many of the boys in your county, or city, as I can allure to drink.” What do you say? In the first case, the man wishes to try his arts upon one boy, and that one is yours. In the second, he proposes to try his arts on all the boys, yours included. It would have been infamous for you to have accepted his money and delivered your boy over to his seductions; is it not all the more infamous for you to vote to take the money and deliver all the boys of the corporation over to his wiles. You would not compromise with wrong when the proposition for private corruption was made. A thousand times less should you do so when it is proposed to attempt a wholesale and public corruption.

You now go into partnership with the traffic. When

you license the saloon you practically say: "Give us a portion of your gains and you keep the remainder." You thus become the silent partner in the business, and are paid for your silence. The saloon-keeper ruins your neighbor's son; you can say nothing; you will get your percentage of profits made out of his ruin. The saloon destroys a happy home, and mother and children sit weeping and broken-hearted in its ashes. Unredeemable ruin, sorrow and poverty hang like a sable pall over that once peaceful and happy home. The serpent of inebriation crept stealthily in; the clouds gathered one by one; at length the storm burst upon that home in its wildest fury, and the once happy family became engulfed in utter ruin. But you must be silent, for in your pockets clinks a portion of the gold and silver into which that happy home was transmuted. And when at the end of the year the rum-seller counts up his gains—while outside you behold the ruin, the vice, the misery and sorrow which has been wrought—he invites you in, and with almost demoniac leer says to you: "I know it looks fearful out there, but I have the gains and here is your share, sir. We're partners, you know."

Can you partnership the traffic?

You lend it respectability and sanction. The liquor traffic without license is a vagabond, a bankrupt, an outlaw. It slinks away into dark places with the brand of Cain on its brow whoever finds it may slay it. And Cain-like, it kills without mercy; all who drink it must inev-

itably sink beneath its vital touch. The very moment you license it, it is entitled to claim full citizenship; it lifts its head boldly on your best streets; it is recognized as full brother to every useful and legitimate business; it wears the full flowing garments of respectability and sanction, and leans for support on your schools, your churches and your laws. When it struck a blow before, it was furtively and in constant dread of punishment; now it bears the sword in full view of all, and slays right and left. It enlarges the borders of its garment, and with all the prestige of city and State authority launches out into its congenial work.

To all appeals and remonstrances it can then triumphantly reply, "I have the people and the law at my back, sir, and my business is as good as any other." Every voter who casts his ballot for license practically throws his own mantle of character and respectability about the traffic and endorses its work. You arm the rum-seller for the work. The saloon is ready in essence. There is the man who wants to sell. There is the place completely fitted up where he wishes to sell. There are the liquors in bottle and keg which he is ready to sell. But the door is barred, bottle is undisturbed, the man is waiting and no work of demoralization has commenced, and it will not commence until you and the other voters order it. Legally and virtually the machinery of destruction is motionless until you give the word. That word is the license power. Withhold it and all is well; give it, and immediately the

evil work begins. Do you not see how you—the voters—give potency and activity to the dram-shop? You arm it. You erect a citadal for it out of which it issues to the constant attack. You place the law and the police behind it, and no matter how many it slays and destroys, no vengeance can overtake it. Without license all is different. It then has no abiding and secure place. It haunts the alleys and dark places away from the law. Wherever it shows its hand the law descends upon it. If it injures, the injured can demand redress. It is hunted by the minions of the law, and has the registered condemnation of the people hung over against it, a continually impending sentence. You become responsible for what it does.

When the unlicensed dram shop plies its illicit trade, and works its evil, the whole weight and responsibility falls on the head of the law-breaker. Him the law holds guilty in the sight of heaven. When you license it, you, the voters, share the responsibility for all the ruin that is wrought.

Has it rifled a home? You made it possible, and as the just eye of God looks down upon the desolate earth and listens to the cry of the lone ones for vengeance, He sees the poor over-tempted, appetite-ridden one at whose feet lies part of the guilt; He sees the rum-seller behind the bar who pitilessly fed the passion for drink, which finally burned out all sense of love and duty; and He sees behind all, the men who placed the dram-seller in the position to cause this ruin, and He holds them responsible.

Arise quickly, O Christian voter, and come out from this



awful partnership which throws upon your soul part guilt for every broken heart, every saddened home, every wrecked life ; which, but for the saloon you placed in their way might have been singing for joy, brightened with sunny hopes, and filled with joy and peace, and full of refining influence. Voters, as you love your lives, peace, and your safety, consider well the matter before you rivet the shackles of rum forever upon your country and upon your future generations. There may be a few dollars secured by a license fee for a part support of the paupers it makes ; but it cannot restore the lost and ruined or atone for the crime committed through its influence.

Macey Warner, who was hanged in Jefferson, Ind., for murder, made the following speech while on the gallows ; “If any of you take a glass of whiskey, before you place it to your lips, think of Macey Warner, and look into the bottom of the glass and see if you can’t see a rope there.” Alas ! how true. There may not be a rope in every glass, but there is in every glass of rum, a thread that weaves the rope, and he who persists in taking enough to weave the rope, must surely expect the gallows will end a career of crime, brought about by the influence of strong drink.

#### THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.

“You are coming to me, but not as of yore,  
When I hastened to welcome your ring at the door ;  
For I trusted that he who stood waiting me then,  
Was the brightest and truest, the noblest of men.



Your lips on my own wheu they printed 'farewell'  
Had never been soiled by the 'beverage of hell,'  
And they come to me now with Bacchanal sign—  
But the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

Oh, how it amazed me when first in your face  
The pen of the 'Rum-Fiend' had written *disgrace*.  
I turned me in silence and tears from that breath,  
All poisoned and foul from the chalice of death.  
It shattered the hopes I had treasured to last ;  
It darkened the future and clouded the past ;  
It shattered my idol and ruined the shrine—  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine.

I loved you ; oh, dearer than language can tell !  
And you saw it ; you proved it too well ;  
But the man of my love was far other than he  
Who now from the tap room comes reeling to me.  
In manhood and honor so noble and right—  
His heart was so true and his genius so bright ;  
And his soul was unstained, unpolluted by wine ;  
But the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

You promised reform but I trusted in vain ;  
Your pledges are made to be broken again.  
And the lover so false to his promises now  
Will not as a husband be true to his vow.  
The words *must* be spoken that bid you depart,  
Though the effort to speak them should shatter my heart ;  
Though in silence with blighted affections I pine,  
Yet the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.

If one spark in your bosom of virtue remain,  
Go fan it with prayer 'till it kindles again ;  
Resolve, with 'God helping,' in future to be  
From wine and its follies unshackled and free ;

And when you have conquered this foe of your soul,  
In manhood and honor beyond its control,  
This heart will again beat responsive to thine,  
And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine."

"Politics are but the application of morals to public affairs."—*Charles Sumner*.

"The great end of society is to protect the weakness of individuals by strength of the community."—*Blackstone*.

"The Government of the United States was erected by the free voice and joint will of the people of America for their common defence and general welfare."—*James Kent*.

The wisdom of the principles of the prohibition party seems based upon these principles, and further more is demonstrated by the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which expressly declares that it is the duty of the State Legislature to protect by law the health and morals of the people, and it has power to prohibit both the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, as it is injurious to both the health and morals of the people, and degrades and demoralizes all who indulge in its excessive use. We see in our large towns and cities, the corrupting influence of the traffic is felt more heavily than in the rural districts, and smaller villages; the gambling house is not without its influence as a stimulator to crime; it is the friend and companion of the brothel, and stimulates the low, ill-bred, and the vicious to dark deeds and crimes of every hue.

## A VOICE FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

"My dear friends," said the doctor, "I favor  
License for selling of rum.

These fanatics tell us with horror  
Of the mischief liquor has done ;

I say as a man and physician,  
The system's requirements are such,  
That unless we, at times, assist nature,  
The body and soul suffer much.

'Tis a blessing when worn out and weary—  
A mod'rate drink now and then."

From the minister by the pulpit  
Came an audible murmur, "Amen!"

„Tis true many have fallen,  
Become filthy drunkards, and worse,  
Harmed others. No; I dont uphold them;  
They made their blessings a curse.

Must I be denied for their sinning?  
Must the weak ones govern the race?  
Why every good thing God has given  
Is only a curse out of place.

'Tis only excess that destroys us;  
A little is good now and then."  
From the white-haired, pious old deacon  
Came a fervent, loud-spoken "Amen!"

A murmur came up from the people,  
From the lips of the listening throng;  
They came from their homes with a purpose,  
To crush out and trample the wrong.  
But their time-honored, worthy physician,  
Grown portly in person and purse,

Had shown in the demon of darkness,  
A blessing instead of a curse.  
And now they were eager, impatient,  
To vote when the moment should come.  
They felt it their right and their duty  
To license the selling of rum.

Then up from a seat in the corner,  
From the midst of the murmuring throng,  
From among the people there gathered  
To crush out and trample out wrong,  
Rose a woman her thin hands uplifted,  
While out from her frost-covered hair  
Gazed a face of such agonized whiteness,  
A face of such utter despair,  
The vast throng grew hushed in a moment,  
Grew silent with terror and dread ;  
They gazed on the face of the woman  
As we gaze on the face of the dead.

Then the hush and the silence was broken ;  
A voice so shrill and clear  
Rang out through the room: "Look upon me,  
You wonder what chance brought me here ;  
You know me and now you shall hear me.  
I speak to you lovers of wine,  
For once I was rich, young and happy  
Home, husband and children were mine."  
"Where are they ? I ask you where are they ?  
My beautiful home went to pay  
The deacon who sold them the poison  
That dragged them down lower each day.  
I plead, I besought, I entreated ;  
I showed them the path they were in ;

But the deacon said—they believed him.—  
That only excess was a sin.”

“Where are they? I ask you where are they?  
False teachers of God’s holy word!  
My husband—my kind loving husband—  
Whom my tears and prayers might have stirred,  
Remembered your teachings, turned from me—  
Me kneeling and pleading with him.  
'Twas a God given blessing, you told him,  
And only excess was a sin.”

“And where are my boys? God forgive you!  
They heeded your counsels not mine;  
You, doctor, beloved and respected,  
You could see no danger in wine.  
For my boys so strong and manly,  
How could I ever hope to win,  
When the doctor said 'twas a blessing  
And only excess was a sin.”

“My husband, so noble and loving,  
My boys so proud and so brave,  
They lie side by side in the church yard,  
Each filling a drunkard’s grave.  
I have come from the poor-house to tell  
My story, and now it is done;  
Go on, if you will in your madness,  
And license the selling of rum.”

“Before the great judgment eternal,  
When the last dread moment has come,  
They will stand there to witness against you,  
My dear ones, the victims of rum.  
When the shadows of earth are lifted,  
And life’s secret thoughts are laid bare,

By the throne of the Great Eternal,  
I shall witness against you there."

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

THE DRUNKARD.

A loathsome object to behold, you say,  
O'ercome by wine and fallen by the way ;  
But once the pride of some fond mother's heart,  
Loved and respected he—nay, do not start.  
'Twas fashionable to quaff the sparkling wine ;  
The juicy nectar from the tender vine,  
Tasted far sweeter when by ladie's hand  
The glass was proffered with a smile so bland.  
Well-bred was he and versed in etiquette ;  
A gentleman in every sense and yet  
Conforming to the customs of the day and night,  
Worked the sad change which tortures thus your sight ;  
We little thought that such could be a slave,  
Depraved in appetite and weakly crave  
The baneful, soul-destroying draft,  
Approved of hell with all its curses fraught.  
Yet it is so ; behold the victim lies  
A very sot before your shrinking eyes.  
He never meant to be the wretch you see,  
Or to the tempter bend the captive knee ;  
He never meant his manhood thus to sink,  
Or yield himself a holocaust to drink ;  
In moderation only, simply this at first,  
Then came excess, to quench a raging thirst.  
Accursed be the so-called social glass !  
Death lurks within ; and none can safely pass  
Unscathed, who tamper in the least  
With ribald Bacchus in unholy feast.



Ere beauty gayly banTERS one to sip,  
Or puts the bottle to a neighbor's lip,  
'Twere well to pause, the curse pronounced may fall  
And smite the temptress, holding her in thrall.

O, men and women christians of the land,  
Will ye extend a kindly helping hand  
To raise the fallen, and his course to stay?  
Or Levite-like, pass by another way?  
'Tis worth the effort; aye if but to win  
One wayward mortal from a path of sin;  
'Tis worth the effort; worth the effort well,  
To save one drunkard from a drunkard's hell.

J. H. M.

“If you do not wish for his kingdom, don't pray for it.  
But if you do, you must do more than pray; you must  
work for it.”—*John Ruskin.*

## A FAMILY PLEDGE.

The foregoing work being carefully compiled and written upon unmistakable facts, and in the interest and welfare of the American people, with true aim to liberty, peace and happiness, and setting forth in a true light the vast amount of suffering, misery and crime arising from the use and influence of strong drink, therefore we hereby pledge ourselves to use our every influence and labor for the suppression of the liquor traffic, and we further pledge ourselves to use every means that shall seem to us reasonable and possible to place a copy of this work in every home in America.

ARNOLD H. BLANKMAN, Author.

LENA BLANKMAN, wife of the Author.

FANNIE M. BLANKMAN, daughter of the Author.

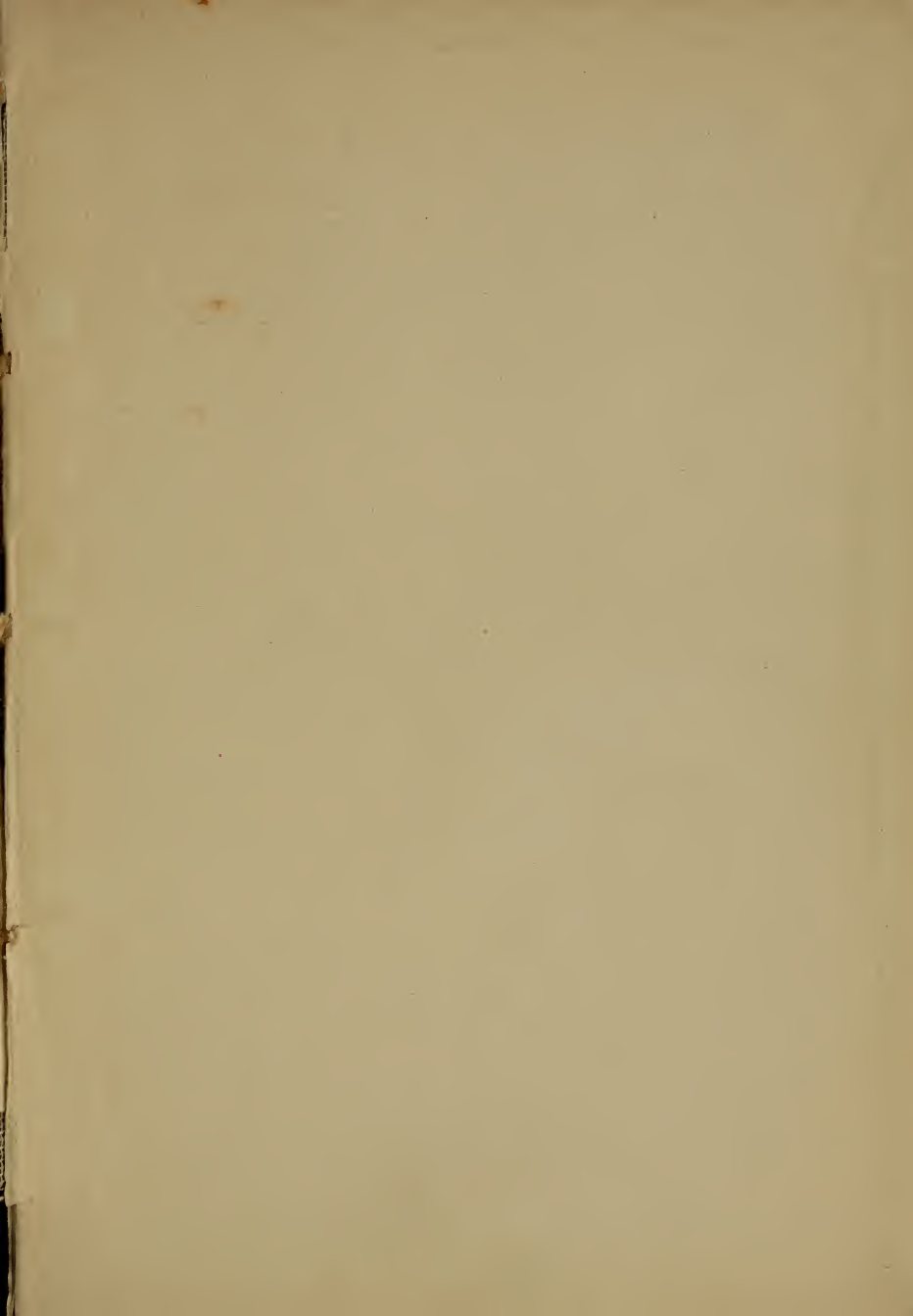
CHARLIE H. BLANKMAN, son of the Author.

And when you've toiled and labored,  
Do not think it's all in vain ;  
If you can't see the harvest yield,  
Or reap the golden grain,  
Do not get discouraged, or be found  
With idle hands at rest,  
We are the workers, we must sow,  
And leave with God the rest.



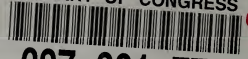








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